

A decorative border surrounds the central text. At the top, there are three birds in flight. Below them are two ornate urns flanking a central branch with leaves and red berries. The sides of the border are decorated with a vine of leaves and berries. At the bottom, there are two birds perched on either side of a central scrollwork element. The entire design is rendered in black ink on a light background.

**Happy
Holidays**

Frances G. Wickes

394 Wickes

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Happy holidays

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"Pauvrette!" said the dull Hyacinthe. "Is it then dead?"

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

By
FRANCES G. WICKES

Pictures by
GERTRUDE KAY



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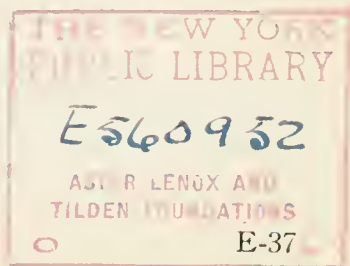
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THE CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>The Acknowledgments</i>	iv

LABOR DAY

DUST UNDER THE RUG	<i>Maud Lindsay</i>	1
THE STORY OF LI'L' HANNIBAL	<i>Carolyn Sherwin Bailey</i>	8
THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCK	<i>Elizabeth W. Grierson</i>	15
THE SINGLE LANTERN OF IROKA. A Japanese Legend		
.	<i>Adapted by Frances G. Wickes</i>	24
THE STONECUTTER. A Japanese Legend		26

COLUMBUS DAY

A LITTLE BOY OF GENOA	<i>Frances G. Wickes</i>	31
A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE	<i>Frances G. Wickes</i>	34
THE RETURN OF THE MAD SAILOR	<i>Sarah A. Haste</i>	39
COLUMBUS	<i>Joaquin Miller</i>	42
THE SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD		44

HALLOWE'EN

THE CONJURE WIVES. Old Southern Tale		
.	<i>Adapted by Frances G. Wickes</i>	46
THE QUEER COMPANY. Old English Tale		50
SHIPPEITARO. A Japanese Fairy Tale.		
.	<i>Teresa Peirce Williston</i>	54
WAIT TILL MARTIN COMES		
.	<i>Adapted from an Old Tale by Francis G. Wickes</i>	59

THANKSGIVING

	PAGE
OLD MAN RABBIT'S THANKSGIVING DINNER	
. <i>Carolyn Sherwin Bailey</i>	63
THE FIRST THANKSGIVING	<i>Margaret Pumphrey</i> 68
LITTLE WEE PUMPKIN'S THANKSGIVING	
. <i>Madge A. Bigham</i>	76
THE THANKSGIVING GOOSE	<i>Fannie Wilder Brown</i> 79
THANKSGIVING	<i>Amelia E. Barr</i> 84
"CHUSEY." The Story November Told. <i>Susan Coolidge</i>	86
A TURKEY FOR THE STUFFING. <i>Katharine Grace Hulbert</i>	96

CHRISTMAS

SANTA CLAUS	<i>Anonymous</i> 102
THE CHRISTMAS CAKE	<i>Maud Lindsay</i> 103
I SAW THREE SHIPS. Old English Carol	107
LI'L' HANNIBAL'S CHRISTMAS . <i>Carolyn Sherwin Bailey</i>	108
CHRISTMAS BELLS	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 114
THE WORKER IN SANDALWOOD . <i>Marjorie L. C. Pickthall</i>	115
GOOD KING WENCESLAS. Old English Carol	127

NEW YEAR'S DAY

HERE WE COME A-WHISTLING	129
THE STORY OF THE YEAR . <i>Hans Christian Andersen</i>	130
RING OUT, WILD BELLS	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 136
SPARE MINUTES. Old English Tale. Adapted	136
THE WATCHMAN'S SONG	146

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

A LITTLE LAD OF LONG AGO	<i>Alice E. Allen</i> 148
LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO ANIMALS . <i>Ella Lyman Cabot</i>	152
LINCOLN AND THE WOODCHOPPER	154
THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE. <i>From the "New York Observer"</i>	155

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

	PAGE
WHERE VALENTINE HID . . . <i>Alice Crandell Bryant</i>	161
THE BISHOP'S VALENTINE <i>Mrs. Andrea Hofer Proudfoot</i>	166
BIG BROTHER'S VALENTINE . . . <i>Lilla Thomas Elder</i>	172

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY . . . <i>Margaret E. Sangster</i>	178
THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. Adapted	179
A CHARMED LIFE. Adapted	181
FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY	185

ARBOR DAY

POPLARS <i>Edward Bliss Reed</i>	186
THE LITTLE BOY WHO HATED TREES . <i>Alice L. Beckwith</i>	187
A DAY IN CAMP <i>Frances G. Wickes</i>	194
THE ELDER MOTHER <i>Hans Christian Andersen</i>	200
AN APPLE ORCHARD IN SPRING . <i>William W. Martin</i>	206

BIRD DAY

VALIANT PARENTS <i>Frances G. Wickes</i>	207
LITTLE FRIEND SPARROW. A Korean Legend	208
SWALLOW, SWALLOW <i>Anonymous</i>	212
LITTLE HEROES IN FEATHERS <i>Ivan Turgenev</i>	213
UNDER THE WINDOW IS MY GARDEN . <i>Kate Greenaway</i>	214
ROBERT OF LINCOLN <i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	215
WHY THE PEETWEET CRIES FOR RAIN. Adapted	217
A BIRD'S EXPERIENCE <i>Anonymous</i>	218
REMORSE <i>Sydney Dare</i>	219
PETITION OF THE BIRDS <i>George Frisbie Hoar</i>	220

EASTER SUNDAY

	PAGE
THE SELFISH GIANT	<i>Oscar Wilde</i> 224
THE POND WORLD AND THE WIDE WORLD. <i>Retold from</i> "Not Lost but Gone Before," by <i>Mrs. Alfred Gatty</i>	232
A LESSON OF FAITH. Adapted.	<i>Mrs. Alfred Gatty</i> 237
A TIRED CATERPILLAR	<i>C. F. Hemenway</i> 245

MAY DAY

THE FAIRY STEEDS	<i>Frances G. Wickes</i> 246
OXFORDSHIRE CHILDREN'S MAY SONG	Old English Country Rime 251
THE ENDLESS STORY. Adapted <i>Friedrich Wilhelm Carové</i>	251
A-MAYING	<i>Maud Radford Warren</i> 257

MOTHERS' DAY

THE WONDERFUL CAP THAT MOTHER MADE. A Swedish Tale. Adapted	269
I LOVE YOU, MOTHER	<i>Joy Allison</i> 275
THE LITTLE BROWN HERB. Legend	276
MOTHER SPIDER	<i>Francis G. Wickes</i> 280
OUR MOTHER	<i>George Cooper</i> 283

MEMORIAL DAY

THREE IN A GULLEY	<i>Arthur Willis Colton</i> 284
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY	<i>Francis Miles Finch</i> 298
"HALF A LEAGUE ONWARD"	<i>Grace S. Richmond</i> 301

FLAG DAY

OUR FLAG	<i>Mary Howlister</i> 313
THE LITTLE JOHNNY REB	<i>Frances G. Wickes</i> 314
THE LITTLE VICTOR	<i>Dorothea Lay</i> 319
A SONG FOR OUR FLAG	<i>Margaret E. Sangster</i> 323

INDEPENDENCE DAY

	PAGE
THE FIRST INDEPENDENCE DAY . . . <i>James Baldwin</i>	324
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC . <i>Julia Ward Howe</i>	327
THE ENFIELD ENLISTMENT . . . <i>Holman P. Day</i>	328
THE BOY AND THE MARQUIS. A Tale of Lafayette. <i>Abbie Carter Goodloe</i>	339



So she sat in her chair and sewed while Minnie swept the floor

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

LABOR DAY

DUST UNDER THE RUG¹

MAUD LINDSAY

THERE was once a mother who had two little daughters; and, as her husband was dead and she was very poor, she worked diligently all the time that they might be well fed and clothed. She was a skilled worker, and found work to do away from home, but her two little girls were so good and so helpful that they kept her house as neat and as bright as a new pin.

One of the little girls was lame, and could not run about the house; so she sat still in her chair and sewed, while Minnie, the sister, washed the dishes, swept the floor, and made the home beautiful.

Their home was on the edge of a great forest; and after their tasks were finished the little girls would sit at the window and watch the tall trees as they bent in the wind, until it would seem as though the trees were real persons, nodding and bending and bowing to each other.

¹From *Mother Stories* by Maud Lindsay. Used by permission of the publishers, Milton Bradley Company.

In the spring there were the birds, in the summer the wild flowers, in autumn the bright leaves, and in winter the great drifts of white snow; so that the whole year was a round of delight to the two happy children. But one day the dear mother came home sick; and then they were very sad. It was winter, and there were many things to buy. Minnie and her little sister sat by the fire and talked it over, and at last Minnie said:

“Dear sister, I must go out to find work, before the food gives out.” So she kissed her mother, and, wrapping herself up, started from home. There was a narrow path leading through the forest, and she determined to follow it until she reached some place where she might find the work she wanted.

As she hurried on, the shadows grew deeper. The night was coming fast, when she saw before her a very small house, which was a welcome sight. She made haste to reach it and to knock at the door.

Nobody came in answer to her knock. When she had tried again and again, she thought that nobody lived there; and she opened the door and walked in, thinking that she would stay all night.

As soon as she stepped into the house, she started back in surprise; for there before her she saw twelve little beds with the bedclothes all tumbled, twelve little dirty plates on a very dusty

table, and the floor of the room so dusty that I am very sure you could have drawn a picture on it.

“Dear me!” said the little girl, “this will never do!” And as soon as she had warmed her hands, she set to work to make the room tidy.

She washed the plates, she made up the beds, she swept the floor, she straightened the great rug in front of the fireplace, and set the twelve little chairs in a half-circle around the fire; and, just as she finished, the door opened and in walked twelve of the queerest little people she had ever seen. They were just about as tall as a carpenter’s rule, and all wore yellow clothes; and when Minnie saw this, she knew that they must be the dwarfs who kept the gold in the heart of the mountain.

“Well!” said the dwarfs, all together—for they always spoke together and in rhyme—

“Now is n’t this a sweet surprise?
We really can’t believe our eyes!”

Then they spied Minnie, and cried in great astonishment:

“Who can this be, so fair and mild?
Our helper is a stranger child.”

Now when Minnie saw the dwarfs, she came to meet them. “If you please,” she said, “I’m little Minnie Grey; and I’m looking for work because my dear mother is sick. I came in here when the night drew near, and—”

Here all the dwarfs laughed, and called out merrily:

“You found our room a sorry sight,
But you have made it clean and
bright.”

They were such dear, funny little dwarfs! After they had thanked Minnie for her trouble, they took white bread and honey from the closet and asked her to sup with them.

While they sat at supper, they told her their fairy housekeeper had taken a holiday, and their house was not well kept, because she was away.

They sighed when they said this; and after supper, while Minnie washed the dishes and set them carefully away, they looked at her often and talked among themselves. When the last plate was in its place they called Minnie to them and said:

“Dear mortal maiden, will you stay
All through our fairy’s holiday?
And if you faithful prove, and good,
We will reward you as we should.”

Now Minnie was much pleased, for she liked the kind dwarfs, and wanted to help them, so she thanked them, and went to bed to dream happy dreams.

Next morning she was awake with the chickens, and cooked a nice breakfast; and after the dwarfs

left, she cleaned up the rooms and mended the dwarfs' clothes. In the evening when the dwarfs came home, they found a bright fire and a warm supper waiting for them; and every day Minnie worked faithfully until the last day of the fairy housekeeper's holiday.

That morning, as Minnie looked out of the window to watch the dwarfs go to their work, she saw on one of the window panes the most beautiful picture she had ever seen.

It was a picture of fairy palaces with towers of silver and frosted pinnacles, so wonderful and beautiful that as she looked at it she forgot that there was work to be done, until the cuckoo clock on the mantel struck twelve.

Then she ran in haste to make up the beds and wash the dishes; but because she was in a hurry she could not work quickly, and when she took the broom to sweep the floor it was almost time for the dwarfs to come home.

"I believe," said Minnie aloud, "that I will not sweep under the rug to-day. After all, it's nothing for dust to be where it can't be seen!" So she hurried to her supper and left the rug unturned.

Before long the dwarfs came home. As the rooms looked just as usual, nothing was said; and Minnie thought no more of the dust until she went to bed and the stars peeped through the window.

Then she thought of it, for it seemed to her that she could hear the stars saying:

“There is the little girl who is so faithful and



Under the dust lay twelve shining gold pieces

good”; and Minnie turned her face to the wall, for a little voice, right in her own heart, said:

“Dust under the rug! dust under the rug!”

“There is the little girl,” cried the stars, “who keeps home as bright as star shine.”

“Dust under the rug! dust under the rug!” said the little voice in Minnie’s heart.

“We see her! we see her!” called all the stars joyfully.

“Dust under the rug! dust under the rug!” said the little voice in Minnie’s heart, and she could bear it no longer. So she sprang out of bed, and, taking her broom in her hand, she swept the dust away; and lo! under the dust lay twelve shining gold pieces, as round and as bright as the moon.

“Oh! oh! oh!” cried Minnie, in great surprise; and all the little dwarfs came running to see what was the matter.

Minnie told them all about it; and when she had ended her story, the dwarfs gathered lovingly around her and said:

“Dear child, the gold is all for you,
For faithful you have proved and true;
But had you left the rug unturned,
A goat was all you would have earned.
Our love goes with the gold we give,
And oh! forget not while you live,
That in the smallest duty done
Lies wealth of joy for every one.”

Minnie thanked the dwarfs for their kindness to her; and early next morning she hastened home

with her golden treasure, which bought many things for the dear mother and little sister.

She never saw the little dwarfs again; but she never forgot their lesson, to do her work faithfully; and she always swept under the rug.

THE STORY OF LI'L' HANNIBAL

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

Once on a time, 'way down South, there lived a little boy named Hannibal, Li'l' Hannibal. He lived along with his gran'mammy and his gran'daddy in a li'l' one-story log cabin that was set right down in a cotton field. Well, from morning until night, Li'l' Hannibal's gran'mammy kept him toting things. As soon as he woke up in the morning it was:

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, fetch a pine knot and light the kitchen fire."

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, fetch the tea-kettle to the well and get some water for the tea."

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, mix a li'l' hoecake for your gran'daddy's brea'fus'."

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, take the bunch of turkeys' feathers and dust the hearth."

And from morning until night Li'l' Hannibal's gran'daddy kept him toting things, too.

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal," his gran'daddy would say, "fetch the corn and feed the turkeys."

“Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, take your li'l' ax and chop some lightwood for your gran'mammy's fire.”

“Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, run 'round to the store and buy a bag of flour.”

“Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, fetch your basket and pick a li'l' cotton off the edge of the field.”

So they kept poor Li'l' Hannibal toting 'most all day long, and he had only four or five hours to play.

Well, one morning Li'l' Hannibal woke up and he made up his mind to something. Before they could ask him to light the kitchen fire, or fill the tea-kettle, or mix the hoecake, or dust the hearth, or feed the turkeys, or chop any wood, or go to the store, or pick any cotton, he had made up his mind that he was not going to tote for his gran'mammy and his gran'daddy any longer. He was going to run away!

So Li'l' Hannibal got out of bed very quietly. He put on his li'l' trousers, and his li'l' shirt and his li'l' suspenders and his li'l' shoes—he never wore stockings. He pulled his li'l' straw hat down tight over his ears, and then Li'l' Hannibal ran away!

He went down the road past all the cabins. He went under the fence and across the cotton fields. He went through the pine grove past the schoolhouse, stooping down low so the schoolmistress wouldn't see him, and then he went 'way, 'way off into the country.

When he was a long way from town, Li'l Hannibal met a Possum loping along by the edge of the road, and the Possum stopped and looked at Li'l Hannibal.

“How do? Where you goin’, Li'l Hannibal?” asked the Possum.

Li'l Hannibal sat down by the side of the road and he took off his straw hat to fan himself, for he felt quite warm, and he said:

“I done run away, Br'er Possum. My gran'-mammy and my gran'daddy kep' me totin', totin' for them all the time. I doesn't like to work, Br'er Possum.”

“Po' Li'l Hannibal!” said the Possum, sitting up and scratching himself. “Any special place you boun' for?”

“I don't reckon so,” said Li'l Hannibal, for he was getting tired and he had come away without any breakfast.

“You come along o' me, Li'l Hannibal,” said the Possum; “I reckon I kin take you somewhere.”

So the Possum and Li'l Hannibal went along together, the Possum loping along by the side of the road and Li'l Hannibal going very slowly in the middle of the road, for his shoes were full of sand and it hurt his toes. They went on and on until they came, all at once, to a sort of open space in the woods, and then they stopped. There was a big company there—Br'er Rabbit, and

Br'er Partridge, and Br'er Jay Bird, and Br'er Robin, and Ol' Miss Guinea Hen.

"Here's po' Li'l' Hannibal come to see you," said the Possum. "Li'l' Hannibal done run away from his gran'mammy and gran'daddy."

Li'l' Hannibal hung his head like as if he was ashamed, but nobody noticed him. They were all as busy as they could be, so he just sat down on a pine stump and watched them.

Each one had his own special work and he was keeping at it right smart. Br'er Robin was gathering all the holly berries from the south side of the holly tree and singing as he worked:

"Cheer up, cheer-u-up!"

Br'er Partridge was building a new house down low in the bushes. As he hurried back and forth with twigs, he would stop and drum a little, he felt so happy to be busy.

Br'er Jay Bird was taking corn Down Below. You know that is what Br'er Jay Bird does all the time: takes one kernel of corn in his bill to the people Down Below and then comes back for another. It is a very long trip to take with one kernel of corn, but Br'er Jay Bird doesn't seem to mind.

Ol' Miss Guinea Hen was almost the busiest of the whole company, for she was laying eggs. As soon as ever she had laid one she would get up

on a low branch and screech, "Catch it! Catch it! Catch it! Catch it!" like to deafen everybody.

But Li'l' Hannibal was most interested to see what Br'er Rabbit was doing. Br'er Rabbit had on a li'l' apron, and he kept bringing things in his



Br'er Rabbit pounded on his stew-pan with his soup-ladle

market-basket. Then he cooked the things over a fire in back in the bushes, and when it got to be late in the afternoon, he spread a tablecloth on a big stump and then he pounded on his stew-pan with his soup-ladle. "Supper's ready," said Br'er Rabbit.

Then Br'er Robin and Br'er Partridge and Br'er Jay Bird and Br'er Possum and Ol' Miss Guinea Hen all scrambled to their places at the table and Li'l' Hannibal tried to find a place to sit at, but there was n't any for him.

"Po' Li'l' Hannibal!" said Br'er Rabbit as he poured the soup. "Doesn't like work! Cyant have no supper!"

"Catch him! Catch him!" said Ol' Miss Guinea Hen, but no one did it. They were all too busy eating.

They had a grand supper. There was breakfast strip, and roast turkey and fried chicken, and mutton and rice and hominy and sweet potatoes and peas and beans and baked apples and cabbage and hoecake and hot biscuits and corn muffins and butter-cakes and waffles and maple syrup.

When they were through eating supper, it was quite dark, and they all went home, even Br'er Possum, and left Li'l' Hannibal sitting there all by himself.

Well, after a while it began to get darker. Br'er Mocking Bird came out, and he looked at Li'l' Hannibal and then he began to scream, just like Ol' Miss Guinea Hen:

"Catch him! Catch him! Catch him!"

Br'er Screech Owl looked down from a tree and he said very hoarsely:

"Who! Who! Who-oo!"

And then all the frogs began to say, loud and shrill,

“Li'l' Hannibal! Li'l' Hannibal!”

So Li'l' Hannibal got up from his pine stump and he said, “I reckon I better go home to my gran'mammy.”

Well, Li'l' Hannibal started for home slowly, because his feet hurt and he was hungry. When



Li'l' Hannibal started for those eggs, singing all the way

he came to the pine grove by the schoolhouse the shadows came out from behind the trees and followed him, and that was much worse than seeing the schoolmistress. But Li'l' Hannibal got away from them all right. He crawled under the fence and ran across the cotton field and there in the door of the cabin was his gran'daddy

with a lantern. His gran'daddy had been out looking for Li'l' Hannibal.

"Why, Li'l' Hannibal, where you been all day?" asked his gran'daddy.

"Oh, Li'l' Han," said his gran'mammy, "here's your corn mush. I kep' it warm on the hearth, but afore you eat your supper, Li'l' Han, jus' take your li'l' basket and run 'round to the chicken house for a couple of eggs."

So Li'l' Hannibal took his li'l' basket and he started for those eggs, singing all the way. You see, he reckoned he was mighty glad to be at home, and toting again.

THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCK

ELIZABETH W. GRIERSON

THE WEE MAN COMES TO TOWN

Did you ever hear how a brownie came to the village of Blednock, and was frightened away again?

Well, it was one summer evening, just when the milking was done and before the children were put to bed. The good people of Blednock were sitting on their doorsteps talking to their neighbors, and the children were laughing and playing in the dooryards.

All at once they heard a queer humming noise. It seemed to come from the riverside, far away.

Nearer and nearer it sounded. The talking and laughing stopped, and everyone looked toward the river.

And it was no wonder that they stared, for coming up the road was the strangest little creature that anyone had ever seen.

He looked like a wee, wee man; and yet such a strange man. For his bright red hair was long, and he had a long red beard. His knees knocked together when he walked, and his arms were so long that his hands almost touched the ground. A strange sight it was!

He was singing something over and over. And as he came nearer they could make out the words:

“Oh, my name is Aiken-Drum,
And to do your work I’ve come.
A bite to eat, a bed on hay,
You may give; but nothing pay.”

Oh! but I can tell you the people were frightened. The little ones screamed and the larger girls dropped the pails of milk they were carrying home. Even the dogs crept behind their masters; and the big boys, who should have known better, hooted at the little man.

“Did you ever see such eyes?” cried one.
“How they twinkle as he walks along!”

“And look at his long beard!” said another;
“who ever saw such a red beard before?”

But still the little man went slowly up the street, singing:

“Oh, my name is Aiken-Drum,
And to do your work I’ve come.
A bite to eat, a bed on hay,
You may give; but nothing pay.”

GRANNY DUNCAN’S ADVICE

Granny Duncan was the oldest and kindest woman in the village. Oh, she was very old! She knew all the tales of the olden time.

“I think this is just a harmless brownie,” she said. “Long ago I heard of brownies from my father’s father. We will take Baby Meg to see him. If she smiles upon him, he is just a brownie. For babies always love brownies and know them when they see them.”

So Baby Meg was brought, and she laughed and crowed and put out her tiny hands to the strange little man.

“He is just a good, kind brownie!” cried Granny Duncan. “Many a long day’s work will he do for people who treat him well.”

Then everybody grew very brave and crowded around him. And when they were close to him they saw that his hairy face was kind, and that his big eyes had a merry twinkle in them.

“Can you not speak?” asked an old man. “Tell us where you came from.”

“I cannot tell you where I came from,” said

the wee man. "My country has no name, and it is not at all like this land of yours. For there, we all learn to serve, while here, everyone wishes to be served. We love to work. It sometimes



Baby Meg laughed and crowed and put out her tiny hands

happens that there is no work for us at home. Then one of us may come to your land, to see if you have need of him."

"Do you really like to work?" asked idle Tom, who was not troubled in that way. And his eyes looked almost as big as the brownie's.

“I love to serve,” said the brownie. “He serves himself best, who serves others most. If I am needed I will stay in this place a while. I do not want clothes or a bed or wages. All I ask for is a corner of the barn to sleep in and a bowl of broth at bedtime.

“If no one troubles me, I will be ready to help anyone who needs me. I’ll bring in the sheep from the hill. I’ll gather the harvest by moonlight. I’ll bake your bread on a busy day. I’ll sing the babies to sleep in their cradles. The babies always love me.”

No one knew what to say. A little man who would do everything for nothing! It could not be true! There must be something wrong about it! Men began to whisper to each other. “Perhaps it would be better to have nothing to do with him,” they said.

Then Granny Duncan spoke up again. “It’s just a harmless brownie, I tell you,” she said. “Have you not all complained about your hard work? Here is a good workman all ready for you. Will you turn him away just because he looks so queer?”

“But he will frighten strangers,” said the young people. “Our friends will not come to the village if we let him stay. Then it will be lonely here. We will have no good times.”

“Handsome is as handsome does,” said Granny

Duncan. "I have heard that a brownie can stack a whole ten-acre field of wheat in a single night."

"A ten-acre field in a single night! Just think of that!" said all the men. The miller told the brownie that he might sleep in a corner of his barn. Granny Duncan promised him a bowl of broth at bedtime.

Then all said good-night and went home, looking over their shoulders to see if the strange little man was following them. You may be very sure that no one lingered behind, that night. No one asked to stay outside just a little longer.

THE BROWNIE'S GOOD DEEDS

All the people of the village were a little afraid at first, but in a week there was another story to tell. For Aiken-Drum was the most wonderful worker that ever was seen, and the strange thing was that he did nearly all of his work at night.

If there was a tired baby to sing to sleep, or a house to be made tidy, or a churnful of cream that would not turn to butter, or bread that would not rise, Aiken-Drum always knew about it. He always came just at the right time.

He gathered the sheep together on stormy nights. He carried home the heavy bundle for a tired man. He stacked the grain safely.

Many a time some poor mother would be up all night with a sick child. She would sit down in front of the fire and fall fast asleep.

When she awoke she would find that Aiken-Drum had made her a visit. For the floor would be scrubbed, the dishes washed, the fire made, and the kettle put on to boil.

But the little man would have slipped quietly away. He never waited to be thanked. It seemed just as if everybody had wishing-caps, for people had only to wish, and the work was done.

And the village was not lonely, oh, no! People came from everywhere to see if they could catch a glimpse of the strange little visitor.

But they never saw Aiken-Drum again. One could go to the miller's barn twenty times a day; and twenty times a day one would find nothing but a little heap of hay. The bowl that held his food was always empty in the morning, but no one ever saw the brownie supping the broth.

Little children were the only ones who ever saw him; and oh! how he loved them! Just before bedtime, they would gather around him in some quiet corner by the old mill.

Then the villagers would hear wonderful, low, sweet music. It was Aiken-Drum, singing the songs of his own land to the happy children.

WHY AIKEN-DRUM LEFT BLEDNOCK
And he might be there yet, gathering the harvest



*Just before bedtime, the little children would
gather around him*

and helping tired people with their work; but
some one forgot what the little man had said,

over and over again, in his strange little song:

“A bite to eat, a bed on hay,
You may give; but nothing pay.”

You see, a brownie loves to give; he will not work for pay. But some one forgot this.

“I must make something for Aiken-Drum,” said a poor woman whom he had helped. “He never will stay to let me thank him. Winter is coming on, and he will be cold in his old worn suit. I will make him a warm coat.”

So she cut and sewed and pressed and made a little coat for the brownie. She told no one what she was doing; but one night she put the last stitch in the pretty little garment. Then she went softly to the miller’s barn and laid it down beside the bowl of broth.

The villagers of Blednock never saw Aiken-Drum again. For a true brownie must work without reward; he cannot stay where he is paid. The strange little man was obliged to go away.

But sometimes the children hear his voice down by the old mill. It is always soft and low and sweet. He is singing the songs of his own land, just as he used to do when the little ones were gathered around him.

And then the good people in the village remember his kind deeds and his strange saying, “He serves himself best, who serves others most.”

THE SINGLE LANTERN OF IROKA

A Japanese Legend

In the village of Yamato there lived a poor woman. By laboring hard all day she managed to earn just enough to buy coarse food and scanty clothes. Yet she always had something to give to a poorer neighbor.

After the work of the day was done Iroka always climbed the hill to the little temple that she loved, and before the great altar light she prayed that the gods might keep her from growing hard of heart.

Now one day Iroka heard that her dear temple was to be hung with lights so that it might be one of the fairest temples in all Japan. Every one was to bring a gift of money or a lantern for the great altar. A rich nobleman, who lived in a near-by castle, gave a thousand lanterns. "All men shall see them and praise me for my generosity," he said.

The poor woman was greatly troubled. She longed to give a lantern to her dear temple, but she had no money and there was nothing in the house which she could sell. Then she thought that perhaps she could find more work and earn a few yen. She went to the house of the nobleman and asked if there were some service which she might perform in the night or early morning

hours. "She may clean the stable courtyard," said the nobleman, "but it must be done before sunrise."

Now the cleaning of the stable courtyard was the lowest work that was given to the poorest men servants, but Iroka undertook it joyfully. Before the sun rose the next morning the stable-yard was as clean as the temple floor, and Iroka received her yen and hurried away joyfully, to buy one little temple light. This she placed upon the shrine.

That night there was a great festival in the temple. The new lanterns were lighted, and the whole temple was aglow. All the people praised the rich man. "How generous he is! How magnificent is his gift!"

Then as the priest approached the altar a sudden wind blew through the temple. In an instant all the great lanterns of the nobleman went out, and for a moment the temple was almost in darkness.

Then through the shadow glowed the single light of Iroka. Brighter and brighter it shone till it filled the temple with radiance, and a voice was heard:

"A loving labor is the prayer that rises to the heart of the All-Knowing One, and the gift of the faithful heart is dearer than the splendid offering of the proud."

THE STONECUTTER

A Japanese Legend

In far away Japan lived a stonecutter named Hofus. Every day he went away to the mountain with his mallet and chisel. There he cut blocks of stone and polished them for the builder.

One day he carried a block of stone to a rich man's house, where he saw all sorts of beautiful furnishings. "Ah, that I were rich!" said Hofus. "Then I, too, could sleep in a soft bed."

When Hofus reached his home, he stared in wonder! For a beautiful house stood where his poor little hut had been. That night, he slept on a bed as soft as down.

"I will work no more," said Hofus to himself. So, for a time, he lived happily in the great house, with gold furnishings all about him, eating rich food and wearing fine clothing. "How fine is this life," said Hofus. "How much better than my old one." But in a little while he wearied of all the riches. The days seemed long and dull.

Then one day as he looked out of his window he saw a carriage go by, drawn by snow-white horses. In it sat a prince, with a golden umbrella held over his head by a servant.

"Oh, I wish I were a prince," he said. "I want to ride in a carriage, with a golden umbrella over my head. Then I should be truly happy."

Immediately he was a prince. He rode in his carriage through the streets with a golden umbrella held over his head.

“Now I am happy,” said Hofus to himself. And so he was for a time. But one hot summer



His servants bowed before him

day he went into his garden to look at his chrysanthemums. “Why do these flowers droop their heads?” he asked.

His servants bowed before him. “It is the sun, O Prince!” they said. “We have watered

the garden, just as you told us to do, but the heat of the sun is too great.”

“Is the sun greater than I am?” cried Hofus. “I wish I were the sun.”

Immediately he became the sun. He burned the rice fields and withered the flowers with his fierce heat.

“Now at last I am great,” he said to himself, proudly. “No one is so mighty as I. Therefore I will now be happy.”

But one day a thick black cloud covered his face. He could not pierce it with his strongest rays. “The cloud is mightier than I,” he said. “I wish I were the cloud.”

Immediately he became the cloud. He hid the sun and sent rain to the earth. The rice fields were green again, and the flowers bloomed, but he was not content. “I will show that I am mightiest of all,” he said.

So day after day the cloud poured down rain. The rivers overflowed their banks; villages and towns were washed away. But one thing he could not move. The great stone of the mountain-side stood firm.

He was very angry. “Is the stone of the mountain-side stronger than I am?” he cried. “I wish I were that stone.”

Immediately he became the stone. “Now at last I am happy,” he said. “I am greater than

sun and cloud. I cannot be burned. I cannot be washed away.”

Then one day he heard a noise — tap, tap, tap. A stonecutter stood there, working with mallet and chisel. He drove the sharp tool into the stone as he cut out blocks for the builder.

The great stone shivered as he felt the blows. “Here is some one who is stonger than I,” he cried. “I wish I were that man.”

Immediately he was Hofus, the stonecutter, again. He lived in a little hut. He ate simple food and worked from morning till night; but he was happy. He sang as he worked, and he did not wish again to be mightier than others.

“A little home, sweet sleep, and useful work — what is better than these?” said Hofus, the stonecutter.





*A little boy stood on the wharf watching a white-sailed vessel
put out to sea*

COLUMBUS DAY

A LITTLE BOY OF GENOA

FRANCES G. WICKES

A LITTLE boy stood on the wharf watching a white-sailed vessel put out to sea. How he longed to go with her across the great, wide, mysterious ocean! What happened when the ship sank out of sight below the horizon? What wonderful lands lay beyond? Would he ever see them? Smaller and smaller grew the ship. Some one jostled against him, and he started as though from a dream. It was time to go home.

As he came into the house he heard the "boom! boom!" of his father's shuttle, for his father was a weaver. There were many weavers in the city of Genoa. All the neighbors were weavers, and all the children little Christopher played with were weavers' children, and would be either weavers or sailors some day. Now the little boy slipped into the seat by his father. "The great ship has sailed, father," he said. "How I wish I had sailed with her!" "Some day, some day," answered his father. "But see, now, here is some wool for thee to comb."

Many an hour did the little Christopher sit by his father combing wool and watching the shuttle fly back and forth. But the shuttle did not fly so swiftly as his thoughts as they followed the great ships at sea.

Most of Christopher's playtime was spent on the wharfs or on board the vessels that lay at anchor. He made friends with the sailors and learned to handle a boat and to know the lore of the sea. Sometimes his kinsman, Colombo the Younger, a sea captain, would come to the house. Then the boy Christopher would sit enthralled, listening to his stories of distant lands; for Genoa, in those days, was a mighty seaport, and her trading ships sailed to Spain and Portugal and even to the countries of northern Europe. There were many tales, too, of sea fights with the privateers of rival cities or with the fierce pirates that swarmed the seas.

At last came the long-looked-for day — young Christopher was to sail with his kinsman on a great privateer. His younger brothers and sisters looked at him enviously as he said good-bye, and Christopher was full of excitement and happiness. He hardly looked back as the shining shores and white palaces of Genoa disappeared from sight. Ahead was the sea with all its joys and adventures.

There was, indeed, promise of **adventure in**

plenty, for Colombo had been sent to seize a Spanish galley loaded with treasure. The sailors talked eagerly of the spoils they would get. One morning at sunrise they sighted a Neapolitan vessel bearing down upon them. Colombo gave orders to sail close beside her, grappling irons were thrown out, and soon the decks of both ships were covered with fighting men. Colombo's men fought bravely, and Christopher did his best, but the enemy gained, and soon the Genoese ship was wrapped in flames. There was no choice but to surrender or to leap into the sea. Christopher had no desire to be taken prisoner, so he leaped from the deck. When he came up he found a floating oar sweep, and with that support he struck out for the near-by coast of Africa.

When he reached the shore at Carthage he found a group of sailors who crowded about him eager to hear his adventures. They were kindly men and fitted the boy out with dry clothes and provided money for his needs till he could return to Genoa. The mariners of all countries came to Carthage, and Christopher learned from them all. One old sailor told him how he had sailed so far west that had he gone a league farther he must have come to the edge of the world and fallen off. There was a great sea at the world's edge, he said, guarded by strange beasts. Anyone

who sailed past the beasts would fall off the world into the bottomless black space beyond.

But some of the voyagers claimed that there was a country to the west—that the earth, in fact, was round and not flat; and that by sailing far enough to the west one could reach the shores of China and Japan and India. That was a wonderful idea to the young lad. He thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night. When at last a vessel from Genoa touched at Carthage and took on board the young Christopher, he carried with him his new great dream—the dream of sailing across the great western ocean to find the lands beyond.

A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE

FRANCES G. WICKES

For fourteen years Columbus went on one voyage after another. He learned to sail a ship by watching the moon and the stars. He learned to draw wonderful maps and charts, and he learned all that anyone could teach him about geography. He talked with travelers who told him of the “Sea of Darkness” with its great monsters and unknown perils. “You could never venture on those waters,” they said. “At the equator the sea is boiling hot.” Sometimes he told his dream of sailing across the ocean to reach India.

“I do believe the earth is round,” he said. But he was only laughed at. How could the earth be round? he was asked. The water would all run off, and on the other side every one would drop off upside down.

This did not trouble Columbus. He was eager to start. The only difficulty was that he had no money. At last he went to King John of Portugal and told him of his dreams.

“If you will give me money,” said Columbus, “I will find a new way to China and the Indies; then your ships may sail to that rich land and bring back precious stuffs and spices, and Portugal will be the richest country in the world.”

King John was greedy. He wished to find the way, but he wanted all the glory himself, so he sent one of his own men secretly. But the captain he sent was a coward, and at the first great storm he turned back, saying, “There is no way across the Atlantic.” Columbus heard of the trick and was full of indignation. “I will wait no more for the pleasure of such a king,” he said. “I will go to the rulers of Spain.”

Columbus had married, but his wife had died, leaving him their little son to care for. Little Diego was only six years old, but Columbus would not leave the boy behind, so they set out together to walk over the mountains to Spain. When Diego grew tired Columbus carried him.

You would not have thought that these two tired, foot-sore wanderers were on their way to tell a great king of a plan to find immense riches and glory.

King Ferdinand of Spain had no time for dreams, for his country was then at war. But when Queen Isabella heard Columbus' story she believed in him and wanted to help him. She asked her councilors' advice, but they said, "It is a wild and foolish scheme"; and as the queen had little money in those war times, she could give Columbus nothing more than interest and encouragement. For years Columbus waited, hoping that the good Queen Isabella would be able to help him. The little Diego grew from a tiny lad to a big boy, but still they waited and hoped.

Though disappointed, Columbus had no idea of giving up. "I will go to France," he said. "Perhaps the French king will hear me."

So he and Diego started forth again. Once more they travelled afoot, for the years had left Columbus still poor and unknown. After they had tramped for some time Diego grew hungry. They stopped at the convent of La Rabida, where the monks made them welcome; and while they ate, Brother Antonio and Columbus talked together. Though Brother Antonio lived closed in by cloister walls, he too had dreamed of the world beyond, and when Columbus told him of

his plans for crossing the ocean he begged him to stay and talk with the prior. This prior had once been confessor to the queen, and when he heard Columbus' story he said, "Wait with us for a little. Perhaps I can do something for you."

Columbus was glad to rest for a time with the friendly monks, and Diego was happy in the bright convent gardens. Many mariners came from the seaport nearby to talk to Columbus; some of them shook their heads at his strange fancies, others began to believe in his dream.

"My brother," said the prior, "I would have you seek audience once more with Queen Isabella. I myself will visit the queen and beg her to help you."

And the queen listened to her old confessor. The war had closed, and she had leisure for other things. She sent for Columbus and received him graciously. When the king hesitated because of lack of money, the queen pledged her jewels to obtain funds for the expedition. So at last three ships were fitted out, and Columbus started away from the little town of Palos to sail across the "Sea of Darkness."

"They will never come back," said the people on the shore. "They are fools to venture into those waters of terror."

At first the sailors were full of confidence, but when they had sailed for many weeks through

strange waters they grew terrified. The ship's compass no longer pointed north. They came to great masses of floating seaweed that they feared would so entangle the ships that they could get neither forward nor back. Day after day they sailed, and still there was no land in sight. Then the men began to whisper together. "There is no land beyond," they said. "Let us throw the crazy admiral overboard. Then we can sail home while we still have food." Columbus called them to him. "The sovereigns of Spain have sent me to find the Indies," he said, "and with the help of God I will go on till I see them."

At last the crew refused to go any farther. "Give me but three days," said Columbus; "then if we find no land we will turn back."

The very next morning one of the sailors picked up from the sea a stick that had been cut. Then they saw the branch of a tree with red berries floating by. Now they were all as eager to push on as Columbus himself. That night Columbus could not leave the deck; he stood looking over to the west. Suddenly he saw a light moving as though some one with a torch walked upon the shore. Then the moon rose and its light shone on the white sand of the new land. The next morning the ship came to anchor, and the wonderful voyage was over.

When Columbus looked at that new land he

must have thought that such success was well worth all those long years of waiting. He believed he had found the shortest route to the East Indies. But we know that he had found the new world.

THE RETURN OF THE MAD SAILOR

SARAH A. HASTE

In a corner of the palace garden some of the royal pages were gathered about one of their companions.

“Ho, Diego!” cried one of these boys. “What news to-day from the Mad Sailor?”

“When it is time for news from my father,” answered Diego, drawing himself up proudly, “it shall be great news, I promise you!”

“Time!” cried one of the others. “It is nearly seven months since the Mad Sailor started out from Palos! Isn’t seven months enough time? Long before this your father reached the edge of the world and sailed right over it. Down, down, down he fell, he and his ships and his men!”

“The earth is round!” replied Diego. “There is no edge to sail over. It is only foolish people who think so. My father will sail on and on. He will reach land on the other side of the world!”

“Ho-ho-ho!” laughed all the other boys. “The earth round! Ho-ho-ho!”

“Everyone knows that the earth is flat, and

that it rests upon the back of a great turtle!" said a page named Gomez. "How round does



"When the Mad Sailor set out for the west, was he sailing up-hill? Ho-ho-ho!"

the earth look to you, Diego? Look across the garden. Does it curve up or down? You have seen the great sea, haven't you? When the Mad Sailor set out for the west, was he sailing up-hill? Ho-ho-ho!"

“If the world is round,” said another page, laughing, “what about the people on the other side? If there are people under us, they must be walking with their heels upward and their heads hanging down!”

“Yes,” jeered another, “and in that land, I suppose it rains and snows upward!”

“My father says that in those countries, down is toward the earth, and up is toward the sky, just as it is here,” answered Diego.

“There are terrible monsters in the Sea of Darkness,” said Gomez. “They will swallow your father’s three ships at one mouthful.”

“It is not so,” replied Diego, with scorn. “The sea is just the same blue sea that laps the wharf at Palos. Far to the west are wonderful islands. Farther still are the shores of India. My father will find them!”

Suddenly a messenger ran into the garden where the boys were talking. “The son of Columbus!” he called loudly. “Where is he? The queen sends for him! The great Columbus has found the land beyond the sea! A message has just come from him.”

The pages fell back in surprise and shame as Diego proudly followed the messenger to the queen.

There in the great audience chamber were the king and queen and the proudest nobles of the

court, assembled to do honor to the Mad Sailor; but for the first time in his life Diego had not a thought for the royal presence. For there before the throne, surrounded by strange, dark people clad in skins of wild beasts, stood one for whom he had watched and waited through seven long months. He ran forward, and in another moment he was clasped in his father's arms.

COLUMBUS

JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
“Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm’r’l, speak and say”—
He said: “Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
“This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm’r’l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?”
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
“Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! At last a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time’s burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: “On! sail on!”

THE SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD

Columbus, the great admiral, had returned to Spain with news of his wonderful discoveries.

There were as many ready to honor him now as there had been to laugh at him before, when he was only a poor mariner.

One day a great dinner was given in his honor. There were some in the company who in their hearts scorned this "low-born fellow," as they called him, and were jealous of the attentions which were shown him. They listened for a time to his tales of the voyage, but at last they could restrain themselves no longer.

"We cannot see," said one, "that you have done anything so wonderful. Anyone can sail a ship."

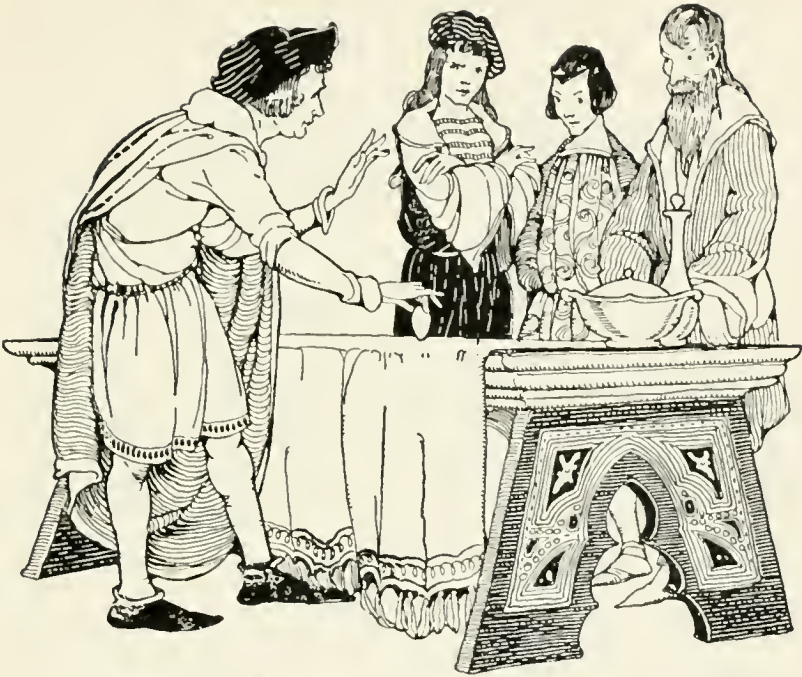
"Yes," said another, "and anyone can sail across the ocean."

"To be sure," said another, "you have found a few islands, but what of that? The poorest captain can sail to those lands. It is the simplest thing in the world."

Columbus leaned forward and took an egg from a dish. "Gentlemen," he said, "may I ask one of you to stand this egg on end?"

One after another, the guests tried without success.

"'Tis but an impertinent jest," said the noble



Columbus took the egg and struck it softly upon the table

who had spoken first. "The thing cannot be done."

Columbus took the egg and struck it softly upon the table, breaking the shell at the end a very little. He then stood it on end.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am quite sure any one of you could do this. It is the simplest thing in the world — when you have been shown how."

HALLOWE'EN

THE CONJURE WIVES

Old Southern Tale

ONCE on a time when a Hallowe'en night came on the dark o' the moon, a lot o' old conjure wives was a-sittin' by the fire an' a-cookin' a big supper for theirselves. The wind was a-howlin' round like it does on Hallowe'en nights, an' the old conjure wives they hitched theirselves up to the fire an' talked about the spells they was a-goin' to weave long come midnight.

By an' by there come a knockin' at the door.

"Who's there?" called an old conjure wife.

"Who-o? Who-o?"

"One who is hungry and cold," said a voice.

Then the old conjure wives, they burst out laughin' an' they called out:

"We's a-cookin' for ourselves.

Who'll cook for you?

Who? Who?"

The voice didn't say nothin', but the knockin' just kept on.

"Who's that a-knockin'?" called out another conjure wife. "Who? Who?"

Then there come a whistlin', wailin' sound:

“Let me in, do-o-o-o!
I'se cold thro-o-o-o an' thro-o-o-o,
And I'se hungry too-o-o!”

Then the old conjure women they all burst out laughin', and they commenced to sing out:

“Git along, do!
We's a-cookin' for ourselves.
Who'll cook for you?
Who? Who?”

The voice didn't say nothin', but the knockin' just kept on.

Then the old conjure wives they went to work a-cookin' of the supper for theirselves, an' they mixed an' they baked an' they fried—an' the voice didn't say nothin', but the knockin' just kept on.

An' then the old conjure wives they hitched up to the fire an' they ate an' they ate — an' the voice didn't say nothin', but the knockin' just kept on. An' the old conjure wives they called out again:

“Go way, do!
We's a-cookin' for ourselves.
Who'll cook for you?
Who? Who?”

An' the voice didn't say nothin', but the knockin' just kept on.

Then the old conjure wives began to get scared-like, and one of 'em says, “Let's give it somethin' an' get it away before it spoils our spells.”

An' the voice didn't say nothin', but the knockin' just kept on.

Then the old conjure wives they took the littlest piece of dough, as big as a pea, an' they put it in the fry pan.

An' the voice didn't say nothin', but the knockin' just kept on.

And when they put the dough in the fry pan it begun to swell an' swell, an' it swelled over the fry pan an' it swelled over the top o' the stove an' it swelled out on the floor.

An' the voice didn't say nothin', but the knockin' just kept on.

Then the old conjure wives got scared an' they ran for the door, an' the *door was shut tight*.

An' the voice didn't say nothin', but the knockin' just kept on.

An' then the dough it swelled an' it swelled all over the floor an' it swelled up into the chairs. An' the old conjure wives they climbed up on the backs of the chairs an' they was scaderer and scaderer. An' they called out, "Who that a-knockin' at the door? Who? Who?"

An' the voice didn't say nothin', but the knockin' just kept on.

An' the dough kept a-swellin' an' a-swellin', an' the old conjure wives begun to scrooge up smaller an' smaller, an' their eyes got bigger an' bigger

with scaredness, an' they kept a-callin', "Who that a-knockin'? Who? Who?"

An' then the knockin' stopped, and the voice called out,

"Fly out the window, do!

There's no more house for you!"

An' the old conjure wives they spread their wings an' they flew out the windows an' off into the woods, all a-callin', "Who'll cook for you? Who? Who?"

An' now if you go into the woods in the dark o' the moon you'll see the old conjure wife owls an' hear 'em callin', "Who'll cook for you? Who-o! Who-o!"

Only on a Hallowe'en night you don't want to go round the old owls, because *then* they turns to old conjure wives a-weavin' their spells.



THE QUEER COMPANY

Old English Tale

A little old woman lived all alone in a little old house in the woods. One Hallowe'en she sat in the chimney corner and as she sat, she spun.

Still she sat, and
Still she spun, and
Still she wished for company.

Then she saw her door open a little way, and in came —

A pair of broad, broad soles,
And sat them down by the fireside.

“This is passing strange,” thought the little old woman, but —

Still she sat, and
Still she spun, and
Still she wished for company.

Then in came —

A pair of small, small legs,
And sat them down on the broad,
broad soles.

“Now this is passing strange,” thought the little old woman, but —

Still she sat, and
Still she spun, and
Still she wished for company.

Then in came —

A wee, wee waist,
And sat itself on the small, small
legs.

“Now this is passing strange,” thought the
little old woman, but —

Still she sat, and
Still she spun, and
Still she wished for company.

Then in came —

A pair of broad, broad shoulders,
And sat them down on the wee,
wee waist.

But —

Still she sat, and
Still she spun, and
Still she wished for company.

Then in through the door came —

A pair of long, long arms,
And sat them down on the broad,
broad shoulders.

“Now this is passing strange,” thought the
little old woman.

But —

Still she sat, and
Still she spun, and
Still she wished for company.

Then in came —

A pair of fat, fat hands,
And sat them down on the long,
long arms.

But —

Still she sat, and
Still she spun, and
Still she wished for company.

Then in came —

A round, round head,
And sat itself on top of all
That sat by the fireside.

The little old woman stopped her spinning, and she asked: "Where did you get such broad, broad soles?"

"By much tramping, much tramping," said Somebody.

"Where did you get such small, small legs?"

"Much running, much running," said Somebody.

"Where did you get such a wee, wee waist?"

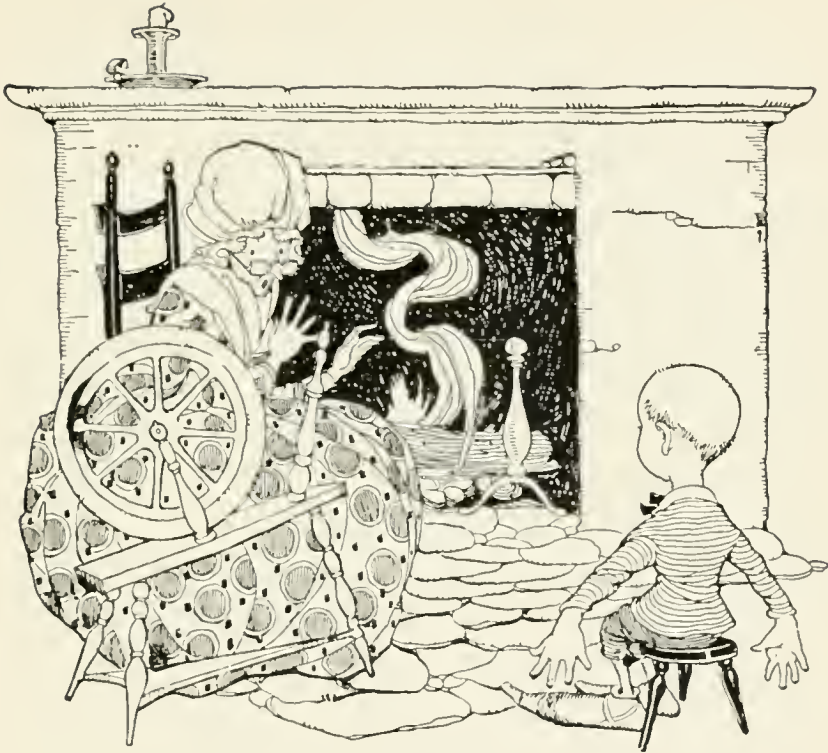
"Nobody knows, nobody knows," said Somebody.

"Where did you get such broad, broad shoulders?"

"With carrying brooms," said Somebody.

"Where did you get such long, long arms?"

"Swinging the scythe, swinging the scythe," said Somebody.



"What did you come for?" "You!"

"Where did you get such fat, fat hands?"

"With threshing, with threshing," said Somebody.

"How did you get such a huge, huge head?"

"Of a pumpkin I made it," said Somebody.

Then said the little old woman: "What did you come for?"

"Y O U!"

SHIPPEITARO

A Japanese Fairy Tale

TERESA PEIRCE WILLISTON

Brave Soldier was the name of a very brave man in Japan. One time he was going on a long journey. He had to go through woods and over mountains. He crossed rivers and plains. Near the end of his journey he came to a great forest. The trees were so thick and tall that the sun could never enter there.

All day Brave Soldier hurried along the mossy path that led among the great tree trunks. He said to himself, "I must reach the next village before dark or else I can find no place to sleep tonight." So he hastened on along the narrow path.

After a time he seemed to be going up a mountain side. As he hurried on it seemed to grow darker and darker. Brave Soldier knew that it was not late enough for night to be coming on. "There must be a storm coming," said Brave Soldier to himself, "for I hear the trees sighing and rustling. Now I must hurry, for I do not care to be out in a storm."

So Brave Soldier walked as fast as he could, and hoped that he would soon come to a village. The wind rushed through the tree tops, and the rain hammered on the leaves far above him.

It was so dark that Brave Soldier could hardly

follow the path. "If I do not soon find some house or village, I shall lie down here under the trees for the night. They are my friends and will not allow any harm to come to me."

He had no more than said this when he came to a clearing in the trees. It was not quite so dark here, and Brave Soldier saw some kind of a house standing in the middle of the open space. He went to it and found that it was an old ruined temple. It looked as though only bats had been there for a hundred years.

No palace ever seemed more welcome to anyone than this old ruined temple did to the tired traveler. He found the corner where the roof leaked the least, curled up in his cloak, and was soon fast asleep.

In the middle of the night a terrible noise awakened him. Such shrieking and yowling! It sounded like an army of cats, each trying to see who could make the most noise. When at last they stopped for a moment, perhaps to catch their breath, Brave Soldier heard a voice say, "Remember, don't tell this to Shippeitaro. All is lost if Shippeitaro knows about it."

"I wonder what they are up to," thought Brave Soldier. "I will just remember that name Shippeitaro, for he seems to be quite an important person around here. It is possible that I may meet him some day." Then he turned over and went to sleep.

In the morning when he awakened, the storm was past and the sun was shining. Now he had no trouble in finding his way, and soon came to a village.

On all sides he heard a sound of weeping and crying. All were dressed in white, a sign that some one was dead or dying.

“What is the matter? Who is dead?” he asked an old man who sat by the roadside. Instead of answering, the old man pointed to a little cottage at the end of the street.

Some little children were sitting in the doorway of a house. Brave Soldier said to them: “Can you tell me, little ones, why all the people in this village are weeping?”

The children, too, only pointed to the same house at the end of the street.

When the soldier came to this house he saw an old man and an old woman weeping as though their hearts were broken. A little girl was trying to comfort them.

“Do not weep so, dear grandmother,” she said. “I am not afraid to go. I am sorry to leave you, but some one must go, and the other women in the village will take care of you when I am gone.”

“What is the matter?” asked Brave Soldier, coming up just then. “Where are you going, and why are all weeping so?”

“I am going up to the temple to-night,” answered the girl. “Every year some one must

go or else the monster will destroy the village. There is no one else to go this year, so I will go. They will put me in that basket you see by the



“Is there anyone around here by the name of Shippeitaro?”

door, and carry me up to an old temple in the woods and leave me there. I don't know what happens then, for those who have gone have never come back.”

“Where is the temple?” asked Brave Soldier.

“It is up that hill in the woods,” said the girl, pointing to the very temple where he had spent the night.

Brave Soldier remembered what he had heard there the night before, and he also remembered the name he had heard.

“Is there anyone around here by the name of Shippeitaro?” he asked.

“Shippeitaro? Why, that’s our dog, and he is the nicest dog you ever saw, too.” Just then a long, lean black dog came up and began to lick the hand of his mistress.

“This is Shippeitaro,” said the girl; “is he not a fine fellow? Everyone loves him.”

“Yes, indeed, he is a brave-looking dog,” answered the man. “I want to borrow just such a dog as that for one night. Would you let me have him for so long?”

“If you will bring him back, for he must stay here to take care of grandmother and grandfather,” said the girl.

Then Brave Soldier told her what he had heard in that same temple the night before.

“I mean to put that brave dog in the basket instead of you, and see what will happen. I will go along to see that no harm shall come to him.”

The dog seemed to understand what was wanted and acted as though he was glad to go.

They put him into the basket which had taken so many beautiful maidens to their death. Just before dark they carried him up through the listening woods to the temple. All but the soldier were afraid to stay, but he took out his good sword and lay calmly down.

At midnight he heard the same frightful noises. He looked out and saw a troop of cats led by a large, fierce-looking tomcat. They gathered

around the basket and tore open the cover. Out sprang the good Shippeitaro, with every hair bristling. He seized the tomcat, who was really the monster, and made short work of him.

When the other cats saw their leader killed they turned and fled like leaves before the wind.

Then the soldier took the brave dog back to his mistress, and told the people how he had done what no man could have done, and saved the village from the monster.

Do you wonder that all the people love Shippeitaro, and love to have his picture over their doors? They think that it will frighten away all evil.

WAIT TILL MARTIN COMES

FRANCES G. WICKES

Once on a time, on a Hallowe'en night, an ole preacher man was a-lopin' down a road an' he come to a little ole house, an' he knock on de door. An ole mammy she come to de door an' de preacher man he ask, "Kin I sleep here all night?"

De ole mammy she say, "You most certainly kin—'ceptin fer de fact dat I'se got so many chillen dat dey's sleepin' everywhere 'cept in de hen roost—an de only reason dey ain't sleepin' dere is we ain't got no hen roost—so there jest naterally ain't no place where you-all kin sleep."

“Dat’s all right,” says de ole preacher man, “but kin I git a bite to eat?”

“You most certainly kin. You-all is welcome to fried chicken an’ hominy an’ hoecake, only we ain’t got nuffin but de hoecake.”

“Dat’s all right,” says de ole preacher man.

Well, de ole preacher man he et his hoecake an’ he says, “I seen a house a piece down de road. Do you-all reckon I kin sleep dere all night?”

An’ de ole mammy she say, “You most certinly kin — ‘ceptin’ dat dere can’t nobody sleep in dat house, specially on a Hallowe’en night — ‘cause dat house am *ha’nted!*”

“Well,” says de ole preacher man, “I ain’t afraid o’ no ha’nts. I’s e got a powerful heap o’ sermons in my gripsack, an’ I reckon I’ll jest mosey along to dat house.”

So de ole preacher man he jest lope down de road to de house. He make him a fire an’ he settle hissself fer de night. Long about midnight de door open an’ in come a GREAT YELLOW THOMAS CAT, bigger dan de preacher man hissself. He set down by de fire an’ he wash his face wid his one paw — like dis; an’ den he wash his face wid his udder paw — like dat; an’ den he hump up his back an’ he let out a horrible screech an’ he say, “*Shall I bite him now?*”

An’ a great voice answer, “*Wait till Martin comes!*”

An' jest den de door open agin an' in comes a GREAT BIG GRAY THOMAS CAT. An' he set hissself



*Den de door open agin an' in come a Grcat Big
Black Thomas Cat*

down by de fire, an' he wash his face wid his one paw—like dis; an' he wash his face wid his udder paw—like dat; an' he hump up his back an' he let out two terrible screeches an' he say, “*Shall I bite him now?*”

An' a great voice answer, “*Wait till Martin comes!*”

Den de door open agin an' in come a GREAT BIG BLACK THOMAS CAT. He set hissself down by de fire an' he wash his face wid his one paw—like dis—an' he wash his face wid his udder paw—like

dat; an' he hump up his back an' he let out three terrible screeches, an' he say, "*Shall I bite him now?*"

An' a great voice answer, "WAIT TILL MARTIN COMES!"

Den dat ole preacher man he jest hike up his pants, an' grab up his sermons, an' he open de door an' he say, "When Martin comes you kin tell him I'se been an' *done gone away agin!*"

THANKSGIVING

OLD MAN RABBIT'S THANKSGIVING DINNER

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

OLD Man Rabbit sat at the door of his little house eating a nice, ripe, juicy turnip. It was a cold, frosty day, but Old Man Rabbit was all wrapped up, round and round and round, with yards and yards of his best red wool muffler, so he didn't care if the wind whistled through his whiskers and blew his ears up straight. Old Man Rabbit had been exercising, too, and that was another reason why he was so nice and warm.

Early in the morning he had started off, lippity, clippity, down the little brown path that lay in front of his house and led to Farmer Dwyer's corn patch. The patch was all covered with shiny red leaves. Old Man Rabbit scuffled through them and he carried a great big bag over his back. In the corn patch he found two or three fat, red ears of corn that Farmer Dwyer had missed, so he dropped them into his bag. A little farther along he found some purple

turnips and some yellow carrots and quite a few russet apples that Farmer Dwyer had arranged in little piles in the orchard. Old Man Rabbit went in the barn, squeezing under the big front door by making himself very flat, and he filled all the chinks in his bag with potatoes and he took a couple of eggs in his paws, for he thought that he might want to stir up a little pudding for himself before the day was over.

Then Old Man Rabbit started off home again down the little brown path, his mouth watering every time his bag bumped against his back, and not meeting anyone on the way because it was so very, very early in the morning. When he came to his little house he emptied his bag and arranged all his harvest in piles in his front room; the corn in one pile, and the carrots in one pile, the turnips in another pile, and the apples and potatoes in the last pile. He beat up his eggs and stirred some flour with them and filled it full of currants to make a pudding. And when he had put his pudding in a bag and set it boiling on the stove he went outside to sit awhile and eat a turnip, thinking all the time what a mighty fine old rabbit he was, and so clever, too.

Well, while Old Man Rabbit was sitting there in front of his little house, wrapped up in his warm, red muffler, and munching the turnip, he heard a little noise in the leaves. It was Billy

Chipmunk traveling home to the stone wall where he lived. He was hurrying and blowing on his paws to keep them warm.

“Good morning, Billy Chipmunk,” said Old Man Rabbit. “Why are you running so fast?”

“Because I am cold, and I am hungry,” answered Billy Chipmunk. “It’s going to be a hard winter, a very hard winter—no apples left. I’ve been looking all the morning for an apple and I couldn’t find one.”

And with that, Billy Chipmunk went chattering by, his fur standing out straight in the wind.

No sooner had he passed than Old Man Rabbit saw Molly Mouse creeping along through the little brown path, her long gray tail rustling the red leaves as she went.

“Good morning, Molly Mouse,” said Old Man Rabbit.

“Good morning,” answered Molly Mouse in a wee little voice.

“You look a little unhappy,” said Old Man Rabbit, taking another bite of his turnip.

“I have been looking and looking for an ear of corn,” said Molly Mouse in a sad little chirping voice. “But the corn has all been harvested. It’s going to be a very hard winter, a very hard winter.”

And Molly Mouse trotted by out of sight.

Pretty soon, Old Man Rabbit heard somebody

else coming along by his home. This time it was Tommy Chickadee hopping by and making a great to-do chattering and scolding as he came.

“Good morning, Tommy Chickadee,” said Old Man Rabbit.

But Tommy Chickadee was too much put out about something to remember his manners. He just chirped and scolded because he was cold and he couldn't find a single crumb or a berry or anything at all to eat. Then he flew away, his feathers puffed out with the cold until he looked like a little round ball, and all the way he chattered and scolded more and more.

Old Man Rabbit finished his turnip, eating every single bit of it, even to the leaves. Then he went in his house to poke the fire in his stove and to see how the pudding was cooking. It was doing very well indeed, bumping against the pot as it bubbled and boiled, and smelling very fine indeed. Old Man Rabbit looked around his house at the corn and the carrots and the turnips and the apples and the potatoes, and then he had an idea. It was a very funny idea indeed, different from any other idea Old Man Rabbit had ever had before, in all his life. It made him scratch his head with his left hind foot, and think and wonder, but it pleased him, too; it was such a very funny idea.

First he took off his muffler and then he put on his clean gingham apron. He took his best red

tablecloth from the drawer and put it on his table, and then set the table with his gold-banded china dinner set. By the time he had done all this, the pudding was boiled, so he lifted it, all sweet and steaming, from the kettle and set it in the middle of the table. Around the pudding, Old Man Rabbit piled heaps and heaps of corn and carrots and turnips and apples and potatoes, and then he took down his dinner bell that was all rusty because Old Man Rabbit had very seldom rung it before, and he stood in his front door and he rang it very hard, calling in a loud voice:

“Dinner’s ready! Come to dinner, Billy Chipmunk, and Molly Mouse, and Tommy Chickadee!”

They all came, and they brought their friends with them. Tommy Chickadee brought Rusty Robin, who had a broken wing and had not been able to fly South for the winter. Billy Chipmunk brought Chatter-Chee, a lame squirrel, whom he had invited to share his hole for a few months, and Molly Mouse brought a young gentleman Field Mouse, who was very distinguished-looking because of his long whiskers. When they all tumbled into Old Man Rabbit’s house and saw the table with the pudding in the center they forgot their manners and began eating as fast as they could, every one of them.

It kept Old Man Rabbit very busy waiting on them. He gave all the currants from the pudding

to Tommy Chickadee and Rusty Robin. He selected juicy turnips for Molly Mouse and her friend, and the largest apples for Billy Chipmunk. Old Man Rabbit was so busy that he didn't have any time to eat a bite of dinner himself, but he didn't mind that, not one single bit. It made him feel so warm and full inside just to see the others eating.

When the dinner was over and not one single crumb was left on the table, Tommy Chickadee hopped up on the back of his chair and chirped:

"Three cheers for Old Man Rabbit's Thanksgiving dinner!"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" they all twittered and chirped and chattered.

And Old Man Rabbit was so surprised that he didn't get over it for a week. You see he had really given a Thanksgiving dinner without knowing that it really and truly was Thanksgiving Day.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

MARGARET PUMPHREY

The fresh green of the wheat fields began to turn a golden brown. The harvest was ripening. Before long the air rang with the steady beat of the flail, as the Pilgrims threshed their first crop of golden grain.

Soon the corn was ready to be cut and stacked

in shocks. Then came the early frosts, and the Pilgrims hurried to gather the sweet wild grapes from vines which grew over bushes and low trees near the brook. The frost had opened the prickly burs and hard brown coats of the nuts, and every day Squanto went with a merry group of boys to gather chestnuts, hickory nuts, beech-nuts, and walnuts.

At last the harvest was all gathered in. The Pilgrims rejoiced as they saw the bountiful supply of food for the winter. Some of the golden ears of corn they hung above the fireplace to dry for seed. The rest they shelled and buried in the ground as Squanto showed them how to do.

As the evenings grew longer and cooler, the Pilgrims often went in to spend an hour or two at Elder Brewster's. The men piled great logs upon the fire. Then the girls and boys drew the chairs and benches nearer the huge fireplace, and all would sit in the twilight and talk.

Sometimes they spoke of old times in England or Holland, but usually it was of their work and the life in the new home. On this November evening all talked of the harvest which had just been stored away.

"Friends," said Governor Bradford, "God has blessed our summer's work, and has sent us a bountiful harvest. He brought us safe to this new home and protected us through the terrible

winter. It is fit we have a time for giving thanks to God for his mercies to us. What say you? Shall we not have a week of feasting and of thanksgiving?"

"A week of thanksgiving!" said the Pilgrims. "Yes, let us rest from our work and spend the time in gladness and thanksgiving. God has been very good to us."

So it was decided that the next week should be set aside for the harvest feast of thanksgiving, and that their Indian friends should be asked to join them.

Early the next morning Squanto was sent to invite Massasoit with his brother and friends to come the following Thursday.

When he returned, a party of men took their guns and went into the woods for two days of hunting. They would need many deer and wild ducks to feed so large a company.

Far away in the forest they heard the sound of wild turkeys. They hurried on in that direction, but the sound seemed as far away as ever.

Squanto knew how to bring the turkeys nearer. He made a kind of whistle out of a reed. When he blew it, it sounded like the cry of a young turkey.

"Squanto blow. Turkeys come. Then Squanto shoot! Ugh!" said the Indian, as he showed the Pilgrims his whistle.

When the men came back from their hunt they brought a bountiful supply of game. There were deer, rabbits, wild ducks, and four large turkeys.



The next few days were busy ones in Plymouth kitchens

The next few days were busy ones in Plymouth kitchens. There were the great brick ovens to heat, and bread and pies to bake, and game to dress.

“Priscilla shall be chief cook,” said Mistress Brewster. “No one can make such delicious dishes as she.”

As soon as it was light on Wednesday morning, a roaring fire was built in the huge fireplace in Elder Brewster’s kitchen. A great pile of red-hot coals was placed in the brick oven in the chimney.

Then Mary Chilton and Priscilla tied their aprons around them, tucked up their sleeves, and put white caps over their hair. Their hands fairly flew as they measured and sifted the flour, or rolled and cut cookies and tarts.

Over at another table Remember Allerton and Constance Hopkins washed and chopped dried fruits for pies and puddings. Out on the sunny doorstone Love Brewster and Francis Billington sat cracking nuts and picking out the plump kernels for the cakes Priscilla was making. What a merry place the big kitchen was!

When the oven was hot the coals were drawn out, and the long baking pans were put in. Soon sweet, spicy odors filled the room, and on the long shelves were rows and rows of pies, tarts, and little nut cakes.

In the afternoon all of the girls and boys took their baskets or pails and went to the beach to dig clams. "Clams will make a delicious broth. We shall need hundreds of them," said Priscilla.

While they were gone, some of the men brought boards, hammers, and saws, and built two long tables out-of-doors near the common-house. Here the men would eat, and a table would be spread in the elder's house for the women and children.

It was Thursday morning, and the Pilgrims were up early to prepare for the guests they had

invited to the feast of thanksgiving. The air was mild and pleasant, and a soft purple haze lay upon field and wood.

“We could not have had a more beautiful day for our feast,” thought Miles Standish, as he climbed the hill to fire the sunrise gun.

Just then wild yells and shouts told the astonished Pilgrims that their guests had arrived. Down the hill from the forest came Massasoit, his brother, and nearly a hundred of his friends, dressed in their finest skins, and in holiday paint and feathers.

The captain and a number of other men went out to welcome the Indians, and the women hurried to prepare breakfast for them.

Squanto and John Alden built a big fire near the brook, and soon the clam broth was simmering in the great kettle.

The roll of the drum brought all to prayers, for the Pilgrims never began a day without asking God’s blessing upon it. “The White men talk to the Great Spirit,” Squanto explained to Chief Massasoit. “They thank Him for His good gifts.” The Indians seemed to understand and listened quietly to the prayers.

They all sat down at the long tables. The women were soon busy passing great bowls of clam broth to each hungry guest. There were piles of brown bread and sweet cakes; there were

dishes of turnips and boiled meat, and later, bowls of pudding made from Indian corn.

While they were eating, one of the Indians brought a great basket filled with popped corn and poured it out on the table before Elder Brewster. The Pilgrims had never before seen pop corn. They filled a large bowl with this new dainty and sent it in to the children's table.

When breakfast was over, there was another service of thanksgiving, led by Elder Brewster. Then Governor Bradford took his friends to the grassy common where they would have games.

A number of little stakes were driven into the ground, and here several groups of Indians and Pilgrims played quoits, the Indians often throwing the greater number of rings over the stakes.

Then the savages entertained their friends with some wonderful tests in running and jumping. After this Governor Bradford invited the Indians to sit down on the grass and watch the soldiers drill on the common.

The Indians sat down, not knowing what to expect next, for they had never before seen soldiers drill. Suddenly they heard the sound of trumpets and the roll of drums. Down the hill marched the little army of only nineteen men, the flag of old England waving above their heads.

To right and to left they marched, in single file or by twos and threes, then at a word from the

captain, fired their muskets into the air. The Indians were not expecting this, and some sprang to their feet in alarm.

Again came the sharp reports of the muskets. Many of the Indians looked frightened. "Have the white men brought us here to destroy us?" they asked.

"The white men are our friends; they will not harm us," answered Massasoit.

Hardly had he finished speaking when there came a deep roar from the cannon on the fort. The sound rolled from hill to hill. At this the Indians became more and more uneasy. They did not enjoy the way the white men entertained their guests.

Some thought of an excuse to leave the village. "We will go into the forest and hunt," they said. "We will bring deer for the white men's feast."

Captain Standish smiled as he saw the Indians start for the forest. "They do not like the thunder of our cannons," he said.

But the next morning the five Indians returned, each bringing a fine deer.

Saturday was the last day of the feast. How busy the women were preparing this greatest dinner! Of course the men and boys helped too. They dressed the game, brought water from the brook, and wood for the fire.

There were turkeys stuffed with beechnuts, browning before the fire. There were roasts of all kinds, and a wonderful stew made of birds and other game.

And you should have seen the great dishes of purple grapes, the nuts, and the steaming puddings. The table seemed to groan under its load of good things. The Indians had never seen such a feast. "Ugh!" said Massasoit as he ate the puffy dumplings in Priscilla's stew. "Ugh! The great spirit loves his white children best!"

So the happy day ended, and the Indians returned to their wigwams. The Pilgrims never forgot their first Thanksgiving day. Each year when the harvests were gathered, they would set aside a day for thanking God for his good gifts, and for years their Indian friends joined in this feast.

LITTLE WEE PUMPKIN'S THANKSGIVING

MADGE A. BIGHAM

It was the night before Thanksgiving. The Great Big Pumpkin, the Middle Size Pumpkin, and the Little Wee Pumpkin were talking together in Peter Pumpkineater's patch.

The Frost King had sent them each a pretty white coat for a Thanksgiving offering, and they sparkled in the moonlight.

“All here?” said the Great Big Pumpkin, gayly.

“All here,” said the Middle Size Pumpkin, smiling.

“All here,” said the Little Wee Pumpkin, with a sneeze. “But I think it will be our last night together, for I heard Peter say to-day that to-morrow he would pull us, and send us on our journeys. How delightful!”

“To be sure,” said the Great Big Pumpkin. “I hope we will make the best of pies for somebody’s Thanksgiving dinner. Speaking of journeys, though, I do hope Peter will send me to London Town. They say the sights are very wonderful.”

“So I’ve heard,” said the Middle Size Pumpkin. “I should be glad to stop at the King’s palace. Old King Cole is a merry old soul.”

“And I, too,” said the Little Wee Pumpkin wistfully. “I should like so much to see the Princess Cinderella, whom every one loves. But I am not large nor fine enough to go to the palace. Most of all, I should like to make somebody very happy on Thanksgiving Day, and then, too, I hope my seeds will be saved and planted next year. It is such joy to grow.”

“Indeed it is!” said the Great Big Pumpkin.

“And indeed it is!” said the Middle Size Pumpkin. “I wish Peter could get all our seeds. He takes such good care of us, and likes so to see us grow.”

“Well, good-night, and pleasant dreams,” said the Great Big Pumpkin; “if we pumpkins do not close our peepers and go to sleep, the sunbeams will catch us napping, a pretty sight for a Thanksgiving morning!”

So the pumpkins three snuggled beneath their frosty coats and went to sleep.

On Thanksgiving morning the Little Wee Pumpkin was the first to wake. She almost lost her breath when Peter opened the garden gate and the Princess Cinderella herself tripped in behind him.

She was very beautiful. The same sunny hair and dainty feet and smiling face that you have read about. Being a princess had not changed her, because she was always good and kind. She held in her hand a bunch of violets, almost the color of her pretty eyes, and smiled as she held them up to Peter, saying, “See, Peter, I have brought you these from the palace gardens; they are my Thanksgiving offering. Now you must help me find the best pumpkin in all your patch for a jack-o’-lantern. It is to make a little girl very happy. She has been sick a long, long time in the London hospital, and I have promised to make her a jack-o’-lantern on Thanksgiving Day.”

“Yes, my lady,” said Peter, bowing, and they stepped from vine to vine, hunting the best pumpkin. First she stopped at the Great Big Pumpkin; but no, that was too large. Then she stopped

at the Middle Size Pumpkin, but that was too fat. And then she stopped at the Little Wee Pumpkin, and that—and that was just right.

Now the Little Wee Pumpkin was very much surprised when Cinderella, stooping down by her, said gayly, "You dear Little Wee Pumpkin. You will make a most beautiful jack-o'-lantern, and are the very one to make the little girl happy this Thanksgiving Day. Come, Peter, I have chosen this one," and she patted the Little Wee Pumpkin gently.

"Yes, my lady," said Peter.

So he carefully tucked the Little Wee Pumpkin in the pony phaeton beside Cinderella, and away they whirled, off to London Town to make the little sick girl happy.

THE THANKSGIVING GOOSE

FANNIE WILDER BROWN

"But I don't like roast goose," said Guy, pouting. "I'd rather have turkey. Turkey is best for Thanksgiving, anyway. Goose is for Christmas."

Guy's mother did not answer. He watched her while she carefully wrote G. T. W. on the corner of a pretty new red-bordered handkerchief. Five others, all alike, and all marked alike, lay beside it. The initials were his own.

"Why didn't you buy some blue ones? I'd rather have them different," he said.

Mrs. Wright smiled a queer little smile, but did not answer. She lighted a large lamp and held the marked corner of one of the handkerchiefs against the hot chimney. The heat made the indelible ink turn dark.

"O dear," he cried, "there's a little blot at the top of that 'T'! I don't want to carry a handkerchief that has a blot on it."

"Very well," said his mother. "I'll put them away, and you may carry your old ones until you ask me to let you carry this one. I don't care to furnish new things for a boy who doesn't appreciate them."

"I don't like old—"

"That'll do, Guy. Never mind the rest of the things you don't like. I want you to take this dollar down to Mrs. Burns. Tell her that I shall have a day's work for her on Friday, and I thought she might like to have part of the pay in advance for Thanksgiving. Please go now."

"But a dollar won't help much. She won't like that. She always acts as if she was as happy as anybody. I don't want to go there on such an errand as that."

Mrs. Wright smiled again, but her tone was very grave.

“Mrs. Burns is ‘as happy as anybody,’ Guy, and she has the best-behaved children in the neighborhood. But there are eight children, and Mr. Burns has only one arm, so he can’t earn much money, and Mrs. Burns has to turn her hand to all sorts of things to keep the children clothed and fed. She’ll be thankful to get this dollar, you see if she isn’t. And tell her if she is making mince pies to sell this year, I’ll take three.”

Guy walked very slowly down the street until he came to the little house where the Burns family lived.

“I’d hate to live here,” he thought. “I don’t see where they all sleep. My room isn’t big enough, but I don’t believe there’s a room in this house as big as mine. I shouldn’t have a bit of fun, ever, if I lived here. And I’d hate to have my mother make pies and send me about to sell them.”

Then he knocked at the front door, for there was no bell. No one came. He could hear voices talking and laughing in the distance, so he knew some of the family were at home. He walked round to the kitchen door. It stood open, and the children were talking so fast they did not hear his knock there.

They were very busy. Katie, the eleven-year-old, and Malcolm, ten — Guy’s age — were cutting

citron into long, thin strips and piling it on a big blue plate. Mary and James, the eight-year-old twins, were paring apples with a paring-machine. The long, curling skins fell into a large stone jar standing on a clean paper, spread on the floor. Charlie, who was only four years old, was watching to see that none of the parings fell over the edge of the jar. Susan, who was seven, was putting raisins into a meat-chopper. George, three years old, was turning the handle of the chopper to grind the raisins. Baby Joe was creeping about the kitchen floor after a kitten. Mrs. Burns was taking a great piece of meat from a steaming kettle at the back of the stove. Every one was working, except the baby and the kitten, but all seemed to be having a glorious time, for they were laughing heartily. What they were saying seemed so funny it was some time before Guy really could understand it. At last he was sure it was some kind of a game.

“Mice?” asked Susan. Mary squealed, and they all laughed. “Because they’re small,” said Mary. “Snakes?”

“They can’t climb trees!” Mrs. Burns called out from the pantry. The children fairly roared at that. “A pantry with not a single window in it?”

“Oh, we’ve had that before,” Katie answered.

“I know what you say. It’s a good place to ripen pears in when Mrs. Wright gives us any.”

Guy knocked very loudly at that. He had forgotten that he was listening.

The children started, but did not leave their work. They looked at their mother. “Jamie,” she said. Then Jamie came to meet Guy, and invited him to walk in.

“What game is it?” asked Guy, forgetting his errand.

“Making mince pies,” said Jamie. “It’s lots of fun. Don’t you want to play, too? I’ll let you turn the paring-machine if you’d like that best.”

Guy said “Thank you,” and began to turn the parer eagerly.

“But I don’t mean what you are doing,” said Guy. “I knew that was mince pies. I thought that was work. I meant what you were saying. It sounds so funny! I never heard it before.”

“Mama made it up,” explained Malcolm. “It’s great fun. We always play it at Thanksgiving time. You think of something people don’t like, and the one who can think first tells what he is thankful for about it. We call it ‘Thanksgiving.’”

Guy stayed for an hour, and played both games. Then, quite to his surprise, the twelve o’clock whistles blew, and he had to go home.

But he remembered his errands and did them, to the great pleasure of the whole Burns family.

In the afternoon Guy spent some time writing a note to his mother. It was badly written, but it made his mother happy. It read:

“DEAR MOTHER. I am Thankful the blot isent any bigger. I am Thankful the hankershefs isent black on the borders. I would like that one with the blot on to put in my pocket when you read this. But my old ones are nice. The Burnses don't have Things to be thankful for, but they are Thankful just the same.

“I am Thankful for the Goose we are to have. The best is I am Thankful I am not a Goose myself, for if I was I wouldnt know enough to be thankful.

“Respectfully yours,
Guy Theodore Wright.”

THANKSGIVING

AMELIA E. BARR

“Have you cut the wheat in the blowing fields,
The barley, the oats, and the rye,
The golden corn and the pearly rice?
For the winter days are nigh.”

“We have reaped them all from shore to shore,
And the grain is safe on the threshing floor.”

“Have you gathered the berries from the vine,
And the fruit from the orchard trees?
The dew and the scent from the roses and thyme,
In the hive of the honeybees?”

“The peach and the plum and the apple are ours,
And the honeycomb from the scented flowers.”

“The wealth of the snowy cotton field
And the gift of the sugar cane,
The savory herb and the nourishing root —
There has nothing been given in vain.”

“We have gathered the harvest from shore to
shore,
And the measure is full and brimming o'er.”

“Then lift up the head with a song!
And lift up the hand with a gift!
To the ancient Giver of all
The spirit in gratitude lift!
For the joy and the promise of spring,
For the hay and the clover sweet,
The barley, the rye, and the oats,
The rice, and the corn, and the wheat,
The cotton, and sugar, and fruit,
The flowers and the fine honeycomb,
The country so fair and so free,
The blessings and glory of home.”

“CHUSEY”

The Story November Told

SUSAN COOLIDGE

It was way out on the Western frontier,” [began November]—“Do you know what a frontier is?” suddenly interrupting himself.

No, the children did not know what a frontier was.

“A frontier,” continued November, “is the edge of civilization; and rough and shaggy enough it is, as edges are apt to be. It is the battle-ground where men and Nature meet and fight it out. Ah! the men have hard times there, I can tell you. They have to turn to and use every bit of stuff that is in them, or they get the worst of the conflict. But Nature is a friendly foe. When she has proved them, she grows kind. The trees fall, the stumps come out of the ground. Every year the work done tells more and more; and the frontier is pushed farther and farther away. By and by there won’t be any frontier left; the whole land will be civilized; and people will have everything they desire—brick houses, churches, shops, ice-cream saloons, and copies of Tupper’s *Proverbial Philosophy*.

“Well, I always visit this frontier as I go my yearly rounds; and it was there that I made acquaintance with Mrs. Fiske’s little children.

“Four boys and girls there were, the eldest seven, the youngest not quite three; and none of them had ever seen other children except themselves. Their mother was a sad, hard-worked woman; their father, a rough, kind-hearted fellow, too busy to notice the little ones much, except now and then on a Sunday evening. So the children were left entirely to one another for amusement; and they seemed to find plenty of it, for a more merry, contented group I never saw. The rude hut in which they lived was beautiful in their eyes; and the forest, with its birds, berries, squirrels, and flowers, like a delightful playfellow.

“The cabin was off the road for wagon trains: none ever came there. But now and then men on horseback, two or three together, would stop and ask for a meal or a night’s lodging. These were never refused in that hospitable wilderness. The children were glad when this happened; for the men talked about all sorts of interesting things and brought newspapers, from which their father read stories and anecdotes. But Polly, the eldest, a bright, observing girl, noticed that after these visits her mother always looked sadder than before, and sometimes cried.

“Mrs. Fiske came from a state a long way off called Massachusetts. Some of her relations lived there still, and there was the old house where she

had been born; but she seldom spoke of it or them. Perhaps she feared to make the children discontented with their lonely life by doing so; and it may be she was wise.

“But the little ones picked up ideas here and there, and made a sort of play of ‘Going to the East,’ where so many wonderful things were. They did not often tell their mother of these plays: somehow they felt that it gave her pain; but when they were alone with their father they would talk by the hour, asking questions, and chattering all together like a flock of small crows.

“One night a traveller, who was stopping with them, used a new word.

“‘I don’t know if *Thanksgiving* gets so far out as this,’ he said.

“Mrs. Fiske only answered by a sigh; but her husband replied, ‘Well, no! We’ve had pretty hard times for a spell back; and we never see no newspapers so’s to know what day’s appointed, and so we’ve kind of let it slide. It’s a pity, too, that’s a fact. Why, the kids here don’t even know what *Thanksgiving* means.’ ”

“Kids?” asked Max, wonderingly.

“He meant the children,” laughed November. “It’s rather a funny word, but some people use it; and as long as it tells what it means it’s a good word. The little Fiskes were used to it.

“‘Well,’ the traveller went on, ‘you shan’t

miss the Day this year for want of a paper anyhow. There's the *Democrat* of week before last, with the Governor's Proclamation and all. It's the 29th you see, four weeks from to-morrow.'

“ ‘What does Thanksgiving mean?’ asked little Nanny, who was perched on the stranger's knee. ‘Tell us the 'tory about it.’

“So the traveller, who was a kind man, made quite a story to amuse the children. He told how, long ago, when the land was all wild woods in which only Indians lived, a shipload of English people came across the sea, in the freezing winter, to make a home for themselves in the wilderness. How they suffered hunger, cold, and all sorts of hardships; and at last, after many months, housed their first harvest from a few scanty fields; and, in gratitude for this food which saved them from starvation, set aside a day to be spent in giving God thanks for it. And how, ever since, among their descendants, this day of Thanksgiving had been kept up, and solemnly observed every autumn after the gathering in of the crops.

“Then he told them that in New England, on this day, all the sons and daughters come to the old homestead with their families; and how the long dinner-tables are set out with good things—turkeys, pumpkin pies, cranberry sauce, and Indian pudding. And then, last of all, he drew from his pocket a paper, and read aloud the

Governor's Proclamation, calling on all citizens to observe the 29th of November as Thanksgiving Day.

"Before the stranger had finished the children were wild with excitement. But their mother buried her face in her apron, and sobbed bitterly. That night, after the traveller had gone to bed, she talked more about her old home than ever she had done before, and told Polly a great many things of Massachusetts and its people.

"All the next day the children could think of nothing but the stranger's wonderful story. Why couldn't they have Thanksgiving too, they asked their mother. The Governor said they might.

" 'But we haven't anything to keep it with,' said Mrs. Fiske.

"Oh, yes! there was one big squash left. Wouldn't mother make some pies out of it for them?

" 'But there are no eggs, or ginger, or lemon-peel,' answered the poor, discouraged mother.

"However, the children begged so hard, that at last she said she *would* try to make some pies. But then Thanksgiving was nothing without a turkey.

" 'Oh, if we only had a turkey!' cried the little ones.

"I happened to come by that day as they were talking; and it seemed to me rather a pity if, in

a land full of turkeys, the Fiskes couldn't have just one to make merry with. So I cast about in my mind for some way of securing a dinner for them. At last I found it. Forty miles off, through the woods, there lived a rich settler, who I knew kept turkeys. His wife had been lucky that year, and had raised a fine brood. There were at least twenty.

“Among these was one little gobbler, a real vagabond by nature, who was always running off into the forest. His drumsticks were rather toughish from his being so much on his legs, but otherwise he was a good fat bird; and, as it was his evident fate to be lost some day, I thought my little friends might as well have the benefit of him as some wildcat or fox. So I watched my chance; and, catching him a long way from home, I headed him in the right direction, and began to drive him toward the Fiskes' cottage.

“Such a time as I had! The turkey seemed to know my intention, and to be resolved to spite me. Twenty times, at least, he got away, and, gobbling with joy, began to run toward home. Twice I rescued him from a fox, once dragged him from the very jaws of an opossum. Nothing but my love for the children induced me to go through the task; and I was glad and thankful enough when at last the journey was over, and we arrived safely at the clearing.

“Little Zeke spied him first. ‘Oh, what a big birdie!’ he cried, and made a rush at him. The



“Come and see what I’ve got!”

turkey was too tired to run far, so in a few moments Zeke had him tied by the leg to a tree.

“‘Mother! Polly! Nanny! Baby!’ he screamed. ‘Come and see what I’ve got!’

“All came flocking at the call. ‘Why, it’s a turkey!’ exclaimed Mrs. Fiske — ‘and a real tame turkey, not a wild one at all!’

“ ‘It’s come for Thanksgiving!’ shouted Polly. ‘Hurrah! hurrah! now we’ll have it for dinner.’

“ ‘Gobble, gobble, gobble,’ said the turkey.

“ ‘Why, so we will, old fellow!’ replied Zeke.

“By general consent the turkey was fastened in a corner of the kitchen, by a string around his leg. He thus became a part of the family. The children were very fond of him. They stuffed him all day long with bread-crumbs, doughnuts, bits of meat, and other dainties; so, though he missed his usual exercise, he was a happy and contented turkey, and soon grew so fat that Mrs. Fiske said he would make a splendid dinner.

“ ‘Massachusetts’ was the name chosen for him, but it was shortened to ‘Chusey’ because that was easier. Before long he had become wonderfully tame. He would run to the end of his string to greet the family, when they came down in the morning; he ate from the children’s hands, and let the baby stroke and ruffle his feathers as much as he liked.

“Little did the poor fellow guess that the young friends whom he welcomed so gladly were already arranging among themselves how to divide the choice bits of his carcass. Zeke had spoken for one wishbone, and Polly for the other;

Nanny was resolute as to the possession of his tail; and Pop, the baby, was to have a drumstick to suck. All had requested large helps of the breast and plenty of gravy. But, as time went on, the mother noticed that this savory future was less talked about, and that Nanny and Polly were often to be seen patting the turkey's back, and calling him 'Poor Chusey!' in a pathetic manner.

"At last the great day grew near. The pies were made — rather singular as to looks, I confess, and a good deal more like porridge than pie, but not at all bad notwithstanding. Mrs. Fiske had picked some wild cranberries, and stewed them with maple sugar. A fine pile of mealy potatoes was chosen and washed. Nothing remained but to kill Massachusetts, and prepare him for the spit.

"'I'll attend to it when I come home to-night,' said Mr. Fiske.

"So, when his work was done, he sharpened a hatchet, and brought it with him ready for the bloody deed. But, lo! and behold, there on the floor were the four children, sitting round their beloved Chusey. They were all crying; and, at the sight of his father, Pop gave a shriek.

"'Naughty, naughty!' he said, and pushed with his little hands. 'Go 'way, Daddy — go 'way!'

"'What's the matter?' asked Mr. Fiske, very much astonished.

"'We don't want our Chusey killed — we don't

want him for dinner!' sobbed the children. 'We love him so much! We don't like turkeys when they're d-e-a-d!' And again the baby broke in with, 'Go 'way, naughty! go 'way!'

"'Well, if ever I see the beat of that!' cried the father. 'It did seem as if that turkey was sent a-purpose, and here you are cutting up like this!'

"'But the children would not listen to any objections. Chusey was their turkey, they said; they loved him, and he should not be eaten.

"'He's just as much right to Thanksgiving as we have,' asserted Zeke. 'He's "a citizen," and we mean to give him some of the pie.'

"'So the programme was suddenly changed. Instead of making a figure *on* the table, Massachusetts came *to* the table, and was one of the company. Tied to Pop's chair he was regaled with all sorts of choice morsels. The family dined on salt pork and venison, with cranberry sauce and pumpkin porridge; but, though the fare was rather queer, few happier dinners were eaten that day anywhere. Even Mrs. Fiske came out of her clouds, and was jolly. As for 'Chusey,' he gobbled and clucked and chuckled, enjoyed the jokes as much as any one, and seemed to enter fully into the spirit of the occasion."

"'How nice that was!'" said warm-hearted Thekla, as November ended. "I love the children for not eating Chusey."

“So do I,” replied November, heartily; “and this year I mean they shall have something very nice. It’s getting to be a little less frontier-like out there, and I think I see my way.”

“Oh, tell us what!” cried Max.

But November shook his head. “Never spoil your eggs by chipping the shells too soon,” said he. “I know how to keep a secret.”

A TURKEY FOR THE STUFFING

KATHERINE GRACE HULBERT

It always made Ben feel solemn to watch the river in a storm. To-day it was gray and rough and noisy, and the few boats which went down toward Lake Huron pitched about so that their decks slanted first one way, then another, and their sides were coated with ice.

“Gran’ma, what day’s to-day?” he asked at last, turning from the stormy river to glance about their warm, comfortable little room.

“Wednesday, Benny,” answered the small old woman who crouched over the stove.

“Then to-morrow will be Thanksgiving, and the Rosses are going to have a turkey,” said Ben, excitedly. “What are we going to have, gran’ma?”

Mrs. Moxon looked over her glasses at her grandson’s small, thin figure, in its patched and faded clothes, and at his bright, eager face.

“Sonny, dear, what do you think gran’ma has for Thanksgiving?” she asked, gently.

The expectant look faded from Ben’s face, and he winked hard to keep the tears from running over. He did not need to be told how bare of dainties their cupboard was, for everything there he had brought with his own hands. Bacon and smoked fish enough for all winter were stored away; flour, potatoes, and a few other vegetables were there.

“Tell me about a real Thanksgiving dinner,” the small boy begged, after the first disappointment had been bravely put away. Mrs. Moxon took off her spectacles, and leaned back cautiously in her broken-rockered chair.

“I remember one Thanksgiving, when your pa was alive, we had a dinner fit for a king. There was a ten-pound turkey, with bread stuffing. I put the sage and onions into the stuffing with my own hands—”

“We could have some stuffing,” interrupted Ben, eagerly.

“So we could, sonny, so we could. It takes you to think of things”; and Mrs. Moxon affectionately patted the little brown hand on her knee. “It never would ‘a’ come to me that we might have turkey stuffing even if we didn’t have any turkey.”

Ben beamed with delight at this praise. “And

was there anything else besides the turkey and the stuffing, gran'ma?"

"Land, yes, child. There was turnips, and mashed potatoes, and mince pie, and your pa got two pounds of grapes, though grapes was expensive at that time o' year. Yes, nobody could ask for a better dinner than that was."

"We could have one just like it, all but the turkey and the mince pie and the grapes," said Ben, hopefully.

"So we can, and will, too, child," answered the old woman. "Trust you for making the best of things," and the two smiled at each other happily.

Next morning Ben watched his grandmother add an egg, some sage and chopped onion to a bowlful of dry bread, pour boiling water over, and put the mixture in the oven.

"Your father said I made the best turkey stuffing he ever ate," she said, with satisfaction. "We'll see how it comes out, Benny."

"I can hardly wait till dinner-time," Ben said, with an excited skip. "I b'lieve I'll go down to the beach and pick up drift-wood for a while. You call me when the things are 'most cooked, gran'ma."

The storm of the day before had left many a bit of board or end of a log on the beach that would be just the thing for Mrs. Moxon's stove. Ben worked so hard that he did not notice a big barge

that was coming slowly down the river, towing two other boats behind it, until he heard a voice ask:

“Hullo, kid! What makes you work so hard on Thanksgiving Day?”

Then he straightened up, to see the boat’s captain standing near its pilot-house, and shouting through a great trumpet.

“I’m waiting for dinner to cook,” Ben answered in his piping voice.

“Can’t hear you!” roared the captain. “Run home and get your horn and talk to me.”

Ben ran up the little hill to Mrs. Ross’s and borrowed her trumpet, or megaphone. One’s voice sounds much louder when these are used, and they are to be found at every house on the shores of the St. Mary’s, for the people on the boats and those on the land often want to say “How do you do?” to each other. It was all Ben could do to hold the great tin trumpet out straight, for it was nearly as long as he was.

“I’m waiting for dinner to cook!” the boy shouted again, and this time the captain heard him.

“Going to have turkey, I suppose?” the captain asked.

“No, but we’re going to have turkey stuffing,” answered Ben, with pride.

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“Turkey stuffing, but no turkey! If that isn’t the best I ever heard!” The captain had dropped his trumpet, and doubled up with sudden laughter. Luckily, Ben did not hear. “What else you going to have?” he called, when he had repeated the joke to those about him. “Mince pie without any mincemeat?”

“No, sir!” Ben’s voice was shrill but clear. “My father had mince pie for Thanksgiving dinner once, though.”

“He did, did he?” The captain dropped his trumpet again. “That boy’s all right,” he said to the first mate. “He’s too plucky to be laughed at. I’m going to send him some turkey for his stuffing, Morgan. Tell the cook to get ready half a turkey and a mince pie, and say, Morgan, have him send up one of those small baskets of grapes. We’ll tie them to a piece of plank, and they’ll float ashore all right. Tell the cook to hurry, or we’ll be too far down-stream for the boy to get the things.” Then he raised his trumpet again.

“Say, kid, can you row that boat that’s tied to your dock?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Well, you hurry out into the river, and I’ll put off a float with some things for your Thanksgiving dinner. You’re going to have some turkey for that stuffing.”

You may be sure Ben lost no time in pushing

the rowboat off into the stream, where the end of a plank and its delicious load were soon bobbing up and down on the water. How he did smack his lips when he lifted them into the boat, and how pleased he was for gran'ma!

“First the stuffing, and then the turkey! My, ain't I lucky?”

He did not know that the captain had said he was plucky, and that luck is very apt to follow pluck.

CHRISTMAS

SANTA CLAUS

HE comes in the night! He comes in the
night!

He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads on the pillows so
white

Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the
foam,

While the white flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;

The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

THE CHRISTMAS CAKE

MAUD LINDSAY

It was a joyful day for the McMulligan children when Mrs. McMulligan made the Christmas cake. There were raisins to seed, and eggs to beat, and pans to scrape, and every one of the children, from the oldest to the youngest, helped to stir the batter when the good things were mixed together.

“Oh mix it, and stir it, and stir it and taste;
For ev’rything’s in it, and nothing to waste;
And ev’ryone’s helped — even Baby — to make
The nice brown sugary Christmas cake,”

said Mrs. McMulligan, as she poured the batter into the cake pan.

The Baker who lived at the corner was to bake the Christmas cake, so Joseph, the oldest boy, made haste to carry it to him. All the other children followed him, and together they went, oh, so carefully, out of the front door, down the sidewalk, straight to the shop where the Baker was waiting for them.

The Baker's face was so round and so jolly that the McMulligan children thought he must look like Santa Claus. He could bake the whitest bread and the lightest cake, and as soon as the children spied him they began to call:

"The cake is all ready. 'Tis here in the pan;
Now bake it, good Baker, as fast as you can."

"No, no," said the Baker. "'Twould be a mistake
To hurry in baking the Christmas cake.
I'll not bake it fast, and I'll not bake it slow,
My little round clock on the wall there will show
How long I must watch, and how long I must
bake
The nice brown sugary Christmas cake."

The little round clock hung on the wall above the oven. Its face was so bright, and its tick was so merry, and it was busy night and day telling the Baker when to sleep and when to eat and when to do his baking. When the McMulligan

children looked at it, it was just striking ten, and it seemed to them very plainly to say:—

“ ’Tis just the right time for the Baker to bake
The nice brown sugary Christmas cake.”

The oven was ready, and the Baker made haste to put the cake in.

“ Ho, ho,” he cried gayly, “ now isn’t this fun?
’Tis ten o’clock, and the baking’s begun,
And ‘tickity, tickity,’ when it strikes one,
If nothing should hinder the cake will be done.”

Then the McMulligan children ran home to tell their mother what he had said, and the Baker went on with his work. It was the day before Christmas, and a great many people came to his shop to buy pies and cakes, but no matter how busy he was waiting on them, he never forgot the McMulligans’ cake, and every time he looked at the clock, it reminded him to peep into the oven.

So well did he watch it, and so carefully did he bake it, that the cake was done on the stroke of one, just as he had promised, and he had scarcely taken it out of the oven when the shop door flew open, and in came the McMulligan children, every one of them saying:

“ The clock has struck one. The clock has struck one.

We waited to hear it — and is the cake done?”

When they saw it they thought it was the nicest, brownest, spiciest cake that was ever baked in a Baker's oven. The Baker himself said it was a beautiful cake, and if you had been



The Baker himself said it was a beautiful cake

at the McMulligans' on Christmas day, I am sure you would have thought so too.

Joseph carried it home, walking very slowly and carefully, and all the other children followed him, out of the Baker's shop, down the sidewalk, straight home where Mrs. McMulligan was waiting for them. She was smiling at them from

the window, and when they spied her they all began to call:—

“Hurrah for our Mama! She surely can make
The nicest and spiciest Christmas cake.
Hurrah for the Baker! Hurrah for the fun!
Hurrah for our Christmas cake! Now it is done.”

I SAW THREE SHIPS

Old English Carol

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning?

Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day in the morning.

LI'L' HANNIBAL'S CHRISTMAS

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

Once on a time there was a li'l' black boy named Hannibal, L'il' Hannibal, an' he went to sleep one night, and when he woke up the nex' mornin' the bells was all ringin', an' the horns was all blowin', an' the fire-crackers was all goin' off, an' so Li'l' Hannibal knew right away that it was Christmas day — Christmas day in the mornin'.

Li'l' Hannibal didn't have *no* stockin' hung up on the chimney, an' he didn't have *no* Christmas tree, an' he didn't have *no* gimcracks from the

store, because he was jes' a po' li'l' black boy, but after breakfas' his gran'mammy tuk him up in her lap, an' she done tol' him a story about a li'l' boy that Santa Claws done bring a goat cyart on Christmas, a red goat cyart with trimmin's, an' the li'l' boy done get in the cyart, an' done drive the goat a thousan' miles off, an' a thousan' miles home again.

So Li'l' Hannibal listened, an' listened, an' listened, until he reckoned he had a goat cyart; an' then his gran'daddy come in, an' he said:

“Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, ain't you goin' out to wish a Merry Christmas?”

So Li'l' Hannibal got down out of his gran'mammy's lap, and he put on his bes' straw hat—the hat with the red ribbon—an' he put his gran'mammy's bes' white pillowcase over his back, an' he was jus' goin' to start out to wish a Merry Christmas when his gran'daddy said:

“Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, don' you forget to feed the black pig befo' you go.”

But Li'l' Hannibal was so busy thinkin' in his min' about Christmas, an' bells, an' horns, an' firecrackers, an' goat cyarts with trimmin's, that he done forget all about feedin' the black pig. He jes' shouldered his pillowcase, an' he pulled his straw hat tight down to his ears, an' he started

off over the plantation wishin' Merry Christmas to everybody he met.

First along he come to Daddy Jake, blowin' the bellows in the blacksmith shop.

"Merry Christmas, Daddy Jake," Li'l' Hannibal said.

"Christmas gif', Li'l' Hannibal," Daddy Jake said, an' he guv Li'l' Hannibal a new li'l' horse-shoe for luck. So Li'l' Hannibal put the horse-shoe in his pillowcase, and he went along, an' along, an' he come to Aunt Lindy in the kitchen of the big house.

"Merry Christmas, Aunt Lindy," Li'l' Hannibal said.

Aunt Lindy was settin' out the cranberry pies, an' the mince pies, an' the turkeys, an' the hams, an' the spareribs, an' the oranges, an' the nuts, an' the cakes, an' all the rest of the things for Christmas dinner, but she said, "Christmas gif', Li'l' Hannibal," an' she guv Li'l' Hannibal a big red apple. So Li'l' Hannibal put the apple in his pillowcase, an' he went along, an' along, an' he come to ol' Mas'r Hickory Tree standin' all alone on the aidge of the plantation.

"Merry Christmas, Mas'r Hickory Tree," Li'l' Hannibal said.

"Christmas gif', Li'l' Hannibal," Mas'r Hickory Tree 'peared to whistle through his branches; an'

there, right at Mas'r Hickory Tree's feet, was a big pile of nice, roun' nuts. So Li'l' Hannibal put the nuts all in his pillowcase, an' he went along, an' along until he came to Mas'r Wild Turkey standin' all alone on the aidge of the woods.

"Merry Christmas, Mas'r Wild Turkey," Li'l' Hannibal said.

"Christmas gif', Li'l' Hannibal," said Mas'r Wild Turkey, an' he giv Li'l' Hannibal a pretty purple feather. So Li'l' Hannibal put the pretty purple feather in his hat right alongside of the red ribbon, an' then he reckoned he better be goin' home, for the sun was risin' high, an' Li'l' Hannibal 'lowed as how it must be gettin' near dinner time.

Well, he started along home with his pillowcase over his back, thinkin' in his min', an' thinkin' in his min' about Christmas, an' bells, an' horns, an' firecrackers, an' goat cyarts with trimmin's—an' he went on an' on, an' he come to the meetin' house, an' there up in the meetin' house steeple was a *ghostie!*

He was a sure-enough ghostie, shadowy-like, an' settin' on a pedestal, an' showin' right plain on the belfry blin'. It was all white, like as if it was done up, an' wrapped 'round in a gyarment; an' all the black folks was out a-lookin' at it, an' makin' remarks about it.

Ol' Daddy Jake said as how it wasn't nothin' except the shadow of the weather vane.

The preacher lady was wavin' her sunbonnet, an' shoutin' an' pointin' to the ghostie, an' dancin' in the road, an' singin',

“Hol' me, brother Peter, hol' me!
 Hol' my bonnet an' shawl,
 Sugar an' molasses sweetens the soul,
 Hol' me, brother Peter!”

Nobody knew what the preacher lady meant, but Ol' Uncle Jim, who tended the churchyard, took Li'l' Hannibal by the han' an' he said: “Sonny, do you see that there *ghostie*? He never done speak a word, but when he *do* speak, sonny, he gwine say somethin'!”

Li'l' Hannibal looked, an' looked, an' looked at the ghostie. The sun was high, and the ghostie's gyarment was beginnin' to fade away. All of a sudden, just before it went out altogether, the ghostie opened its mouth, an' it done speak. It spoke jes' as plain as anybody, an' it said:

“Li'l' Hannibal, you done forget to feed the black pig!”

Nobody exceptin' jes' Li'l' Hannibal heard the ghostie, but Li'l' Hannibal dropped his pillowcase, an' all his Christmas gif's, an' he done run, an' run, an' run, an' he never done stop runnin' till he got home.

There wasn't nobody in the gyarden 'cept jes'

the black pig. The black pig was nosin' 'round as if he was powerful hungry, but he hadn't done died. Li'l' Hannibal got some feed right smart from the shed, an' mixed it up nice an' soft in a



*Li'l' Hannibal got some feed and mixed it up nice
and soft in a kettle*

kettle, an' jes' as he was givin' it to the black pig Li'l' Hannibal's gran'daddy come by.

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal," he said, "that's right, sonny. Feed the pig 'fore you do anything else. Look hyer, Li'l' Hannibal, what Santa Claws done fetch by fer you!"

An' there was a goat cyart, made of a soap box an' painted red, with trimmin's!

Li'l' Hannibal tuk the handle of the goat cyart an' he started off. Jes' as he was goin' out the gate he met his gran'mammy comin' in, an' she had Li'l' Hannibal's pillowcase.

"You done dropped yo' Christmas gif's, sonny," she said.

So Li'l' Hannibal put all his Christmas gif's in his goat cyart. Then he 'lowed that he'd be the goat hisself; an' he went gallopin' off 'roun' the plantation a thousan' miles—an' a thousan' miles home again.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
 Their old, familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come
 The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
 Of peace on earth, good will to men!

THE WORKER IN SANDALWOOD

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

The good curé of Terminaison says that this tale of Hyacinthe's is all a dream. But then Madame points triumphantly to the little cabinet of sandalwood in the corner of her room. It has stood there for many years now, and the dust has gathered in the fine lines of the little birds' feathers, and softened the petals of the lilies carved at the corners. And the wood has taken on a golden gleam like the memory of a sunset.

"What of that, my friend?" says Madame, pointing to the cabinet. And the old curé bows his head.

"It may be so. God is very good," he says gently. But he is never quite sure what he may believe.

On that winter day long ago, Hyacinthe was quite sure of one thing, and that was that the workshop was very cold. There was no fire in it, and only one little lamp when the early dark drew on. The tools were so cold they scorched his fingers, and his feet were so cold he danced clumsily in the shavings to warm them. He was a great clumsy boy of fourteen, dark-faced, dull-eyed, and uncared-for. He was clumsy because it is impossible to be graceful when you are growing very fast and have not enough to eat. He was dull-eyed because all eyes met his unlovingly.

He was uncared-for because no one knew the beauty of his soul. But his heavy young hands could carve things like birds and flowers perfectly. On this winter evening he was just wondering if he might lay aside the tools, and creep



Hyacinthe shambled to the door and opened it

home to the cold loft where he slept, when he heard Pierre l'Oreillard's voice shouting outside.

"Be quick, be quick, and open the door, thou imbecile. It is I, thy master."

"Oui, mon maître," said Hyacinthe, and he shambled to the door and opened it.

"Slow worm!" cried Pierre, and he cuffed Hyacinthe as he passed in. Hyacinthe rubbed

his head and said nothing. He was used to blows. He wondered why his master was in the workshop at that time of day instead of drinking brandy at the Cinq Châteaux.

Pierre l'Oreillard had a small, heavy bundle under his arm, wrapped in sacking, and then in burlap, and then in fine, soft cloths. He laid it on a pile of shavings and unfolded it carefully; and a dim sweetness filled the dark shed and hung heavily in the thin winter sunbeams.

"It is a piece of wood," said Hyacinthe in slow surprise. He knew that such wood had never been in Terminaison.

Pierre l'Oreillard rubbed the wood respectfully with his knobby fingers.

"It is sandalwood," he explained to Hyacinthe, pride of knowledge making him quite amiable; "a most precious wood that grows in warm countries, thou great goblin. Smell it, idiot. It is sweeter than cedar. It is to make a cabinet for the old Madame at the big house."

"Oui, mon maître," said the dull Hyacinthe.

"Thy great hands shall shape and smooth the wood, nigaud, and I will render it beautiful," said Pierre, puffing out his chest.

"Yes, master," answered Hyacinthe humbly, "and when is it to be ready for Madame?"

"Madame will want it perhaps next week, for that is Christmas. It is to be finished and ready

on the holy festival, great sluggard. Hearest thou?" and he cuffed Hyacinthe's ears again furiously.

Hyacinthe knew that the making of the cabinet would fall to him, as most of the other work did. When Pierre l'Oreillard was gone he touched the strange, sweet wood, and at last laid his cheek against it, while the fragrance caught his breath. "How it is beautiful!" said Hyacinthe, and for a moment his eyes glowed and he was happy. Then the light passed, and with bent head he shuffled back to his bench through a foam of white shavings curling almost to his knees.

"Madame will want the cabinet for Christmas," repeated Hyacinthe to himself, and fell to work harder than ever, though it was so cold in the shed that his breath hung in the air like a little silvery cloud. There was a tiny window on his right, through which, when it was clear of frost, one looked on Terminaison; and that was cheerful and made him whistle. But to the left, through the chink of the ill-fitting door, there was nothing to be seen but the forest, and the road dying away in it, and the trees moving heavily under the snow.

Brandy was good at the Cinq Châteaux, and Pierre l'Oreillard gave Hyacinthe plenty of directions but no further help with the cabinet.

"That is to be finished for Madame at the festival, sluggard," said he every day, cuffing

Hyacinthe about the head, "finished, and with a prettiness about the corners, hearest thou, ourson?"

"Yes, monsieur," said Hyacinthe in his slow way; "I will try to finish it. But if I hurry I shall spoil it."

Pierre's little eyes flickered. "See that it is done, and done properly. I suffer from a delicacy of the constitution and a little feebleness of the legs these days, so that I cannot handle the tools properly. I must leave this work to thee, gâcheur. And stand up and touch a hand to thy cap when I speak to thee, slow worm."

"Yes, monsieur," said Hyacinthe wearily.

It is hard to do all the work and to be beaten into the bargain. And fourteen is not very old. Hyacinthe worked on at the cabinet with his slow and exquisite skill. But on Christmas eve he was still at work and the cabinet unfinished.

"The master will beat me," thought Hyacinthe, and he trembled a little, for Pierre's beatings were cruel. "But if I hurry, I shall spoil the wood, and it is too beautiful to be spoiled."

But he trembled again when Pierre came into the workshop, and he stood up and touched his cap.

"Is the cabinet finished, imbecile?" asked Pierre. And Hyacinthe answered in a low voice, "No, it is not finished yet, monsieur."

"Then work on it all night and show it to me all

completed in the morning, or thy bones shall mourn thine idleness," said Pierre, with a wicked look in his little eyes. And he shut Hyacinthe into the shed with a smoky lamp, his tools, and the sandalwood cabinet.

It was nothing unusual. He had often been left before to finish a piece of work overnight while Pierre went off to his brandies. But this was Christmas Eve, and he was very tired. Even the scent of the sandalwood could not make him fancy he was warm. The world seemed to be a black place, full of suffering and despair.

"In all the world, I have no friend," said Hyacinthe, staring at the flame of the lamp. "In all the world there is no one to care whether I live or die. In all the world, no place, no heart, no love. O, kind God, is there a place, a love for me in another world?"

I hope you feel very sorry for Hyacinthe, lonely, and cold, and hungry, shut up in the workshop on the eve of Christmas. He was but an overgrown, unhappy child. And I think with old Madame that for unhappy children, at this season, no help seems too divine for faith.

"There is no one to care for me," said Hyacinthe. And he even looked at the chisel in his hand, thinking that by a touch of that he might lose it all, and be at peace, somewhere not far from God. Only it was forbidden. Then came

the tears, and great sobs shook him, so that he scarcely heard the gentle rattling of the latch.

He stumbled to the door, opening it on the still woods and the frosty stars. And a lad who stood outside in the snow said, "I see you are working late, comrade. May I come in?"

Hyacinthe brushed his ragged sleeve across his eyes and nodded "Yes." Those little villages strung along the great river see strange wayfarers at times. And Hyacinthe said to himself that surely here was such a one. Blinking into the stranger's eyes, he lost for a flash the first impression of youth, and received one of some incredible age or sadness. But the wanderer's eyes were only quiet, very quiet, like the little pools in the wood where the wild does went to drink. As he turned within the door, smiling at Hyacinthe and shaking some snow from his cap, he did not seem to be more than sixteen or so.

"It is very cold outside," he said. "There is a big oak tree on the edge of the fields that has split in the frost and frightened all the little squirrels asleep there. Next year it will make an even better home for them. And see what I found close by!" He opened his fingers and showed Hyacinthe a little sparrow lying unruffled in the palm.

"Pauvrette!" said the dull Hyacinthe. "Pauvrette! Is it then dead?" He touched it with a gentle forefinger.

“No,” answered the strange boy, “it is not dead. We will put it here among the shavings, not far from the lamp, and it will be well by the morning.”

He smiled at Hyacinthe again, and the shambling lad felt dimly as if the scent of the sandalwood were sweeter and the lamp-flame clearer. But the stranger’s eyes were only quiet, quiet.

“Have you come far?” asked Hyacinthe. “It is a bad season for traveling, and the wolves are out.”

“A long way,” said the other. “A long, long way. I heard a child cry — ”

“There is no child here,” put in Hyacinthe. “Monsieur l’Oreillard says children cost too much money. But if you have come far, you must need food and fire, and I have neither. At the Cinq Châteaux you will find both.”

The stranger looked at him again with those quiet eyes, and Hyacinthe fancied that his face was familiar. “I will stay here,” he said. “You are late at work and you are unhappy.”

“Why as to that,” answered Hyacinthe, rubbing his cheeks and ashamed of his tears, “most of us are sad at one time or another, the good God knows. Stay here and welcome, if it pleases you, and you may take a share of my bed, though it is no more than a pile of balsam boughs and an old blanket in the loft. But I must work at this cabinet, for the drawers must be finished and the

handles put on and the corners carved, all by the holy morning; or my wages will be paid with a stick."

"You have a hard master," put in the other, "if he would pay you with blows upon the feast of Noël."

"He is hard enough," said Hyacinthe, "but once he gave me a dinner of sausages and white wine; and once, in the summer, melons. If my eyes will stay open, I will finish this by morning. Stay with me an hour or so, comrade, and talk to me of your travels, so that the time may pass more quickly."

"I will tell you of the country where I was a child," answered the stranger.

And while Hyacinthe worked, he told—of sunshine and dust, of the shadow of vine-leaves on the flat white walls of a house; of rosy doves on the roof; of the flowers that come out in the spring, anemones crimson and blue and white cyclamen in the shadow of the rocks; of the olive, the myrtle, and the almond; until Hyacinthe's fingers ceased working and his sleepy eyes blinked wonderingly.

"See what you have done, comrade," he said at last. "You have told me of such pretty things that I have done but little work for an hour. And now the cabinet will never be finished, and I shall be beaten."

“Let me help you,” smiled the other. “I also was bred a carpenter.”

At first Hyacinthe would not, fearing to trust the sweet wood out of his hands. But at length he allowed the stranger to fit in one of the little drawers. And so deftly was it done that Hyacinthe pounded his fists on the bench in admiration. “You have a pretty knack,” he cried. “It seemed as if you did but hold the drawer in your hands a moment and hey! ho! it jumped into its place.”

“Let me fit in the other little drawers while you rest a while,” said the stranger. So Hyacinthe curled up among the shavings, and the other boy fell to work upon the little cabinet of sandalwood.

Hyacinthe was very tired. He lay still among the shavings, and thought of all the other boy had told him, of the hillside flowers, the laughing leaves, the golden bloom of the anise, and the golden sun upon the roads until he was warm. And all the time the boy with the quiet eyes was at work upon the cabinet, smoothing, fitting, polishing.

“You do better work than I,” said Hyacinthe once, and the stranger answered, “I was lovingly taught.” And again Hyacinthe said, “It is growing toward morning. In a little while I will get up and help you.”

“Lie still and rest,” said the other boy. And Hyacinthe lay still. His thoughts began to slide into dreams, and he woke with a little start, for



“Lie still and rest,” said the other boy

there seemed to be music in the shed, though he could not tell whether it came from the strange boy’s lips, or from the shabby tools as he used them, or from the stars.

“The stars are much paler,” thought Hyacinthe.

“Soon it will be morning, and the corners are not carved yet. I must get up and help this kind one in a little moment. Only the music and the sweetness seem to fold me close, so that I may not move.”

Then behind the forest there shone a pale glow of dawn, and in Terminaison the church bells began to ring. “Day will soon be here,” thought Hyacinthe, “and with day will come Monsieur l’Oreillard and his stick. I must get up and help, for even yet the corners are not carved.”

But the stranger looked at him, smiling as though he loved him, and laid his brown finger lightly on the four empty corners of the cabinet. And Hyacinthe saw the squares of reddish wood ripple and heave and break, as little clouds when the wind goes through the sky. And out of them thrust forth the little birds, and after them the lilies, for a moment living; but even as Hyacinthe looked, settling back into the sweet, reddish-brown wood. Then the stranger smiled again, laid all the tools in order, and, opening the door, went away into the woods.

Hyacinthe crept slowly to the door. The winter sun, half risen, filled all the frosty air with splendid gold. Far down the road a figure seemed to move amid the glory, but the splendor was such that Hyacinthe was blinded. His breath came sharply as the glow beat on the wretched shed, on the

old shavings, on the cabinet with the little birds and the lilies carved at the corners.

He was too pure of heart to feel afraid. But "Blessed be the Lord," whispered Hyacinthe, clasping his slow hands, "for he hath visited and redeemed his people. But who will believe?"

Then the sun of Christ's day rose gloriously, and the little sparrow came from his nest among the shavings and shook his wings to the light.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Old English Carol

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even:
Brightly shone the moon that night
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;

Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"Hark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In the master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

HERE WE COME A-WHISTLING

HERE we come a-whistling through the fields
so green,

Here we come a-singing, so fair to be seen.

God send you happy, God send you happy,

Pray God send you a Happy New Year.

The roads are very dirty, my boots are very thin,

I have a little poeket to put a penny in.

God send you happy, God send you happy,

Pray God send you a Happy New Year.

Bring out your little table and spread it with a eloth.

Bring out some of your old ale, likewise your

Christmas loaf.

God send you happy, God send you happy,

Pray God send you a Happy New Year.

God bless the master of this house, likewise the
mistress, too,

And all the little ehildren that round the table
strew.

God send you happy, God send you happy,

Pray God send you a Happy New Year.

THE STORY OF THE YEAR

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

It was the first day of January. A heavy snow was falling. It drifted against the windows and piled up in the areas. The sparrows twittered and chirped and hunted noisily for corners under the eaves out of the way of the storm. At evening it stopped snowing, but it grew very, very cold.

“A pretty kind of New Year this is,” chirped a little sparrow. “For my part I wish we might have kept the old year. This new one is far colder and stormier than the old. When I heard the bells ringing last night I thought, ‘Now the New Year has come and we shall have some fine warm weather,’ but it is colder than ever. I cannot see why people make such a fuss.”

“People are stupid. They follow a calendar,” answered the white-headed sparrow, who was very old and so of course very wise. “The New Year begins when Spring comes.”

“That’s all very well to say, but when will Spring come?” twittered a young sparrow.

“Spring will come when the storks fly back. It always has — therefore it always will.”

“Let us fly into the country and meet the storks,” chirped the sparrow.

But in the country it was even colder than in

the city. There were no friendly eaves where one might fly for warmth and shelter. Bitter winds swept over the snow-covered meadows. The trees were gaunt and bare, and ice covered the streams. "Tweet, tweet," cried the sparrows. "This is dreadful. Why is Spring so slow in coming?"

On a hilltop near by was a throne of glittering snow. Here sat an old man, robed in white. He had white hair and a flowing white beard. A raven hopped about near him.

"Who is the old man on the snow throne?" asked a young sparrow.

"He is King Winter," answered the raven. "He is the old man of last year. Day and night he watches and waits for the coming of Prince Spring."

"Well, we can't wait with him," answered the sparrows. "It is too cold here"—and they flew back to town.

Several weeks passed by. The sunshine grew warmer. The snow melted and ran away in gurgling streams down the gutters. The sparrows flew back to the fields. "Cheep! cheep! Is Spring coming now?" they cried.

"Can you not see for yourselves?" answered the raven. Sure enough, over the hills two storks came flying. A little girl sat on the back of one stork and a little boy upon the other.

The storks alighted just in front of King Winter's throne. The children sprang down and ran toward King Winter. Little flowers sprang up in their footsteps. Up to the throne ran the children and threw their arms about King Winter; but suddenly he vanished, and the little ones sat on his throne instead.

"The storks are here! This is Spring at last," cried the sparrows. "The King and Queen of the Year have come."

Then the little maiden ran about the meadows scattering blossoms from her apron till the world looked like a flower garden. The hedgerows burst forth into green, and everywhere was heard the sound of singing birds. Children played in the fields. Old people crept out of doors. "Ah, how sweet the Spring is," they said. "It makes us young."

The days passed by until the children grew to be man and woman. Then came the fierce heat of summer. The fields lay blazing in the noontide sun. The grain yellowed and ripened. Children came with pails to gather berries from the roadside bushes. Spring was now a strong man whose name was Summer. He and his beautiful wife walked in the fields rejoicing in the glowing heat and the refreshing showers.

By and by the days grew cooler. The fields that were covered with waving wheat were quite



*The little maiden ran about the meadows scattering
blossoms from her apron*

bare, for the grain had been gathered in. Golden pumpkins gleamed in the corn fields; great red apples fell thudding in the orchards, and children laughed as they gathered them up.

But the wife of Summer was sad. "It is not like our beautiful home in the sunny South. Do you remember how bright the world was when we first came? Then we brought flowers and green leaves and singing birds. Now we grow old. I heard some one call you Autumn."

"Yes," answered the King. "I am Autumn now. But what matter! I cannot bear to see you so sorrowful. I will make the leaves more beautiful than ever!" he cried. "They shall be golden and scarlet and tawny orange." He waved his hand, and the forests burst into a glow of color.

But the Queen of the Year only shivered. "Ah," she said, "I am cold — I long for the home land. Dearest husband, I must go."

The next day the storks flew southward, and the Queen of the Year went with them.

Autumn was alone. Then indeed the days seemed dark and dreary. The leaves fell from the trees and the winds blew colder and colder.

Autumn was now King Winter, and his hair and beard were white as the snow that covered the hills. Then the church bells rang for Christmas.

"Ah," said King Winter, "the new king and queen will soon come. Then I may go to find my dear wife."

"There is still work for you to do," said the

Christmas Angel. "You must cover the seeds with snow. You must guard the world till Prince Spring shall come."

"Yes, I will wait for the coming of the little Prince," answered King Winter, "but I long to be gone."

"Be patient," whispered the Christmas Angel. "When the storks return then the spring will come."

So old King Winter sat upon his throne looking toward the south.

"Who is the old man on the throne?" chirped the sparrows.

"He is King Winter, the old man of last year," answered the wise raven.

"When will Spring come?" asked the sparrows. "We long for some warm, bright days. The old year was no good at all."

Old Winter heard them and his thoughts were sad, but he waited patiently for the coming of the little Prince.

At last the sun shone bright and warm again. The South Wind came hurrying by, and with her came the two storks with the little boy and girl. The little ones leaped down, kissed the earth and ran to King Winter. They threw their arms about him, but as they kissed him he was gone.

This is the end of the story of the Year.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

ALFRED TENNYSON

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

SPARE MINUTES

Old English Tale

There was once a youth named Trigonel who was a great grief to his mother, because he had never in his life eaten hot meat. Mistress Peaseflower, Trigonel's mother, was a most marvelous housewife. It would have seemed less strange for the sun to stand still at noon than for the potatoes in her pot to need another minute's boiling when the clock was on the stroke of twelve. "Overdone, underdone, cold, the one is as bad as the other," said Mistress Peaseflower. Her husband, the woodcutter, had been of the same mind, and to the day of his death he had never been late to a meal; and of the same

mind was little Vetch, the only daughter, who had already learned to watch the pot as faithfully as her mother. But alas! Trigonel was ever late to his dinner.

Yet in all else Trigonel was a good lad. After the death of his father it was Trigonel who did the work of two men in the forest, and took his turn helping at home besides, and in the few odd minutes told a merry tale to little Vetch. Yet still his mother grieved that he could not be home in time for dinner.

“’Tis because I stay to talk with Aster, the Noon Fairy,” said Trigonel. But his mother only shook her head incredulously. Had she taken but a moment from her dinner to look out, she would have seen, just at noon, a ray of light flash from the heavens and play about her son. It was indeed Aster, the Noon Fairy, who had been Trigonel’s friend from his early childhood. From her he had learned the joyous secrets known only to fairies.

It was on a glorious midsummer day that Trigonel sat in the grassy meadow talking with Aster. The grasshoppers sang shrilly, and a bee buzzed in a near-by flower. The hot hush of August noonday was over the world.

“Ah, Trigonel,” said Aster, “you are a man now and can no longer listen to fairy tales. I must leave you, but before I go I will give you a

jewel to wear upon your brow. If you remain true and honest, the jewel will shine with a clear white light, and so long as it shines, I, who really have but one hour out of the twenty-four for my own, shall live through the whole day."

"And if I give you so much life," cried Trigonel, laughing, "what will you give me? Ask of your father, Time, a bag of the precious sand that is strewn upon his shores. If it be true that each shining grain is a minute, I could well use a large bag of it."

"You know not what you ask," cried Aster, "yet because of our friendship my father will give you what you wish."

Suddenly Aster was gone, like a white ray darting upward. Then a black cloud came rushing across the sky, swallowing up the sun. The wind shrieked like a beast in pain. In the gloom Trigonel dimly saw the giant figure of Father Time and caught the lightning flash of his scythe. Trigonel staggered forward blindly, when suddenly something fell at his feet. He stooped down and picked it up. It was a great bag of sand, so heavy that it was all he could do to sling it across his shoulder.

"Aha!" cried he. "With such a bag I shall have plenty of time to spare."

When Trigonel reached home he found his mother in a sad state.

“Have you no eyes in your head,” she cried, “that you cannot see when the sun stands at midday? ’Tis past one, and the dinner is spoiled, and that is but a part, for Vetch and I were going to help Poppy, the plowboy, toss the hay that it might ripen in the sun, and now we have lost a good hour.”

“Cheer up, mother,” cried Trigonel. “I have here that which will remedy all your troubles. The hay shall be all tossed before the sun stands at three.”

“Is the lad crazy?” said his mother.

“See,” said Trigonel, dropping his bag. “I have here a bag of minutes, given me by Father Time himself. If you need an extra hour you have but to take sixty of these grains and behold, the hour is yours.”

Dame Peaseflower was all aflutter to try the wonderful gift. Almost before Trigonel had finished speaking she was on her knees sorting the sand into little piles. “Hay turned in the noontide sun is best,” she said, “so we will get it all done while the sun is high. Here, Vetch, are three hours for you and three for me, and we will take three for Poppy, the plowboy.”

In a moment they were off, and before Trigonel had finished his cold meat they were back again.

“ ’Tis wonderful,” cried Dame Peaseflower. “The hay is tossed and a good day’s work done,

yet 'tis but a trifle past one and many good hours of sunshine still before us."

"Poppy would not use the sand," said little Vetch. "He said no good came of meddling with fairy gifts. So we used it all ourselves."

"You are tired, Vetch," said Trigonel. "Go under the big oak tree and rest."

"Tut," said Dame Peaseflower. "Who ever heard of a great girl resting at noonday?"

From then on the household of Mistress Peaseflower was a changed one. The sand had been carefully counted and made into hour packets, and one or more of these was always to be had for the taking. If Dame Peaseflower had a heavy morning's baking, she had but to slip a few packets of sand into her bosom and the work might be done between the hour and the quarter hour. Three minutes of twelve was time to start the dinner, which would be smoking on the table as the clock struck twelve. But oh, how tired she was! She could hardly drag herself out of bed in the morning. Trigonel too, who was anxious to give all that was finest to his mother and sister, would often do two days' work between breakfast and dinner and would come home too weary to eat the meal which the tired Dame Peaseflower had prepared. Before the sand was perceptibly lessened it was nothing unusual for him to return to find his mother and little Vetch fast asleep on

the floor, where they had dropped exhausted—and once he himself had slept in the forest till midnight, for the fairy sand gave added time but not added strength or happiness.

At last little Vetch saw the mischief which the fairy sand was doing. "I will have no more of it," she said—and she was as good as her word. Thereafter she ordered her time in the good old-fashioned way, and when her mother was too worn by extra toil to do the ordinary work, it was Vetch who kept the house neat.

"Vetch," said Trigonel, one day, "you are looking wondrous rosy and fair."

"'Tis because I have naught to do with fairy gifts, but live the good old way," replied Vetch.

"Where did you get those ideas?" asked Trigonel.

"It was from Poppy," answered Vetch. "He is very wise. He has more ideas than you or I would ever have."

"Indeed," said Trigonel, laughing. "Tell me some of them."

"He says," answered Vetch, "that you make but poor use of your fairy minutes, since you use them but to add toil to toil and weariness to weariness. There is many a king who would give you half his kingdom for the minutes you waste in dreary labor."

"Of a truth, I believe Poppy is a wise fellow,"

cried Trigonel, "and I'll be off to seek such a king." He seized the huge bag of sand and started at once.

'Twas not long before he came to a wide plain. The road across it led to a dreary mountain pass. Suddenly he saw approaching a knight on horseback who rode as if for his life.

"Out of my way!" he cried. But Trigonel jumped up beside the rider and tucked a bag of sand between the saddle and the horse's back.

"Down, fellow!" cried the prince. "The giants follow after me."

"Take hold of this bag," cried Trigonel, "and you will have time and to spare."

The knight clutched the bag as a drowning man grasps a straw, and though the horse ambled on peacefully, they soon had left the giants far behind.

"Now," said Trigonel, seizing his bag, "I will be off."

"But leave me your bag," cried the knight, "for I see the giants gaining in the distance."

Trigonel looked on his evil face and liked him not. "Two hours you shall have, if for my cap and jerkin you exchange arms and horse."

The exchange was hastily made, and Trigonel mounted the horse, and tucking some more spare time beneath the saddle, ambled on.

Soon he came to a great city, and at the gates

met a motley throng pouring forth. In the midst of the crowd he saw a hangman's cart, in which was a knight in silver with a rope around his neck. Trigonel saw at once that the man had as good a face as the Copper Knight's had been evil. He waited for no questions, but rode alongside the cart, and thrusting a packet of sand into the knight's hand, cried, "Hold tightly and jump up on my horse."

The young man lost no time in doing as he was told, and as they rode slowly away the crowd still waited for time to move.

"Tell me," cried the prisoner, "who are you, for you wear the armor of my old enemy, the Copper Knight."

"First," said Trigonel, "tell me who you are and how you came in the hangman's cart."

"I am the Silver Prince, son of the King of Gold, whose dominion stretcheth to the far seas. I set out in search of adventure and was captured as one of the spies of the Copper Knight, whose armor you wear."

"Take me to your father," said Trigonel, "and I will tell you my tale as we go."

Just as Trigonel had finished his tale they spied the turrets of the City of Gold. Straight through the gate they rode and to the Palace, where they found the king and his oldest son, the Diamond Duke. There Trigonel once more told his story,



Just as Trigonel had finished his tale they spied the turrets of the City of Gold

not omitting the advice of Poppy, the plowboy, and offered his spare minutes for sale.

“Nay,” said the king. “We are already a hundred years ahead of the times, and so too wise to

go asking for time to waste. Keep your time, but for your noble service to my son, I will gladly give you a suit of diamonds such as is worn by my eldest son, and since this same son is looking for a wife, as your sister appears to be a most sensible girl, I would suggest that he ride with you and bring back Vetch as his wife."

Vetch was still standing in the doorway waving her farewell to Trigonel when he rode back with the Diamond Duke. The duke took one look at Vetch and cried out, "Be my wife."

"No, thank you," said Vetch, with a charming courtesy, "for you see I am already promised to Poppy, the plowboy, who is wiser than any prince."

"In that case," said the duke, "I suggest that we all return together, for Poppy would make an excellent Prime Minister, and we very greatly need one."

So it was arranged, but before they started, Trigonel, at Poppy's suggestion, scattered his minutes to the winds. Hardly had he done so when a ray of light darted down and rested upon him.

"Ah!" cried Trigonel. "Aster, have you returned? Fairy friends are better than fairy gifts."

And ever since then, grains of spare time have gone dancing about the world, though few of us ever catch them.

THE WATCHMAN'S SONG

Listen, children, hear me tell,
Ten now tolls from the old church bell.
Once were given commandments ten,
To be always kept by men.

Naught avails that men should ward us,—
One will watch and One will guard us,
May He, of His boundless might,
Give unto us all "good night."

Listen, children, hear me tell,
Eleven now tolls from the old church bell.
Eleven Apostles went there forth,
Preaching truth through all the earth.

Listen, children, hear me tell,
Twelve now tolls from the old church bell.
Twelve hours day, and twelve hours night,
Time to order all things right.

Listen, children, hear me tell,
One now tolls from the old church bell.
One hath made the world, and He
Orders all things righteously.

Listen, children, hear me tell,
Two now strikes on the old church bell.

Two ways lie in each man's sight,—
May you, children, choose the right.

Listen, children, hear me tell,
Three now strikes on the old church bell.
Three times think when you're in doubt,
Ere you set your task about.

Listen, children, hear me tell,
Four now strikes on the old church bell.
Four sides hath the plowéd field,—
May thy life, child, harvest yield.

Now the stars must fade away,
Quickly now will come the day;
Children, thank the bounteous Power
That doth guard you every hour.

Naught avails that man should ward you,
One doth watch and One doth guard you;
He hath, of His bounteous might,
Given unto you all "good night."

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

A LITTLE LAD OF LONG AGO

ALICE E. ALLEN

LITTLE Abe hurried home as fast as his feet would carry him. Perhaps if he had worn soft wool stockings and finely fitting shoes, like yours, he could have run faster. But, instead of stockings, he wore deerskin leggings, and pulled over these were clumsy moccasins of bearskin that his mother had made for him.

Such a funny little figure as he was, trudging along across the rough fields! His suit was of warm, gray homespun. His odd-shaped cap had once been on the back of a coon. The coon's tail flew out behind as he walked — like a funny, furry tassel. But if you could have looked into the honest, twinkling, blue eyes of this little lad of long ago you would have liked him at once.

In one hand little Abe held something very precious. It wasn't a purse of gold, nor a bag of gold. It was only a book, but little Abe thought more of that book than he would have thought of gold or precious stones. To know just what that book meant to little Abe, you must be very fond

of reading. You must think how it would seem to live far away from all the schools, to have no books of your own, and to see no books anywhere, except two or three old ones of your mother's that you had read over and over until you knew them by heart.

So, when a neighbor had said that little Abe might take a book home and keep it until he had read it all through, do you wonder that his eyes shone like stars? A real book—a book that told about little boys and girls and the big world! Little Abe's heart beat fast; it seemed almost too good to be true.

Little Abe's home was built on a hillside. It was not much like your home. It was not built of stone or brick, not even of nice, smooth lumber, but of rough logs. When little Abe lay in his small bed, close to the roof, he could look through the chinks between the logs and see the great, white stars shining down on him. Sometimes the great yellow moon smiled at him as she sailed through the dark night sky. And sometimes, too, saucy raindrops pattered down on the little face on the coarse pillow.

To-night, after little Abe had crept up the steps to the loft, he put his precious book in a small crack between the logs. When the first gray light came in, in the morning, he awoke and read until his father called him to get up. Night after

night he read, until the book was nearly finished. Little Abe worked hard all day long, and never a minute had he in the daytime to peep between the covers of his beloved book.

One night he slipped the book away as usual and fell asleep to dream of the wonderful story. He awoke very early, but there were no golden sunbeams to peep through the chinks and play across his pillow. The loft was dark, and little Abe could hear the wind whistling out in the trees. He reached out his hand for the book—and what do you think?—he put it into a pile of something white and cold lying on his bed! His little bed was covered with an outside blanket of soft, white snow!

He shivered and sat up, reaching again for the book. He pulled it out. Then the poor little fellow almost cried—for that precious book was wet from cover to cover, and its crisp leaves were crumpled and soaked from the heavy fall of snow. Poor little Abe! He sat up in his cold bed and brushed off the snow as best he could. He could scarcely keep the tears back. There was a big lump in his throat, and a big lump in his heart. What would the kind neighbor say?

As soon as he could, little Abe set off across the snowy fields to the kind neighbor's house. It was more than a mile away, but he trudged along, not thinking of the wind or the cold, but only of the

book. When he found the neighbor he held out the poor, spoiled book, and, looking straight up into the man's face, with clear, honest eyes, he told his sad little story.

"Well, my boy," said the man, smiling down into the sober little face, "so my book is spoiled. Will you work for me to pay for it?"

"I will do anything for you," said the little fellow, eagerly.

"Well, then, I will ask you to pull fodder corn for me for three days," said the man.

Little Abe looked up into his kind face. "Then, sir," he said, wistfully, "will the book be all mine?"

"Why, yes, of course," said the man, good-naturedly, "you may have the book; you will earn it."

So little Abe went to work for three days. He was cold, and his back ached as he pulled corn for the cattle, but he was too happy to mind, for was not that precious book to be soon his very own?

What do you suppose the book was, for which little Abe worked so long and faithfully? Was it a book of wonderful fairy tales, like yours? No; the book was the story of George Washington. And, long years afterward, when little Abe had grown to be a great man and the President of the United States, he used to tell the story of his first book.

"That book — the story of George Washington — helped me to become President," he said.

LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

ELLA LYMAN CABOT

Abraham Lincoln loved birds and animals. It hurt him to have any of them suffer. Even when he was very busy he would stop to help an animal in distress.

One day Lincoln and a party of his friends were traveling through a thicket of wild plum and crab-apple trees. It was a warm day, and they stopped to water their horses. Soon the party was ready to start off again, but Lincoln was not to be found.

"Where is Lincoln?" every one asked.

"I saw him a few minutes ago," answered one of the party. "He had found two little birds who had tumbled out of their nest, and he was looking about to find the nest so that he could put them back safely."

Before long Lincoln returned, looking very happy. He had found the nest and put the birds back. His friends laughed to think that he had taken so much trouble for two young birds, but Lincoln said: "If I had not put those birds back in the nest where their mother will feed them, I could not have slept all night."

Lincoln was kind to every living creature. One day he passed a beetle that lay sprawling on its back, trying in vain to turn over. He went right back and put it straight.



Lincoln returned, looking very happy. He had found the nest and put the birds back

“Do you know,” he told the friend who was with him, “if I’d left that bug struggling there on his back, I shouldn’t have felt just right. I

wanted to put him on his feet and give him a chance with all the other bugs of his class."

LINCOLN AND THE WOODCHOPPER

Lincoln's kindness to his fellow-men was unfailing. This is one of many stories of his helpfulness.

One bitter cold day Lincoln came upon an old man who was chopping up an old hut for firewood. The man's clothes were poor and thin, he was barefooted, and he shivered in the cold, biting wind.

When Lincoln stopped to speak to him he saw that the man looked sick and ill-fed.

"See here, man," said Lincoln, "you're not fit to do this job. How much will you get for it?"

"A dollar," said the man, "and I've got to do it, for I have to have a pair of shoes."

"You go indoors and warm yourself," said Lincoln. "I guess I can tackle that job."

Lincoln had split enough rails and chopped enough wood to make this seem an easy task, and in a very short time the old hut was a neat wood-pile.

"I reckon that will bring you in a dollar," he said to the man. The shoes were bought, and the grateful wearer never forgot Lincoln's kindness.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE

From the *New York Observer*

“DEAR FATHER:—When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me, but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, Father, it might have been on the field of battle for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty! Oh, Father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.

“You know I promised Jemmie Carr’s mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired, too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into

camp, and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was tired, too, Father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head, but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late.

“They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve—given to me by circumstances—‘time to write to you,’—our good Colonel says. Forgive him, Father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

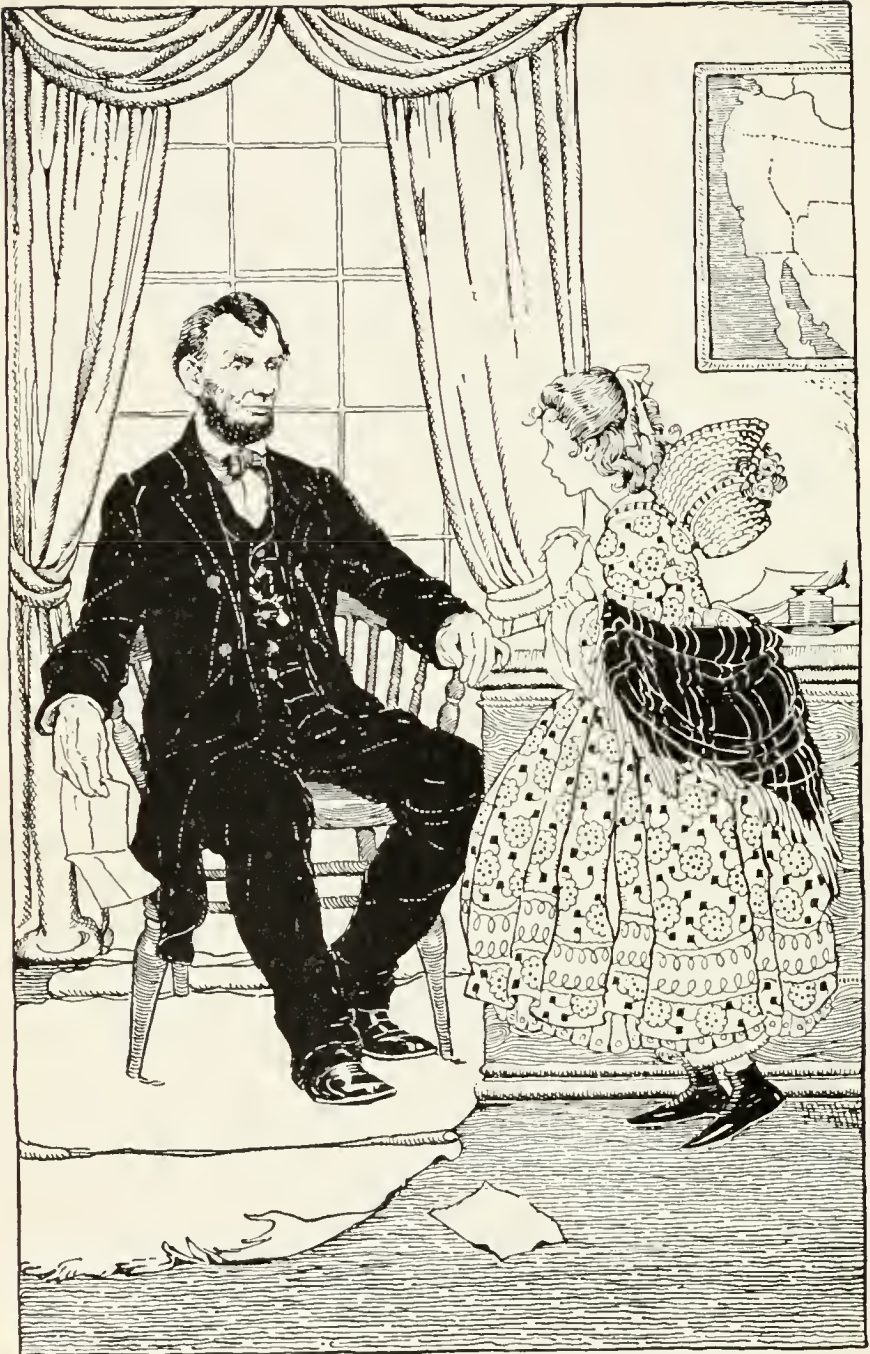
“I can't bear to think of Mother and Blossom. Comfort them, Father! Tell them that I died as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, Father!”

Late that night the door of the back stoop opened softly; a little figure glided out, and went down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor to the left, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer. Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the

car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart like the President's could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself to his morning's task of looking over and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him. "Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?" "Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom. "Bennie! Who is Bennie?" "My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the



"Well, my child, what do you want?"

papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom gravely, "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired, too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here, I do not understand." And the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind passed through Blossom's mind, but she told her simple and straightforward story and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read. He read it carefully; then taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell. Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl and said, "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that

Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back; or — wait until to-morrow. Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you.”

“God bless you, sir,” said Blossom. And who shall doubt that God heard and registered the prayer?

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his sister. He was called into the President’s private room, and a strap was fastened upon the shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said, “The soldier that could carry a sick comrade’s baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country.” Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back, and as Farmer Owen’s hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, “The Lord be praised!”

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

WHERE VALENTINE HID

ALICE CRANDELL BRYANT

ONCE upon a time there was a wise king who had seven beautiful children. Their names were Obedience, Loyalty, Truthfulness, Unselfishness, Thoughtfulness, and the two littlest ones were Happy Thought and Love, who was sometimes called Valentine.

On a day in February, — the fourteenth day, to be exact — the good king said, "What do you say to our spending to-day in the woods in honor of Valentine's birthday?"

The children jumped up and cried with delight, "Oh, yes, yes, dear Father, that is what we would like best to do." And they ran to get their little round caps and mittens.

When they were well into the woods the king said, "How would you like to play hide-and-seek?"

"We would, we would," they cried, and ran in all directions, calling back to their father, "When we say 'ready,' you must find us."

Obedience found a tree with a fine large hole into which he squeezed himself. Loyalty crawled

into a little cave under a rock. Little Truthfulness covered herself all over with soft brown leaves. Unselfishness climbed up among the branches of the big pine trees. Thoughtfulness hid herself behind a lovely bush whose bright red berries shone through their glistening coat of ice.

"Valentine, dear," whispered Happy Thought, "let's you and me hide together."

"No," said Love, softly, "I am going back to hide in Father's heart."

Just when they all called "Ready!" a page came running to the king. "Oh, Sire," he cried, "may I crave a moment of your time for urgent need?"

The king turned with a frown, saying, "What do you mean by coming to me on my holiday with anyone's needs? Go!"

"But, Sire," pleaded the page, "this is the case of a poor old man who must needs die unless you help him."

The king scowled fiercely as he exclaimed, "Am I not to be obeyed? Go!" And the page turned sorrowfully away. The king was very angry. He thought he was angry with the page, but really he was angry with himself, for he knew that he was selfish.

The little children, alarmed by their father's dark looks, kept very still and well hidden.

Now the king loved little Valentine best of all his children. So he started out first to find him;

but seek where he would, Love could not be found. At length the king became alarmed. Obedience, seeing his troubled look, came from out the hollow tree, saying:

“Do not look so sad, dear heart,
You and I need never part.
Let me be your Valentine.”

The king looked at Obedience sadly, “I desire you, dear child,” he said, “but to be truly beautiful, you must have Love as your companion.”

Then Loyalty, a fine, noble little lad, peeked from under the rock where he was hiding and said:

“True to you I’ll ever be
Through every kind of weather.
Any trouble that we see
We can fight together.
Now your search for Love resign,
Let me be your Valentine.”

Said the king, “Loyalty, no one can live well without you, but I must have Love too.”

At this, little Truthfulness popped her troubled face up through the leaves, sighing:

“Alas, I would I were a dove
To fly to you in place of Love.
Why can’t you take this heart of mine
And let me be your Valentine?”

Her father gazed at her sadly, saying, “Daughter, you are a priceless jewel, but I must find Love.”

All this time Unselfishness was shivering up

among the branches of the pine tree. He called down in loving tones:

“I’m very little, and can’t do much,
But somehow I brighten whatever I touch.
Your heart needs some sunshine,
So let me, dear one,
Become your own Valentine
Warm as the sun.”

“Dear child,” replied the king, “to have you one must have Love also.”

Golden-haired Thoughtfulness now crept from behind the bush, whispering:

“My heart is like a little fire.
Its flames burn ever higher, higher.
Come and warm your heart by mine,
And I will be your Valentine.”

“My precious child,” moaned the king, “you must have Love with you always, else you will die.”

Now Happy Thought had gone into the deep woods to hide. When no one came to find her, she crept out to learn what was the matter. The king told her he had lost Love. Happy Thought nearly doubled with laughter as she merrily sang:

“Oh, let me play I’m Valentine
And I will make your sad eyes shine
With thoughts of Love.
Here, put this smile upon your face;
Come, let me push it in its place
My strength to prove.”

And running to the king she pummeled his face all over with her soft, rosy fists and tickled him

so that he laughed outright. Instantly he heard a little chuckle in his heart, and out jumped Valentine. "Oh, Father dear," she cried, "I've been in your heart all the time, but you covered me over so hard with scowls and cross words that I could not find my way out until Happy Thought made you smile."

As Valentine spoke, the children ran from their hiding places gayly singing, "Now that our father has Love he has us all, too." They hurried back to the palace and sought out the poor old man, whom they helped as he needed.

Ever after, when the king was afraid he was losing Love, he called Happy Thought to put a smile on his face.



THE BISHOP'S VALENTINE

MRS. ANDREA HOFER PROUDFOOT

Once upon a time, a long while ago, there lived in a far-off country, near the land where St. Valentine had lived, a fine young Bishop. This Bishop had heard so many beautiful stories of all the brave, helpful deeds of St. Valentine, that he loved St. Valentine very dearly, and more dearly, until he wished that he might be like him.

Now as the Bishop kept thinking about St. Valentine and really wanting to be like him, it came to him one day, "Why don't I do some of the kind, loving acts of St. Valentine if I am really so fond of him?" Just then he went out for a walk, and as he passed the one who scrubbed the steps, he said: "It is a pleasure to walk where it is all so clean as you make it," and the worker scrubbed harder than ever as he smiled and bowed a "Thank you" to his Lordship. Even the stones seemed to help make themselves whiter than before.

The Bishop went on, overtaking on the way a market-woman resting a moment beside the road with her basket. "Good day, my good woman," said the Bishop. "Let me help you on a bit with your basket." And the kindly way in which he said it made the basket seem only half as heavy as it had been before.

They parted at the cross-roads, but all the way home, the woman told her neighbors, the basket never again grew so heavy after the Bishop had smiled and helped her.

The Bishop had helped many other people in different ways before the little woman reached home to tell her neighbors this, but when he reached home he had forgotten all about helping them and only remembered the people themselves, wondering what the dear St. Valentine would do for them were he still here. Suddenly he remembered that St. Valentine's birthday was coming, and he thought, "Oh, perhaps I can write some message of love to be a little like the ones that he used to send the people." So he dipped his goose quill into the ink and began to write. One message after another he wrote; the helper came to light the candles, but still the Bishop wrote on, forgetting himself, and full of love for God, St. Valentine, and all the people that he longed to help.

Some of the others, on their way to bed, passed by his desk, as he worked away so busily. He did not notice them except to nod and smile, but even that made them feel as if they truly would begin all new on the next day, to be finer than ever.

The last one to pass by noticed that a remarkable thing was happening. As fast as the ink dried on the notes it did something else, too—he

could hardly believe his eyes—but, yes, there it was, the ink changed to the brightest, most shining gold you ever saw! He looked at the Bishop, but the Bishop did not seem to notice it at all, so he went to his room, looking back to watch, for the golden letters in the notes seemed to match the smile on the Bishop's face and the look in his eyes.

The next morning, however, this last one to pass by the Bishop's desk was the first one up, and going to the Bishop's desk he took the quill in his hand to examine it. He thought it must be a new kind of wonderful pen that had made the letters change, but closely as he could look, there seemed to be nothing unusual about it; it was just a common goose feather, and rather the worse for wear, at that. "Ah," thought he, "I know now! It is the ink!" Quickly he dipped the pen into the ink and wrote a few words to try it, but they were his own name, and he saw that the ink was black just like the fluid of his own inkwell. He simply could not understand it. Just then along came the Bishop, who had all the notes put into a great leather pouch, or bag, and a messenger sent out on donkey-back to deliver them, for in those days there were no steam or electric or horse cars by which to send letters or packages. So these letters were carried by a messenger on donkey-back to the houses the Bishop had remembered

as needing some comfort or encouragement, or reminder that they were always to do their best about all their work.

You can hardly imagine the surprise of the people, young and old, who received these beautiful letters, showing such wise, strong love, and written with this sparkling, glittering gold. One little boy put the letter under his pillow, and a little girl at another house hung hers on the wall where every one could see it. The father at another house had their letter framed to keep it safe from dust or wrinkling, and the mother at still another house tucked hers into the Bible so that they would be sure to see it every day and read the strong, fine words.

However, a strange thing happened to one of these beautiful letters. The man who received it thought of the wonderful words for a while, but then he began to think about the gold letters. More and more each day he admired the gold letters, until at last came a time when he took out the note and with a fine knife (would you believe it?) scraped off all the gold into the middle crease, and then poured it into a tiny vial: "for," said he, "I can easily remember the words, I looked at them so many times, and the goldsmith will give me some money for all this wonderful gold."

So off to the goldsmith he hurried, and very

important he felt as he asked the smith, "Sir, would you like to buy some very fine gold?"

"That I would," said the smith, "for I have here a most rare jewel I've long been wishing to set, if only fine enough gold could be found."

"Well, what do you think of this?" said the man, as he carefully drew the vial from his pocket.

Oh, how the goldsmith's face shone as he saw the beautiful gold! He was very much surprised and delighted. "Where did you ever get such fine gold with such a wonderful luster? I have been master workman for years, and this is the kind of gold I have dreamed of, but never seen."

Now when the smith asked the man where he got it he remembered the Bishop's kind, loving letter and felt very badly to think he had ever dared to scratch or mar, in any way, such a helpful message, but he answered, "A friend sent it to me."

"Ah," said the goldsmith to himself, "it must be a terrible need that forces the man to part with such a gift from a friend." But aloud he said, "Its price is above rubies or emeralds or sapphires, for it needs no refining and is in every way superior to any gold known to our craft. There must be six ounces, too, in that bottle. It would be worth—" Now I dare not tell you

how much he said, for it took the man's breath away.

The goldsmith put a six-ounce weight on one side of the scale and poured the gold slowly and carefully into the other; but it did not draw up level the six-ounce weight. So he tried five ounces—no, he had to put in four. That was still too heavy, so he slipped in three, saying, "How could I have been so mistaken!" No, the gold would not even draw up the three-ounce weight, and the two men thought this the strangest thing that they had ever seen.

Surely all that pile of brightest gold in the world must weigh more than *two* ounces! Still the scales would not balance, and the men were more surprised when it would not draw up one ounce.

On through the smaller weights went the goldsmith, and the gold seemed to shine brighter and brighter. Then he came to the tiniest one. By this time the men were almost frightened, but with trembling hands the smith slipped in the smallest weight.

Just then all the gold seemed to change to the most wonderful spreading sunlight, which filled the whole room before it disappeared, and as the man wept to think of the Bishop's beautiful message, a still, small voice seemed to whisper, "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life."

BIG BROTHER'S VALENTINE

LILLA THOMAS ELDER

Aunt Anne laughed. "Sarah Jane Simpson," she said, "what is the matter? Who ever saw such a puckered-up little face! Can't you get your lesson?"

Sarah Jane laughed, too, and laid down her geography. "I wasn't really studying, Aunt Anne. I was trying to think what I could send Big Brother for a birthday present—you know his birthday comes on St. Valentine's Day."

Sarah Jane always called her brother Bob, Big Brother.

Aunt Anne laughed again. "On St. Valentine's Day!" she said. "Well, you are beginning in season—this is only October."

Sarah Jane thought that perhaps she was a bit too early; but oh! she had been so lonesome ever since Bob had started away yesterday morning to be gone until June—his school wouldn't close until June—and she wanted to do something very nice for his birthday. Christmas came between, to be sure, but it was a birthday present on which Sarah Jane had set her heart.

"Make him a valentine," said Aunt Anne. "You can cut out flowers, and birds, and Cupids, and pretty little faces from picture-cards; and I will give you some nice cardboard; and you can

paste them on, and then write a little verse on it, and make a border of hearts all around—I will draw you a plan this minute.”

Aunt Anne caught up her pencil and began to draw, and Sarah Jane took up her geography again. All at once she laughed out. “You needn’t draw me a valentine, Aunt Anne,” she said. “I know what I’ll do.” And off she ran upstairs.

Next morning after breakfast Sarah Jane ran outdoors—hoppety, skippety, hop—as fast as she could go. Down the garden walk she skipped, by Bob’s long marigold bed, and through the little garden gate into the barnyard, where Bob’s dog, Don, came running up to her and jumped all about her, he was so happy to see his master’s little sister.

“Oh, Don!” Sarah Jane cried, “I am going to make Big Brother a valentine for his birthday, and don’t you want to help?”

Don wagged his tail for joy, and just then Big Brother’s little brown hen came out of the hen-house, and Sarah Jane went to meet her.

“Oh, you dear Henny Penny, I am going to make a valentine for your master, and won’t you give me two tiny brown feathers?”

The little brown hen shook her wings, and there on the ground lay two tiny brown feathers. Sarah Jane picked them up and put them in her

apron, and then she said: "Now, where is Ducky Daddles?"

Ducky Daddles was just going down to the pond.

"Oh, Ducky Daddles," called Sarah Jane, "I am going to make a valentine for your master, and won't you give me two of your shining green feathers?"

"Quack, quack!" said Ducky Daddles, and there on the ground lay two shining green feathers; and Sarah Jane picked them up and put them in her apron, and then she said to Don: "I'll get some of the ferns that grow by the little bridge we made, and some of the marigolds from his garden bed, and I'll make the most beautiful wreath that ever was!"

So Sarah Jane went, skipperty-hop, to the pond and picked the little green ferns and put them in her apron, and, skipperty-hop, to the garden and picked the yellow marigolds and put them in her apron, and all the time Don ran about and barked and thought he was helping a great deal.

"Now for Billy Button," said Sarah Jane, and back she went, skipperty-hop, to the barnyard.

The pony was in his stall eating hay, and Sarah Jane said: "Oh, Billy Button, I am going to make your master a birthday valentine, and won't you give me a hair out of your beautiful, long tail?"

Billy Button switched his beautiful black tail about, and there on the floor lay a glossy, black hair, and Sarah Jane picked it up and wound it round and round her finger, so as not to lose it, and then she went to see Bob's gray squirrel in his cage by the door.

"Oh, Chipperty," said she, "I am going to make your master a valentine of the things he likes best, and will you give me a little bit of your soft, gray fur?"

Chipperty was whirling on his wheel, but he winked, as much as to say: "Help yourself!" and, sure enough, there was a little tuft of soft, gray fur sticking between the bars, and Sarah Jane poked two of her fingers inside and got it and put it in her apron, and then she said: "I wonder what I can get from Bunny. I'm sure Big Brother would like something to make him think of his white rabbit."

So Sarah Jane went, skipperty-hop, to the rabbit's house and said: "Oh, Bunny, I am making a valentine for your master, and what will you give me for it?"

Bunny was eating his dinner of turnips and parsley, and he lifted his long ears and moved them thoughtfully for a moment, and then tossed her a stem of parsley, and Sarah Jane picked it up and put it in her apron. And then she turned, all of a sudden, and with the little scissors in her

apron pocket she snipped off a red curl from Don's back and put that in her apron, too.

And then with the little red curl in her apron, and Chipperty's fur, and Bunny's parsley, and Henny Penny's brown feathers, and Ducky Daddles' green ones, and the little ferns from the bridge, and the marigolds from the garden, and Billy Button's long glossy hair around her finger, Sarah Jane went, skipperty-hop, into the house to make the birthday valentine for Big Brother.

Aunt Anne gave her a piece of cardboard and a pot of paste, and Sarah Jane made a most beautiful wreath. It took her a long time to paste the tiny, green sprigs of parsley in among the yellow petals of marigolds; and it took her a long time to lay the ferns and the green and brown feathers just right to make the two sides and curve around at the base; and a very long time, indeed, to sew the little red curl and the glossy black hair and the lock of squirrel fur to cover the "joins" at the bottom and make the whole a perfect wreath to send to Big Brother.

And then she wrote in the center —

"When this you see,
Remember us!"

It didn't sound just as it should, but it said just what Sarah Jane wanted to say to Big Brother.

Sarah Jane put the valentine in the big dictionary to press it nice and flat; and when the

twelfth of February came she took it, just perfect, and put it in a beautiful, large envelope, and her papa directed it and stamped it, and it started on its two-days' journey.

And when Big Brother opened it he looked at the wreath a long time, and at the verse inside the wreath a long time, and then he said: "That's from little Sarah Jane, and from Don, and Billy Button, and Chipperty, and Bunny, and Henny Penny, and Ducky Daddles, and our bridge, and my garden bed — oh, funny little Sarah Jane!"

And he laughed, and dropped a big, happy tear right — splash! — on his new valentine.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

TIS splendid to live so grandly
That, long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps its thoughts of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record
So white and free from stain
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain;
That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart,
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
A steadfast soul and true,

Who stood for his country's honor
 When his country's days were few.
And now, when its days are many,
 And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
 His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
 To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
 To rally the foes of the wrong;
To live so proudly and purely,
 That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
 Keep the thoughts of your natal day.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

The day was cold and bleak. Washington, starting out from his headquarters, drew on his great coat, turned up the collar and pulled his hat down to shield his face from the biting wind. As he walked down the road to where the soldiers were fortifying a camp, no one would have known that the tall, muffled figure was the commander-in-chief of the army.

As he came near the camp he stopped to watch a small company of soldiers who, under command of a corporal, were building a breastwork of logs.

The men were tugging at a heavy log; the corporal, important and superior, stood at one side giving orders.

“Up with it!” he cried. “Now altogether! Push! Up with it, I say! Now!”



“I am only the commander-in-chief”

A great push altogether, and the log was nearly in its place, but it was too heavy, and just before it reached the top of the pile it slipped and fell back.

The corporal shouted again. “Up with it, now! What ails you? Up with it, I say!”

The men tugged and strained again. The log nearly reached the top, slipped, and once more rolled back.

“Heave hard!” cried the corporal. “One, two, three! Now all together! *Push!*”

Another struggle, and then, just as the log was about to roll back for the third time, Washington ran forward, pushed with all his great strength, and the log rolled into place on top of the breast-work. The men, panting and perspiring, began to thank him, but he turned toward the corporal.

“Why don’t you help your men with this heavy lifting, when they need another hand?” he asked.

“Why don’t I?” asked the man. “Don’t you see I am a *corporal?*”

“Indeed!” replied Washington, throwing open his great coat and showing his uniform. “I am only the commander-in-chief. Next time you have a log too heavy for your men to lift, send for me!”

A CHARMED LIFE

During the French and Indian War Washington was sent to investigate the forts of the French. After a hard journey over the mountains to the fort where Pittsburgh now is, he started on foot to return to Virginia, with but one companion, Christopher Gist. They were joined shortly by an Indian guide, who proved to be on the side of the French, for finding that they were determined to go straight ahead and

not be lured out of their way, he suddenly turned and fired his musket directly at the young major. Luckily the shot missed Washington. He and Gist disarmed their treacherous guide, and although Gist wanted to shoot him then and there, at nightfall they allowed him to go free, and hurried on their journey.

The very next day, however, the young officer was confronted with another peril. While they were crossing the Allegheny River on a raft, which it had taken them all day to construct with their one poor hatchet, the ice in the river so jammed their frail support that Washington was thrown overboard. As he said in his journal, "I was thrown with such violence against the pole that it jerked me over into ten feet of water." Catching hold of one of the raft logs, he was fortunately saved. The freezing cold night was spent in intense suffering on a near-by island, Gist having both hands and feet frozen. As the ice was firm they were able to cross to the mainland in the morning, and before night they reached a safe shelter in a trading house on the bank of the Monongahela.

But of all Washington's escapes, perhaps the most marvelous occurred when he was acting as an aide to General Braddock, and that officer was defeated and his army put to rout at the Monongahela River, July 9, 1755. The story

has often been told how the overconfident British general, heedless of all advice, with his two regiments of regulars and a few provincials, marched directly into the ambush laid for them by the French and their Indian allies. Hemmed in on every side by foes whom they could not see, the regulars were almost annihilated. Every officer except Washington was either killed or wounded. Braddock, vainly trying to keep his men in order, was mortally wounded. The whole duty of giving the general's orders had fallen upon Washington early in the engagement, and he rode everywhere in the thickest of the fight. Four bullets passed through his uniform, and two horses were killed under him, but to the astonishment of all, he was unhurt. An Indian chief singled him out and shot at him many times and also ordered his warriors to fire at him, but finding that their bullets took no effect, the Indians concluded that he was under the protection of Manitou, the Great Spirit, and finally stopped firing at him. Washington afterward wrote: "Death was leveling my companions on every side of me; but by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence I have been protected."

Out of this disastrous defeat Washington saved all that had not been lost. His conduct became known throughout the colonies, and for immediate reward he was made commander-in-chief

of all the military forces in Virginia, and given a present of three hundred pounds in money.

Many stories are told of Washington's fearlessness in the face of danger. The march to Princeton on the night of the second of January, 1777, had been a hard but swift one through the woods and over frozen roads, and it was shortly after dawn when the Redcoats came in sight. They had just started their march to join Cornwallis at Trenton, which was what Washington meant to prevent. He pushed his troops rapidly forward, they were soon actively engaged, and the fighting became hot. In order to inspire his men, Washington rode directly to the front, within thirty yards of the enemy. For some time he was in the thickest of the battle, waving his hat and calling on his men to keep their ground. As one historian says: "The presence and the bearing of Washington were the inspiration of the courage of his troops."

Between the two fires it seemed that escape from death was impossible, and his principal aide, Colonel Fitzgerald, so feared to see him fall that he dropped his horse's reins and drew his hat down over his face with a shudder of dread.

In a letter written a few days later describing the battle, one of the American officers said: "Our army love their general very much, but they have one thing against him, which is, the little

care he takes of himself in any action. His personal bravery and the desire he has of animating his troops by example make him fearless of danger. This occasions us much uneasiness. But Heaven, which has hitherto been his shield, I hope will continue to guard so valuable a life!"

FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

In honor of truth and right,
In honor of courage and might,
 And the will that makes a way;
In honor of work well done,
In honor of fame well won,
In honor of Washington,
 Our flag is floating to-day.

ARBOR DAY

POPLARS

EDWARD BLISS REED

THE poplar is a lonely tree.
It has no branches spreading wide
Where birds may sing or squirrels hide.
It throws no shadows on the grass
Tempting the wayfarers who pass
To stop and sit there quietly.

The poplar sees each neighbor tree
Loved by the birds. The oriole
Swings from the elm its home, the bole
Of that rough oak, above, around,
Hears the wood-pecker's rapid sound
As on he works industriously.

The poplar is a slender tree.
It has no boughs where children try
To climb far off into the sky.
To hold a swing it's far too weak,
Too small it is for hide-and-seek.
Friendless, forsaken it must be.

The poplar is a restless tree.
At every breeze its branches bend
And signal to the child, "Come, friend."
Its leaves forever whispering
To thrush and robin, "Stay and sing."
They pass. It quivers plaintively.

Poplars are lonely. They must grow
Close to each other in a row.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO HATED TREES

ALICE L. BECKWITH

"Good night, Dick. Remember, now, to wake up with the robins, so that you may be ready to help me set out our new trees."

"Good night," answered Dick in a sulky tone, for Dick was cross.

"Trees, trees, trees!" he mumbled to himself as he began to undress. "I'm so sick of hearing about trees. Miss Morrell has talked 'trees' for a week at school, and now father has bought some old twigs to set out to-morrow, and I want to go fishing.

"I wish I lived in a land where there were no trees. We could get along well enough without them." And with this thought he jumped into bed.

Dick had been asleep perhaps an hour or more, when he heard a queer rustling noise, and then a voice called out, "Here he is — the boy who hates trees!"

There was the strangest procession coming toward him. It was made up of trees of all kinds. The Pine and the Elm came first; the Maple and the Oak followed. The Maple's leaves were flushed scarlet, she was so excited. The Willow was weeping, and the Poplar was trembling all over.

Next came all the fruit trees, led by the Cherry, while the Walnut, the White Birch, and the Palm were behind.

What did it all mean? Dick was frightened for a moment. It seemed as if every tree of which he had ever heard was there, and he wondered how the room could hold them all.

When they had all grown quiet, the Pine said: "Dear brothers and sisters, here is a boy who hates trees; he cannot see that we are of any use. Therefore I have called a meeting to see what can be done about it. Has any one anything to say?"

The Cherry Tree looked very sour. "I cannot see that *boys* are of any use at all," she said. "Many years ago, when cherry trees were scarce in this country, a boy named George cut down my great-grandfather just so he might try his new hatchet."

“And boys know so little,” said the White Birch; “they are always hacking me with knives and taking off my coat, no matter how cold the weather is. They cut my bark all the way around my trunk, and then, of course, I die. If they would only learn how to take little strips of my bark!

“I loved a boy once, but it was many years ago. He was a little Indian boy. He loved trees. I remember how he stood beside me one warm day and said:

“‘Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white skin wrapper.’”

“Then he took off my bark so carefully that he did not hurt me, and of it he fashioned a beautiful canoe. This boy is not like him; he tears off bark for which he has no use, and destroys us just from thoughtlessness.”

“I don’t like boys, either,” spoke up the Apple Tree. “One day a boy climbed up into my branches and broke off one of my limbs. He was a very silly boy, for he wanted green apples. Had any fruit been ripe, I would have tossed plenty down to him. How happy we should be if it were not for the boys!”

The Maple was very angry. “This boy said

we were of no use, but it was only this morning that I heard him tease his grandmother for a cake of my sugar. I wonder whom he would thank for maple sugar."

"He ate it as if he liked it, too," said the Palm. "I saw him; he was fanning himself with one of my leaves."

The Willow wiped her eyes. "Boys, boys, boys!" she said. "I'm so sick of boys! This same boy made a whistle out of one of my children this very night when he went for the cows."

Then a queer tree in the corner spoke in a thick voice. "We are of no use, are we? If it were not for me, where would he get the tires for his bicycle? There are his rubber boots, too. Why, he uses me every day about something."

"Friends," said the Pine Tree, who had not spoken before, "I've thought of a plan."

The trees crowded around him, talking together excitedly.

"But how shall we do it?" Dick heard them say.

"Oh," said the Elm, "the Wind will help us. He is our friend."

Before Dick could cry out, he found himself being carried away by the Wind.

"Where am I going?" he called.

"To the land of no trees," they answered; and they bowed and smiled. Even the Willow held up her head long enough to call "Good-by!"

Good-by!" and then home and trees were left far behind.

How fast the Wind travelled! On and on they rushed, until suddenly the Wind dropped him and went whistling away.

Dick felt really frightened when he found himself all alone.

"Oh, I'm so hot!" he exclaimed. "Where am I?" But the Wind was gone and there was no answer.

Certainly he had never before been in such a place.

There were no trees nor green grass anywhere in sight. As far as he could see, there was only sand—white sand, hot and scorching.

"It seems to me I've seen pictures in my geography like this," he said to himself. "It must be a desert. Oh, I was never so hot before. I can't stay here. What shall I do?"

All at once he noticed a tiny speck far away in the distance. Now it looked larger. He brushed away something that looked very much like a tear, though he told himself that it was only because he was so warm.

Yes, that speck surely moved, and was coming nearer. What if it were a lion?

"There is no tree to climb, and I cannot run—I am so tired and it is very hot."

Nearer and nearer it came, moving slowly.

Dick watched it with a beating heart. At last he saw that it was not a single animal but a great many in line.

“Oh, they are camels!” he cried. “Yes, I know they are. Once at a circus I saw some that looked just like them—but what queer-looking men are on them!”

They were now very near him, and one of the men beckoned with his hand and said something.

Dick could not understand a word, but from the friendly gesture he knew he was being invited to ride.

The man helped him up and they journeyed on and on and on. It seemed to Dick that they would never stop. After a time he grew very tired even of riding.

“Do you think you could stop a minute, please?” he asked. “The camel joggles me so, and I am so thirsty I shall die. If you would only stop a minute!”

But the man shook his head to show he did not understand, and they continued to go on and on. His head ached and the glare on the sand made him sick and dizzy. He longed for shade and coolness.

What was the matter? What were they saying? Each man was bowing himself toward the ground and waving his hands.

“What is it?” cried Dick. “I don’t see what

they are making all that fuss about. I can't see anything, the sun hurts my eyes so." And he covered his eyes with his hand.

Suddenly there was a shout, and the camels stood still. Dick lifted his head. Could he believe his eyes? Right before him was a little spot of green grass, a spring of cool water, and a clump of those things he hated—trees.

Hate a tree? He thought that he had never seen anything so beautiful in all his life.

He fairly tumbled off the camel in his haste to reach it. The tears ran down his face as he threw his arms around its trunk.

"Dear tree!" he cried.

"Dick, Dick, are you going to help me plant the new trees?" called his father.

Opening his eyes, Dick found himself in his own little room, lying in bed, both hands clasping his pillow.

Dick was soon dressed and downstairs, and so anxious was he to plant trees that he could hardly eat his breakfast.

A week later Miss Morrell said to one of the other teachers: "I think the trees that we planted on Arbor Day will grow if good care has anything to do with it. Dick Hawkins seems to have taken charge of them all."

In just one night he had learned to see
The wonderful beauty there is in a tree.

A DAY IN CAMP

FRANCES G. WICKES

Joe Palmer rolled over in his sleep and stretched, his hand thrust itself among the balsam boughs, and with a start he opened his eyes and sat up. Where was he? Surely not in bed. Then his mind went back quickly over the last twenty-four hours that had carried him from the crowded city to his cousin's home in the far-away lumber camp.

In an instant he had bounded out of bed. The dawn was just breaking. Already the tip of the giant pine above him was touched with sunlight, but the woods were still filled with the faint blue light of early morning. The camp was all astir, though, and just then he heard his cousin's voice.

"Hello! I began to think you were going to sleep till noon. Fine hours for a lumberman!"

Joe noticed how sturdy and well set up his cousin looked in his corduroys and flannel shirt. Here in the woods he did not look awkward or "country" as he did when he spent a week with him in Chicago last winter. In an amazingly short space of time Joe had tumbled into his clothes and the two boys were hurrying across to the mess house for a breakfast of pork, corn-bread, and flapjacks.

"Most of the men have gone already," said Herbert. "Dad said you and I could come on

ourselves. It's only four or five miles to where they are working to-day. It's up toward the ridge, and you'll have to climb a bit, but it's worth it when you get there."

As the two boys started down the forest trail, Joe noticed that here and there the trees were notched. "Who cut those funny jags in the trees?" he asked.

"Jags!" laughed Herbert. "Why those are blazes. They show the trail."

"Can't you see the trail by looking at it?" asked Joe.

"When we get on a little farther in the deep woods you'll be mighty glad of those jags. They'll be all we'll have to mark the path. If you go away from those you'll find yourself lost in no time. This isn't like one of your cunning little park groves. It's miles and miles of deep woods; wherever you turn just trees, trees, trees."

Just then Joe stepped on a mossy trunk and his foot sank in the soft, rotting wood. "You don't keep your forests tidied up much, do you?" he laughed, as he started on. "Why don't you clean up your streets here?"

"Clean up!" answered Herbert. "Imagine a cleaned-up forest. I wonder how long it would last!"

"Why, aren't trees tidy beasts?" asked Joe.

"They're tidy enough," said Herbert, "but

they know how to be tidy without throwing things away. Don't you see how the Forest Guard covered that log with the best moss and made it a good deal better looking than your parlor carpets? And in the meantime the old log is turning into the best sort of top soil."

"What's that good for?" asked Joe.

"Good for!" said Herbert. "Why it helps to make all this soft stuff we are walking on. There are decayed trees and leaves and pine needles, and they are as good as a sponge to hold water. The rain and melting snow trickle through it and feed the streams. If we didn't have these untidy floors up in the forests, the water would all run off in floods at every rain and when the snow melts in the spring, and you could whistle for your water most of the year."

"Say," cried Joe, looking at Herbert with new eyes, "you know a lot, don't you? You make me feel like a six-day-old pup."

"Well, I felt that way down in Chicago," laughed Herbert. "You didn't think I was so amazingly clever down there. I felt like all kinds of a fool in the city."

"Say, do you know why it is so cool here?" asked Joe. "Is it just the shade?"

"Well, not just that," said Herbert. "This squashy floor absorbs heat and makes the air cool, and then the leaves are full of moisture and they

give it out in the sunlight. They say that cool air drops down and the hot air goes up to get cooled. Then, too, the sun draws moisture from a big forest and makes more rain."

"What gets me," said Joe, "is why your father is cutting down the forest if he knows all this about it."

Herbert burst out laughing. "You'd better not say Dad is cutting down the forest unless you want to see him get hot under the collar."

"Well, what *is* he doing then?" asked Joe.

"He's protecting it. We've got to have wood for houses and shops and paper pulp and lead pencils and furniture and—oh, all sorts of things."

"But what happens to the forest?" persisted Joe.

"You don't kill a tree if you pick ripe fruit, do you? Well, Dad cuts the ripe trees in the forest—just the great big fellows which are growing in the thick woods where lots of young fellows are waiting to grow up and take their places. That's what he's doing now—marking the big fellows for the winter's cutting. I'd hate to be the man caught cleaning out young trees or leaving the forest bare—or even cutting a tree so that it would crash down through a lot of young ones and spoil them. No, sir, Dad cuts just so many trees a year—all big, full-grown ones. He marks them to be cut so they will do the least harm when

they fall, and the branches are all cleared at once and the little saplings underneath straightened. The forest will last hundreds of years and be better than ever, the way Dad is cutting."

"But—" began Joe, but the question was never finished. The boys had reached a little rise where the trees were thinner, and below them they could see the shining waters of Silver Pond.

"Hi!" called Herbert. "Who gets the first lake trout?"

Down the trail raced the boys. At the water's edge a canoe was drawn up. In a moment they had pushed off. Herbert took the paddle and they skimmed across the quiet water to a shady cove. Joe hardly dared breathe as he waited for his first bite. Suddenly the reel sang out sharply.

"You got him!" cried Herbert. "He's a big fellow. Play him, play him!"

It was an exciting fifteen minutes before the big fish was landed, and no fisherman was ever more overjoyed than Joe. At the end of an hour there were four fish in the canoe, and the boys paddled back to the trail well content.

It was nearly noon, and the boys were beginning to feel that breakfast was a long time past.

"If we want to be in time for grub," said Herbert, "we'd better start on." He showed Joe how to string the fish on a forked stick, and they climbed back to the camp trail.

“If we get there first,” said Herbert, “we’ll have the fish all cooked. Dad and the men may be off toward the mountain.” And they hurried on to the clearing beyond the ridge.

“Hurrah, we’re first!” shouted Herbert. Then Joe received his first lesson in fire-building in the woods.

Under Herbert’s direction the fire was laid on a rock ledge, for, as Herbert explained, when the ground was dry, fire would often burrow in the soft woodland floor, and creep under ground to break out at a distance.

“Hullo!” cried a cheery voice. “This seems to be a banquet hall.” Joe looked up to see his uncle smiling down at him.

“Well, young man, how do you like a lumberman’s life?”

“Oh!” cried Joe, “it’s great, and what a lot Herbert knows!”

His uncle laughed. “How would you like to spend a summer here,” he asked, “and learn a little about our forests? Then in the fall you might take this young savage back and teach him a little about cities.”

“Hurrah!” shouted both boys, in chorus.

“But in the meantime,” laughed their uncle, “that fish looks pretty good to me.”

“It all looks good to me,” said Joe, with a great sigh of contentment.

THE ELDER MOTHER

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

There was once a little boy who had caught cold; he had gone out and got his feet wet; no one could imagine how, for the weather was quite dry. His mother put him to bed, and had the tea urn brought in to make him a good urn of elder tea, for that warms so well. At the same time the friendly old man who lived all alone at the top of the house came in. He was very fond of little children, and knew so many stories that it was quite delightful.

“Now you are to drink your tea,” said the mother, “and then perhaps you will hear a story.”

“A story, a story!” cried the little boy.

“Look,” said the old man, “there’s one in the teapot now.”

The little boy looked at the teapot. The lid was rising higher and higher, and elder flowers came out from under it, white and fresh; they shot forth long verdant branches, even out of the spout, and spread abroad in all directions, growing larger and larger. In the middle of the tree sat a pleasant-looking old woman in a strange dress. It was quite green, like the leaves of the elder-tree, and bordered with great white elder blossoms.

“What is the woman’s name?” the little boy asked.

“In olden times they called her a dryad,” answered the old man, “but we call her Elder Mother. Only listen to her and look at the glorious tree.”

The Elder Mother took the little boy out of bed and held him close in her arms, and the blossoming elder branches wound round them so that it seemed as though they sat in the thickest arbor; and this arbor flew away with them through the air. All at once Elder Mother became a pretty young girl, but her dress was still of the green stuff with the white blossoms that Elder Mother had worn. In her bosom she wore a real elder blossom, and on her head a wreath of elder flowers.

She and the boy were of the same age, and hand in hand they walked out of the arbor. Now they stood in the flower garden at home. The father's elder staff was tied up near the fresh green grass plot, and to the boy there was life in that staff. As soon as they seated themselves upon it, the polished head turned into a noble horse's head with a flowing mane, and four slender legs shot forth. The creature was strong and spirited, and they rode at full gallop around the grass plot — hurrah!

“Now we are going to ride many miles away,” said the boy; and they rode round and round the grass plot, and the little girl, who, as we know, was Elder Mother, kept crying out:

“Now we’re in the country! Do you see the farmhouse by the wayside, with the great baking oven standing out of the wall like a great egg? The elder tree spreads its branches over it, and the cock walks about scratching for his hens; look how he struts! Now we are near the church, it lies high up on the hill under the great oak trees. Away, away to the nobleman’s splendid seat!”

Everything the little girl mentioned, as she sat on the stick behind him, flew past them, and the little boy saw it all, though they were only riding around on the grass plot. Then they played on the walk, and scratched up the earth to make a little garden; and she took elder flowers out of her hair and planted them, and they grew. Now the little girl took hold of the boy’s hand, and together they flew far away out into the country.

“Here it is beautiful in spring,” said the little girl, and they stood in the green beech wood where fragrant thyme lay spread at their feet, and pale pink anemones looked glorious in the vivid green.

They flew on to where the forest lay dark and cool. The little boy and the little girl lay down under a big pine tree and looked up through the branches.

“Here it is beautiful in summer,” said the little girl, “for it is always cool, and the pine trees sing songs that no one else knows. Here the little wood creatures play in the shade and the birds rest

in the coolness and tired people come from the hot sunny streets to hear the forest tell her tales.”



They passed on by old castles of knightly days

They passed on by old castles of knightly days — castles whose high walls and pointed turrets were mirrored in the canals. In the field the corn waved like a sea, in the ditches yellow and red flowers were growing. In the evening the moon rose round and large, and the haystacks in the meadows smelled sweet.

“Here it is beautiful in autumn,” said the little girl; and the sky seemed twice as lofty and twice as blue as before, and the forests were decked in the most gorgeous tints of red, yellow, and green. The sea was dark blue and covered with ships with white sails; and in the barns sat old women, girls, and children, picking hops into a large tub; the young people sang songs, and the older ones told tales of magicians and goblins. It could not be finer anywhere.

“Here it is beautiful in winter!” said the little girl. All the trees were covered with hoarfrost, so that they looked like white trees of coral. The snow crumbled beneath one’s feet as if every one had new boots on, and one shooting star after another fell from the sky. In the room the Christmas tree was lighted up, and there were presents and there was happiness.

Yes, it was beautiful, and the little girl showed the boy everything, and still the blossoming tree smelled sweet. The boy became a youth, and was to go out into the wide world, far away to the hot countries where the coffee grows. But when they were to part, the little girl took an elder blossom from her breast and gave it to him to keep. He placed it in his hymn book, and in the foreign land, when he opened the book, it was always at the place where the flower of Remembrance was, and the more he looked at the flower the fresher

it became, so that he seemed to breathe the forest air at home. Then he plainly saw the little girl looking out with her clear blue eyes from between the petals of the flower, and then she whispered, "Here it is beautiful in spring, summer, autumn, and winter!" and hundreds of pictures glided through his thoughts.

Thus many years went by, and now he was an old man and sat with his old wife under the blossoming elder tree. There they sat like a king and queen under the fragrant tree which looked quite like an elder bush. And he told his old wife the story of the Elder Mother.

"Yes, thus it is!" said the little girl in the tree. "Some call me Elder Mother, others the dryad, but my real name is Remembrance; it is I who sit in the tree that grows on and on, and I can think back and tell stories. Let me see if you still have your flower."

The old man opened his hymn book. There lay the elder blossom, as fresh as if it had just been placed there, and Remembrance nodded, and the two old people sat in the red evening sunlight and closed their eyes. And the little boy lay in his bed and did not know whether he had been dreaming or had heard a tale told. The teapot stood on the table, but no elder bush was growing out of it, and the old man who had told about it was just going out of the door.

AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING

WILLIAM W. MARTIN

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?

In the spring?

An English apple orchard in the spring?

When the spreading trees are hoary

With their wealth of promised glory,

And the mavis pipes his story,

In the spring!

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?

In the spring?

And caught their subtle odors in the spring?

Pink buds bursting at the light,

Crumpled petals baby white,

Just to touch them a delight!

In the spring!

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,

In the spring,

Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring,

No sweet sight can I remember

Half so precious, half so tender,

As the apple blossoms render

In the spring.

BIRD DAY

VALIANT PARENTS

THERE was a great commotion down in the old apple tree. Baby Robin was taking his first flight. Nothing quite so important had ever happened before. Father and Mother Robin hovered near with anxious twitter and call. On a branch near the nest perched the youngster, gawky, but full of the sense of his own importance. A plunge, a flop, a flutter, and he had reached the ground. Suddenly, the calls of the old birds changed to cries of alarm. From behind the tree sprang the farmer's big black cat and caught the baby in her mouth. I dropped my work and rushed to aid, but my feet would have been far too slow. Down upon the monster swooped the two valiant parent birds. Father Robin dropped full on the cat's head, pecking viciously at the cat's eyes; Mother Robin, with beating wings, fluttered just in front of the cruel mouth, striking blow after blow with wings and beak. The cat, terrified, dropped her prey and fled. Mother Robin flew to Baby's aid, but Father Robin continued his strange ride till the foe was halfway across the orchard.

LITTLE FRIEND SPARROW

A Korean Legend

In a little old house of a little old village of Korea there lived a little old man and his little old wife. The little old man was no longer very strong and could not work all day in the rice fields, so they had very little money, and sometimes very little food; but there was always something for the poorer neighbors, and all the crumbs were saved for the sparrows that lived in the gourd vine on the sunny side of the house.

There was one little sparrow who came every morning for his breakfast and then all day fluttered back and forth singing grateful songs to the little old man and the little old woman. One morning when the little sparrow was sitting on the gourd vine preening his feathers, he heard a cruel, hissing voice below him say, "Look at me." The little sparrow knew it was his enemy, Black Snake. He was so terrified that he fluttered up blindly and beat himself against the curtain of split bamboo and caught his leg in one of the cracks. Black Snake reared his great head and was just ready to strike when a kind hand caught the little sparrow and a stone crashed down on Black Snake and made him glide quickly away among the vines. It was the little old man who had heard the hiss just in time. Very tenderly he released his little friend the sparrow, but he found that one of its

legs was broken. Then he carried it into the house and put some moist clay around the broken leg, and the little old woman bound it carefully



The sparrow twittered his thanks to his kind friends

with a bit of cotton cloth. Then they put the little sparrow in a warm corner of the house and cared for him until he was quite well again. When the day came for him to fly, the little sparrow twittered his thanks to his kind friends and

flew far away out of sight. It was several days before he came back; then he told the little old man that the king of all the sparrows wanted to thank him for all he had done, and invited him to a great feast in Sparrowland at the top of the mountain nearby. It was a long journey for the little old man and the little old woman, but they did not want to hurt their little friend's feelings by refusing. So the next morning they started very early and climbed the steep hill to the bamboo forest at the top. There they were met by the king of the sparrows and all his court, who set before them a feast of boiled rice, cress, and cake.

When it was time for them to start home the little sparrow brought them three seeds. "I have not much to give you," he said, "but these are the most precious things I own. I want you to take one and keep it carefully." The little old man and the little old woman chose the smallest seed and thanked the little sparrow and started home. On the way the little old man dropped it. "We must find it," said the little old woman, "for when the sparrow comes again, he will be so disappointed if we tell him we have lost his gift." So though they were very weary they hunted until the seed was found. When they reached home it was very dark, but the little old woman said, "Let us plant our seed, for then there will be no danger of losing it again."

The next morning when they woke they found a new gourd vine climbing almost to the roof of the house. In a few days it bore a beautiful big gourd. "We need a new water bottle," said the little old man, "let us make it from this beautiful new gourd." As soon as the knife touched the gourd it burst open of itself, and to their amazement the little old man found that it was full of money and precious stones and strange, rare silks.

The little old man and the little old woman were so delighted with their riches that they ran out to tell their neighbors, and to give them a share in their wonderful good fortune. Now, next door to the little old man there lived an old man who was cruel and selfish and stingy. When he saw all these riches he began to plan to get them for himself. "If the sparrow brought them to him he can bring them to me," he said. The next day he hid behind the house, and when the little sparrow flew down he threw a sharp stone at it and wounded its leg. Then he went out and pretended great sorrow. He brought it into the house and set its leg, but so carelessly that when it healed it was quite crooked.

The little sparrow flew away as before, and the next day returned and invited the man to a feast in Sparrowland. All happened as before, and when the miser was ready to go home the sparrow brought out three seeds and gave him his choice.

“The larger the seed, the greater the riches,” thought the miser, and chose the biggest of all. When he reached home he planted it by his doorway, and the next morning found a gourd vine on which he found twelve beautiful gourds. “How wise I was,” he said, “to choose the biggest seed. I shall have twelve times as much as my stupid neighbors.”

He picked the biggest gourd and carried it into the house to open it. Crash! the big gourd broke. Crack! Crack! All the other eleven gourds broke at the same moment, and out of them poured hobgoblins and imps and horrid winged creatures, and with shrieking and laughter they picked up the old man and carried him away, and he has never been heard of since. But every spring the little sparrow brings his wife and builds his nest in the gourd vine of the little old man and the little old woman, and their children sing in the sunshine all day long.

SWALLOW, SWALLOW

Swallow, Swallow, neighbor Swallow,
Starting on your autumn flight,
Pause a moment at my window,
Twitter softly a good night.

Now the summer days are ended,
All your duties are well done,

And the little homes you've builded
Have grown empty, one by one.

Swallow, Swallow, neighbor Swallow,
Are you ready for your flight?
Are the little coats completed?
Are the feathered caps all right?

Are the young wings strong and steady
For their flight to warmer sky?
Come again in early springtime.
Until then, good-by, good-by.

LITTLE HEROES IN FEATHERS

IVAN TURGENEV

I was walking up my garden path. My dog ran on before me; suddenly he went slower and crept carefully forward as if he scented game. I looked along the path and perceived a young sparrow, with its downy head and yellow bill. It had fallen from a nest (the wind blowing hard through the young birch trees beside the path) and was sprawling motionless, helpless, on the ground, with its little wings outspread. My dog crept softly up to it, when suddenly an old black-breasted sparrow threw himself down from a neighboring tree and let himself fall like a stone directly under the dog's nose, and, with

ruffled feathers, sprang with a terrified twitter several times against his open, threatening mouth. He had flown down to protect his young at the sacrifice of himself. His little body trembled all over, his cry was hoarse, he was frightened to death; but he sacrificed himself. My dog must have seemed to him a gigantic monster, but for all that, he could not stay on his high, safe branch. A power stronger than himself drove him down. My dog stopped and drew back; it seemed as if he, too, respected this power. I hastened to call back the amazed dog and reverently withdrew. Yes, don't laugh; I felt a reverence for this little hero of a bird, with his paternal love.

Love, thought I, is mightier than death; love alone inspires and is the life of all.

UNDER THE WINDOW IS MY GARDEN

KATE GREENAWAY

Under the window is my garden,
Where sweet, sweet flowers grow;
And in the pear-tree dwells a robin,
The dearest bird I know.

Tho' I peep out betimes in the morning,
Still the flowers are up the first;
Then I try and talk to the robin,
And perhaps he'd chat — if he durst.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.

Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;

One weak chirp is her only note.

Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,

Pouring boasts from his little throat:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

Never was I afraid of man;

Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!

Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,

Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!

There as the mother sits all day,

Robert is singing with all his might:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

Nice good wife, that never goes out,

Keeping house while I frolic about.

Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,

Six wide mouths are open for food;

Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,

Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

WHY THE PEETWEET CRIES FOR RAIN

Long ago when the earth was new the Great Spirit called upon all things that lived to help him. To each he set a task in putting the world to rights. One day he called together all the birds. "To you," he said, "I give the task of

guiding the waters. Show them the thirsty and parched places of the earth, that rivers and streams may run through them and there may be water for man and beast."

The birds rose in the air singing with joy that they were to have a share in bringing gladness to the world. All but the lazy peetweet flew to do the will of the Great Spirit.

"Why should I bother with the waters?" said the peetweet. "I am not thirsty. If men and beasts do not like the parched places of the earth, let them go somewhere else and find water for themselves, or let them wait for rain. Rain water is good enough for them."

Then the Great Spirit spoke sadly: "What you would not give to others shall never be given to you. Never more may you drink of river or lake or stream. Only when the rain falls you may find the pools in the rocky places."

So from that day to this the peetweet flies over lakes and rivers but may never stop to drink, and ever he calls, "Peet, weet!" which in his language means "Rain, rain!"

A BIRD'S EXPERIENCE

I lived first in a little house
And lived there very well;
The world to me was small and round,
And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other;
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from my home
To see what I could find;
I said, "The world is made of leaves,
I have been very blind."

At last I flew beyond the nest
Quite fit for grown-up labors;
I don't know how the world is made,
And neither do my neighbors.

REMORSE

SYDNEY DAYRE

I killed a robin. The little thing,
With scarlet breast and glossy wing,
That comes on the apple tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there,
I only meant to give him a scare,
But off it went — and hit him square.

A little flutter — a little cry —
Then on the ground I saw him lie,
I didn't think he was going to die.

But as I watched him I soon could see
He never would sing for you or me
Any more in the apple tree.

Never more in the morning light,
Never more in the sunshine bright,
Trilling his song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking every summer day,
How never, never can I repay
The little life I took away.

PETITION OF THE BIRDS

Written by Senator George Frisbie Hoar to the
Massachusetts Legislature

To the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, we, the song birds of Massachusetts and their playfellows, make this humble petition. We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people, and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a beautiful song as we flew about the gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for your children, especially your poor children, to play in. Every year we fly a great way over

the country, keeping all the time where the sunshine is bright and warm. And we know that whenever you do anything the other people all over this great land between the seas and the Great Lakes find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same. We know. We know.

We are Americans just the same as you are. Some of us, like you, came across the great sea. But most of us have lived here a long while; and the birds like us welcomed your fathers when they came here many, many years ago. Our fathers and mothers have always done their best to please your fathers and mothers.

Now we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls, who we should think would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear our plumage on their hats. Sometimes people kill us for mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us; as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in a shop window or in a glass case. If this goes on much longer all our song birds will be gone. Already, we are told, in some other countries that used to be full of birds, they are now almost gone. Even the nightingales are being killed in Italy.

Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this and will save us from this sad fate. You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please make another one that no one shall wear our feathers, so that no one shall kill us to get them? We want them all ourselves. Your pretty girls are pretty enough without them. We are told that it is as easy for you to do it as for a blackbird to whistle.

If you will, we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will teach your children to keep themselves clean and neat. We will show them how to live together in peace and love and to agree as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your garden and flower beds—ourselves like flowers on the wing, without any cost to you. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs, and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you. Every June morning when you go out into the field, oriole and bluebird and blackbird and bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you. And when you go home tired after sundown, vesper sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit down on your porch after dark, fifebird and hermit

thrush and wood thrush will sing to you; and even whip-poor-will will cheer you up a little. We know where we are safe. In a little while all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you.

The signers are:

Brown Thrasher	Woodpecker	Chewink
Robert o' Lincoln	Pigeon Woodpecker	Vireo
Hermit Thrush	Indigo Bird	Oriole
Vesper Sparrow	Yellow Throat	Blackbird
Robin Redbreast	Wilson's Thrush	Fifebird
Song Sparrow	Chickadee	Wren
Scarlet Tanager	Kingbird	Linnet
Summer Redbird	Swallow	Pewee
Blue Heron	Cedar Bird	Phoebe
Humming Bird	Cowbird	Yoke Bird
Yellow Bird	Martin	Lark
Whip-Poor-Will	Vcery	Sandpiper
	Water Wagtail	

EASTER SUNDAY

THE SELFISH GIANT

OSCAR WILDE

EVERY afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large, lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach-trees that in the spring time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. "How happy we are here!" they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing there?" he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

“My own garden is my own garden,” said the Giant, “anyone can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself.” So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board —

TRESPASSERS
WILL BE
PROSECUTED

He was a very selfish giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside.

“How happy we were there,” they said to each other.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it, as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. “Spring has forgotten this garden,” they cried, “so we will live here all the year

round." The Snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden and blew the chimney pots down. "This is a beautiful spot," he said, "we must ask the Hail on a visit." So the Hail came. Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in grey and his breath was like ice.

"I cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden; "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none. "He is too selfish," she said. So it was always Winter there, and the North Wind, and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in

his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement. "I believe the Spring has come at last," said the Giant, and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up, little boy!" said the Tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too tiny.



The giant took him gently and put him up into the tree

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy in the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever." He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away, and the garden became winter again. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant strode up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang in it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them around the Giant's neck, and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. "It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye.

“But where is your little companion?” he said — “the boy I put into the tree?”

The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

“We don’t know,” answered the children; “he has gone away.”

“You must tell him to be sure and come here tomorrow,” said the Giant. But the children said they did not know where he lived and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him. “How I would like to see him!” he used to say.

Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge armchair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. “I have many beautiful flowers,” he said; “but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all.”

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvellous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, "Who hath dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

"Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the Giant; "tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him."

"Nay!" answered the child; "but these are the wounds of Love."

"Who art thou?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, "You let me play once in your garden; to-day you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise."

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

THE POND WORLD AND THE WIDE WORLD

Down at the foot of the hill where the willows grew green and thick was a little pond. It was a very little pond, rather muddy and slimy, but it seemed very big and wonderful to the little grubs who lived in the mud under the water-weed roots. They were ugly, muddy-looking little creatures themselves. If you had pulled one out on a water-weed you would probably have thrown it back at once and called it "quite nasty."

The little grubs could not imagine any jollier place than their pond. They swam in and out of the water-weed roots looking for food, or burrowed in the cold mud for naps. Splash! What was that? A great green frog shot down from the surface of the pond, and the little grubs swam off in affright. At last one, a bit bolder than the others, came back. The frog was sitting quietly on a lily root. The grub peeped at him cautiously.

"If you please, Mr. Frog," he asked, "would you tell me where you go when you go out of the world?"

"Out of the world!" cried the frog, puffing out his yellow stomach. "What a question. I suppose you mean out of the pond. The world, my

child, is a great, wonderful place such as you could never, never imagine. It is dry land."

"Indeed," said the grub, "and can you swim about in it?"

"Swim?" said the frog. "No indeed. There is land, but no water, just land and air."

"What is air?" asked the grub.

"I would tell you but you could never understand," answered the frog starting to swim to the top.

"Take me, too," called out the grub, and caught hold of the frog. Swiftly they shot up through the water. Suddenly, splash! the frog jumped out onto a high leaf above the pond. The grub felt sick and dizzy, and he could not breathe. He let go, and down he fell swiftly through the water.

"Horrible," he said to himself. "There is nothing beyond the pond, *nothing*. No one could live there a minute."

He crept back under the roots of the water-weed. Another little grub was just poking out his head. "Good-bye, brother," he said, "I feel very strangely. I am going up to the world the frog talks about. I must leave you," and he began to crawl up a lily stem.

"Don't go," cried the first little grub. "There is no other world. I tried to go with the frog but I nearly died."

But the second little grub only called back, "Good-bye, brother. I'll come back when I am better and tell you all about it." But he never came back.

Then a strange thing happened. One by one the little grubs began to crawl up the stems of the water-weeds, up, up, up till they disappeared, and though the little grub looked and looked for them, they never came back.

"They are quite dead," said the little grub. "If not they would have come back to tell me. Yes, they must be quite dead."

One day the little grub felt strange and sick himself. He could not breathe, and the pond seemed dead and stifling. He wanted to go up, up somewhere, though he did not know where. Slowly he began to crawl up the stem of the water-weed. He felt dizzier and dizzier as he crawled. Sick and faint, he pulled himself up out of the water, and then, clinging desperately to the stem, he fell asleep.

Suddenly there was a little crackling sound. The little grub awoke. "What is happening?" he cried. "I am cracking in two."

Sure enough, a long crack showed down his back; then his outside skin opened. "Why, my clothes are coming off," he cried. Slowly he pulled himself out. How strange! Instead of being short and brown and ugly his body was long

and slender, and as he moved — slowly at first — two pairs of wonderful transparent wings spread themselves in the sunshine. Then he looked



Suddenly one lighted on a leaf near him

about him. Was this the world — this place of dazzling sunshine, blue sky, and wonderful great green plants, a hundred times as large as any water-weed? Around him were darting wonderful creatures slender and delicate like himself. Suddenly one lighted on a leaf near him.

“Welcome, brother!” he cried. “So you have come at last!”

“But I don’t understand who you are!” cried the grub. “And indeed, for that matter, who can I be?”

“Why, I was the grub, your brother. Now I am a dragon fly and so are you. Fly with me. Isn’t it glorious? Come, do not be afraid.” Then they rose together and flew across the surface of the pond.

“Yes, I am a dragon fly,” said the little grub. “How wonderful the world is!” He looked down through the water. Far below he could see some little brown grubs swimming about in the bottom of the pond. “Ah,” he cried, “I will go down and tell them how wonderful this wide world is, and that they will be dragon flies, too. How glad they will be!” He darted down, but, strange to say, the water now made him faint and dizzy.

“Why,” he cried, “I cannot go down. I cannot breathe the water. Oh, I understand now. That is why you never come back. How strange and wonderful it will seem to them when they come, too.”

Then there was a whirring of wings. All around him darted and circled the dragon flies. “Oh!” he cried, “*this* is the world. How beautiful, how beautiful it is!”

A LESSON OF FAITH

MRS. ALFRED GATTY

“Let me hire you as a nurse for my poor children,” said a Butterfly to a quiet Caterpillar, who was strolling along a cabbage-leaf in her odd, lumbering way. “See these little eggs,” continued the Butterfly; “I don’t know how long it will be before they come to life, and I feel very sick and poorly, and if I should die, who will take care of my baby butterflies when I am gone? Will *you*, kind, mild, green Caterpillar? But you must mind what you give them to eat, Caterpillar! They cannot, of course, live on *your* rough food. You must give them early dew, and honey from the flowers; and you must let them fly about only a little way at first, for of course one can’t expect them to use their wings properly all at once. Dear me! it is a sad pity you cannot fly yourself. But I have no time to look for another nurse now, so you will do your best, I hope. Dear! Dear! I cannot think what made me come and lay my eggs on a cabbage-leaf. What a place for young butterflies to be born upon! Still, you will be kind, will you not, to the poor little ones? Here, take this gold-dust from my wings as a reward. Oh, how dizzy I am! Caterpillar! you will remember about the food—”

And with these words the Butterfly drooped her wings and died; and the green Caterpillar, who had not had the opportunity of even saying Yes or No to the request, was left standing alone by the side of the Butterfly's eggs.

"A pretty nurse she has chosen, indeed, poor lady!" exclaimed she, "and a pretty business I have in hand! Why, her senses must have left her or she never would have asked a poor, crawling creature like me to bring up her dainty little ones! Much they'll mind me, truly, when they feel the gay wings on their backs, and can fly away out of my sight whenever they choose! Ah! how silly some people are, in spite of their painted clothes and the gold-dust on their wings!"

However, the poor Butterfly was dead, and there lay the eggs on the cabbage-leaf; and the green Caterpillar had a kind heart, so she resolved to do her best. But she got no sleep that night, she was so very anxious. She made her back quite ache with walking all night round her young charges, for fear any harm should happen to them; and in the morning she said to herself —

"Two heads are better than one. I will consult some wise animal upon the matter, and get advice. How should a poor, crawling creature like me know what to do without asking my betters!"

But still there was a difficulty — whom should

the Caterpillar consult? There was the shaggy Dog who sometimes came into the garden. But he was so rough!—he would most likely whisk all the eggs off the cabbage-leaf with one brush of his tail, if she called him near to talk to her, and then she could never forgive herself. There was the Tom Cat, to be sure, who would sometimes sit at the foot of the apple-tree, basking and warming his fur in the sunshine; but he was so selfish and indifferent!—there was no hope of his giving himself the trouble to think about butterflies' eggs. "I wonder which is the wisest of all the animals I know," sighed the Caterpillar, in great distress; and then she thought, and thought, till at last she thought of the Lark; and she fancied that because he went up so high, and nobody knew where he went to, he must be very clever, and must know a great deal; for to go up very high (which *she* could never do) was the Caterpillar's idea of perfect glory.

Now in the neighboring cornfield there lived a Lark, and the Caterpillar sent a message to him, to beg him to come and talk to her. And when he came she told him all her difficulties, and asked him what she was to do to feed and rear the little creatures so different from herself.

"Perhaps you will be able to inquire and hear something about it next time you go up high," observed the Caterpillar, timidly.

The Lark said, "Perhaps he should"; but he did not satisfy her curiosity any further. Soon afterward, however, he went singing upward into the bright, blue sky. By degrees his voice died away in the distance, till the green Caterpillar could not hear a sound. It is nothing to say she could not see him; for, poor thing! she never could see far at any time, and had a difficulty in looking upwards at all, even when she reared herself up most carefully, which she did now; but it was of no use, so she dropped upon her legs again, and resumed her walk round the Butterfly's eggs, nibbling a bit of the cabbage-leaf now and then as she moved along.

"What a time the Lark has been gone!" she cried, at last. "I wonder where he is just now! I would give all my legs to know! He must have flown up higher than usual this time, I do think! How I should like to know where it is that he goes to, and what he hears in that curious blue sky! He always sings in going up and coming down, but he never lets any secret out. He is very, very close!"

And the green Caterpillar took another turn round the Butterfly's eggs.

At last the Lark's voice began to be heard again. The Caterpillar almost jumped for joy, and it was not long before she saw her friend descend with hushed note to the cabbage bed.

“News, news, glorious news, friend Caterpillar!” sang the Lark. “But the worst of it is, you won’t believe me!”

“I believe everything I am told,” observed the Caterpillar, hastily.

“Well, then, first of all, I will tell you what these little creatures are to eat”—and the Lark nodded his beak toward the eggs. “What do you think it is to be? Guess!”

“Dew, and the honey out of flowers, I am afraid,” sighed the Caterpillar.

“No such thing, old lady! Something simpler than that—something that *you* can get at quite easily.”

“I can get at nothing quite easily but cabbage-leaves,” murmured the Caterpillar, in distress.

“Excellent! my good friend,” cried the Lark, exultingly; “you have found it out. You are to feed them with cabbage-leaves.”

“*Never!*” said the Caterpillar, indignantly. “It was their dying mother’s last request that I should do no such thing.”

“Their dying mother knew nothing about the matter,” persisted the Lark; “but why do you ask me, and then disbelieve what I say? You have neither faith nor trust.”

“Oh, I believe everything I am told,” said the Caterpillar.

“Nay, but you do not,” replied the Lark;

“you won’t believe me even about the food, and yet that is but a beginning of what I have to tell you. Why, Caterpillar, what do you think those little eggs will turn out to be?”

“Butterflies, to be sure,” said the Caterpillar.

“*Caterpillars!*” sang the Lark; “and you’ll find it out in time”; and the Lark flew away, for he did not want to stay and contest the point with his friend.

“I thought the Lark had been wise and kind,” observed the mild green Caterpillar, once more beginning to walk round the eggs, “but I find that he is foolish and saucy instead. Perhaps he went up *too* high this time. Ah, it’s a pity when people who soar so high are silly and rude nevertheless! Dear! I still wonder whom he sees, and what he does up yonder.”

“I would tell you if you would believe me,” sang the Lark, descending once more.

“I believe everything I am told,” reiterated the Caterpillar, with as grave a face as if it were a fact.

“Then I’ll tell you something else,” cried the Lark; “for the best of my news remains behind. *You will one day be a Butterfly yourself.*”

“Wretched bird!” exclaimed the Caterpillar, “you jest with my inferiority—now you are cruel as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more.”

“I told you you would not believe me,” cried the Lark, nettled in his turn.

“I believe everything that I am told,” persisted the Caterpillar; “that is”—and she hesitated—“everything that it is *reasonable* to believe. But to tell me that butterflies’ eggs are caterpillars, and that caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings, and become butterflies!—Lark! you are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, for you know it is impossible.”

“I know no such thing,” said the Lark, warmly. “Whether I hover over the cornfields of earth, or go up into the depths of the sky, I see so many wonderful things, I know no reason why there should not be more. Oh, Caterpillar! it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage-leaf, that you call *anything impossible!*”

“Nonsense!” shouted the Caterpillar. “I know what’s possible and what’s not possible, according to my experience and capacity, as well as you do. Look at my long green body and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and a painted feathery coat! Fool!—”

“And fool you! you would-be-wise Caterpillar!” cried the indignant Lark. “Fool, to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand! Do you not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upward to the mysterious wonder-world above us? Oh, Caterpillar! what comes

to you from thence, receive, as I do, upon trust."

"That is what you call—"

"*Faith*," interrupted the Lark.

"How am I to learn Faith?" asked the Caterpillar.

At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked round—eight or ten little green caterpillars were moving about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage-leaf. They had broken from the Butterfly's eggs!

Shame and amazement filled our green friend's heart, but joy soon followed; for, as the first wonder was possible, the second might be so, too. "Teach me your lesson, Lark!" she would say; and the Lark sang to her of the wonders of the earth below and of the heaven above. And the Caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she should be a Butterfly.

But none of them believed her. She nevertheless had learned the Lark's lesson of faith, and when she was going into her chrysalis grave, she said:

"I shall be a Butterfly some day!"

But her relations thought her head was wandering, and they said, "Poor thing!"

And when she was a Butterfly, and was going to die again, she said—

"I have known many wonders—I have faith—I can trust even now for what shall come next!"

A TIRED CATERPILLAR

C. F. HEMENWAY

A tired caterpillar went to sleep one day
In a soft little cradle of silken grey,
And he said, as he snugly curled up in his nest,
“Oh, crawling was pleasant, but rest is best.”

He slept through the winter long and cold,
All tightly up in his blankets rolled,
And at last awoke, on a warm spring day,
To find that the winter had gone away.

He woke to find he had golden wings,
And so could fly over sticks and things.
“Oh, the earth is nice,” said the butterfly,
“But heaven is best when we learn to fly.”

MAY DAY

THE FAIRY STEEDS

FRANCES G. WICKES

IT was May Day Eve. Down in fairyland there was a whirring and fluttering of wings, and a soft tinkling of fairy voices that sounded like little bluebells ringing in the breeze. "Ho, Peaseblossom! bring the Fairy Queen's May Day mantle," cried the first lady-in-waiting.

In fluttered Peaseblossom bearing the mantle. It was made of cobweb that had been dyed by dipping it in the first rainbow of spring. So dainty it was that it seemed ready to vanish like a bubble blown into the air.

"Now let the keeper of the May Day crown appear!" There was a soft ripple of excitement as the chief keeper of the royal jewels brought in the crown. It had been made by the flower fairies and fashioned like a tiny flower garland. The gold had been taken from the first marsh marigolds and was set with many flower jewels, sapphires gathered from the blue gentians, diamonds of dewdrops that had been touched by fairy wands, emeralds made from the early green

of the woodland moss, all wrought into tiny sparkling flowers.

Then the Queen, attended by her ladies-in-waiting and followed by the keeper of the jewels, who bore the crown, flew to the throne room. There the King, dressed in his most magnificent robes, set the crown upon Her Majesty's head while all the ladies-in-waiting fluttered their wings in admiration.

"Now," cried the King, "all is ready! Call the May Day chariot."

Away fluttered Peaseblossom to the royal stables where the steeds, two magnificent green beetles, were kept. In a few minutes he came flying back in great distress. "Your Majesty!" he cried, "the fairy steeds are gone!"

"Gone!" repeated the King, "gone! It is impossible! Where is the keeper of the royal beetles?"

"Asleep, your Majesty," answered Peaseblossom, "so sound asleep that even I could not waken him."

"Bring him hither," said the King in an awful voice.

"It is the goblins, oh, I am sure it is the goblins!" cried the Queen. "They have thrown goblin sleep-powder in his eyes. I am sure he could not help it. Oh, your Majesty, pray consider the goblins."

“My dear,” said the King, “I believe you are right. Let him be given a bath of sweet fern to undo the work of the goblin powder. Then when the spell is broken, the steeds will return of themselves.”

Two fairies immediately flew to execute the royal commands.

“But, your Majesty,” cried the first lord-in-waiting, “think of the May Day revels. It is now nearing the hour of eleven, and if we do not start within half an hour surely we shall not be in the land of mortals to greet the coming of May Day.”

“’Tis true,” answered the King. “We must be on earth when midnight strikes, for otherwise the goblins would have power to creep into woodland and meadow, and for a whole summer the land would lie beneath their spell.”

“Ah,” sighed the Queen, “think of the barrenness of woodland and meadow which had not been blessed with fairy blessing on May Day Eve!”

“It is quite plain,” said the King, “that, steeds or no steeds, we must start for earth in exactly twenty-four minutes. My dear,” he continued, turning to the Queen, “I think we shall have to dispense with the May Day chariot and take to our wings.”

“Nay, your Majesty,” said Peaseblossom, “you

forget the blessings with which the royal chariot is filled. They must be scattered over the earth. I will fly quick as a spring breeze to the world and back. Perchance by the banqueting place I may find the green beetles' cousins, the black beetles, who often come to have a word with them while we dance in the fairy ring. They are clumsy, but they are kind-hearted fellows and would do their best, I am sure. I will be back before the dandelion clocks have struck the quarter-hour."

"Go!" said the King, and Peaseblossom vanished quick as a passing thought.

Straight to the mortal world flew Peaseblossom. And there, on a bank of softest moss, the fairy banquet was set, but no beetles were to be seen. "Ah," cried Peaseblossom, "what shall I do!"

"What is it, dear Peaseblossom?" asked a soft voice. It was a little Wind Lily that grew by the brook near by.

"Alas," said Peaseblossom, "the fairy steeds have been stolen! How can the King and Queen come to the revels in the May Day car—the wonderful car that bears the seeds of beauty and joy which the fairies scatter over the earth this eve?"

"Oh, Peaseblossom!" said the Lily. "Often I have longed to spread my petals like wings and

fly like a bird into the blue sky. I know I could do it. Touch me with your wand, dear Peaseblossom, and let me fly. Then I will draw the chariot of the fairy Queen." "And I"—"And I"—floated soft voices from the Wind Lilies near by.

Peaseblossom waved his wand, and suddenly the Wind Lilies spread their dainty petals like wings and flew high up in the moonlit sky and away to fairyland.

Just as the dandelion clocks struck the quarter-hour Peaseblossom appeared driving the fairy chariot. Instead of beetles the steeds were eight dainty, winged creatures the like of which no one had ever seen. The fairies laughed with joy, and the fairy bells all tinkled a merry May song.

"Who are you, beautiful creatures?" cried the Fairy Queen, clapping her hands for joy.

"Your Majesty," answered the first, "only an hour ago we were flowers. Now we know not what we are, but we do know that we wish we might always fly as now and always serve your Majesty."

"It shall be done!" cried the Queen. "Every May Day you shall draw the fairy car, and all summer you shall fly over the fields and in the sunny gardens, and mortals shall love you and shall call you—*Butterflies*."

OXFORDSHIRE CHILDREN'S MAY SONG

Old English Country Rime

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Birdies, build your nest;
Weave together straw and feather,
Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Flowers are coming too:
Pansies, lilies, daffodillies,
Now are coming through.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
All around is fair;
Shimmer and quiver on the river,
Joy is everywhere.

We wish you a happy May.

THE ENDLESS STORY

FRIEDRICH WILHELM CAROVE

There was once a child who lived in a little hut, and in the hut there was nothing but a little bed, and a looking-glass which hung in a dark corner. Now the child cared nothing at all about the looking-glass, but as soon as the first sunbeam glided softly through the casement and

kissed his eyelids, and the finch and the linnet waked him merrily with their morning songs, he jumped out of bed and, dressing quickly, ran out into the green meadow. There he begged flour of the primrose, and sugar of the violet, and butter of the buttercup; he shook the dewdrops from the cowslip into the cup of a harebell; spread out a large lime-leaf, set his breakfast upon it, and feasted daintily. Sometimes he invited a humming bee, oftener a gay butterfly, to share his feast; but his favorite guest was the blue dragon-fly. The bee murmured a good deal, in a solemn tone, about his riches; but the child thought that if *he* were a bee, heaps of treasure would not make him gay and happy; and that it must be much more delightful and glorious to float about in the free and fresh breezes of spring, and to hum joyously in the web of the sunbeams, than, with heavy feet and heavy heart, to stow the silver wax and the golden honey into cells.

To this the butterfly agreed, and he told how, once on a time, he too had been greedy and sordid; how he had thought of nothing but eating, and had never once turned his eyes upwards to the blue heavens. At length, however, a complete change had come over him and, instead of crawling spiritless about the earth, half dreaming, he all at once awakened as out of a deep sleep.

And now he could rise into the air and play with the light, reflect the heavens in the bright eyes of his wings, and listen to the soft language of the flowers, and catch their secrets. Such stories delighted the child, and his breakfast was the sweeter to him, and the sunshine on leaf and flower seemed to him more bright and cheering.

But when the bee had flown off to beg from flower to flower, and the butterfly had fluttered away to his playfellows, the dragon-fly still remained poised on a blade of grass. Her slender and burnished body, more brightly and deeply blue than the deep blue sky, glistened in the sunbeam, and her netlike wings laughed at the flowers because *they* could not fly, but must stand still and abide the wind and rain. The dragon-fly sipped a little of the child's clear dewdrops and blue-violet honey, and then whispered her winged words. And the child made an end of his repast, closed his dark blue eyes, bent down his beautiful head, and listened to the sweet prattle.

Then the dragon-fly told much of the merry life in the green wood — how sometimes she played hide-and-peek with her playfellows under the broad leaves of the oak and the beech trees or hunt-the-hare along the surface of the still waters, or sometimes quietly watched the sunbeams as they flew busily from moss to flower, and from

flower to bush, and shed life and warmth over all. But at night, she said, the moonbeams



Then the dragon-fly told of the merry life in the green wood

glided softly around the wood, and dropped dew into the mouths of all the thirsty plants; and when the dawn pelted the slumberers with the soft roses of heaven, some of the flowers looked up and smiled, but most of them could not so much as raise their heads for a long, long time.

Such stories did the dragon-fly tell. And as the child sat motionless, with his eyes shut and

his head rested on his little hand, she thought he had fallen asleep, so she poised her double wings and flew into the rustling wood.

But the child was only sunk into a dream of delight, and was wishing *he* were a sunbeam or a moonbeam; and he would have been glad to hear more and more, and forever. Then as all was still, he opened his eyes and looked around for his dear guest, but she had flown far away. He could not bear to sit there any longer alone, so he rose and went to the gurgling brook. It gushed and rolled so merrily, and tumbled so wildly along as it hurried to throw itself head-over-heels into the river, just as if the great massy rock out of which it sprang were close behind it, and could only be escaped by a break-neck leap.

Then the child began to talk to the little waves and asked them whence they came. They would not stay to give him an answer, but danced away, one over another, till at last, that the sweet child might not be grieved, a drop of water stopped behind a piece of rock. From her the child heard strange histories; but he could not understand them all, for she told him about her former life, about the depths of the mountain.

“A long while ago,” said the drop of water, “I lived with my countless sisters in the great ocean, in peace and unity. We had all sorts of pastimes; sometimes we mounted up high on the crest of

the wave and peeped at the stars; then we sank deep, deep below, and watched how the coral builders work till they are tired, that they may reach the light of day at last. But by and by I longed to go farther and to know all that lay beyond my ocean home. So one day, when the sun rose out of the sea, I clung fast to one of his hot beams, and thought that now I should reach the stars and become one of them. But I had not ascended far, when the sunbeam shook me off and, in spite of all I could say or do, let me fall into a dark cloud. Soon a flash of fire darted through the cloud, and now I thought I must surely die; but the whole cloud laid itself softly down on the top of a mountain, and so I escaped. Now I thought I should remain hidden, when all of a sudden I slipped over a round pebble, fell from one stone to another, down into the depths of the mountain; till at last it was pitch dark, and I could neither see nor hear anything.

“ ‘What,’ thought I, ‘will become of me now? There is nothing here but death.’ Yet soon I knew that all about me were other drops working in the darkness, moistening the dry earth. In the clouds I had learned humility, so now I learned how to work in the darkness and the hidden places. I saw little roots reaching down into the dark earth for moisture from which they could feed the flowers and trees. I learned that

one may find life even in the dark. Then one day I found myself emerging into the free, cheerful air in a tiny woodland spring. Now the brook has tossed me here, and I wait until I am called to something better."

But hardly had she done, when the root of a forget-me-not caught the drop of water by her hair, and sucked her in, that she might become a floweret and twinkle brightly as a blue star on the green firmament of earth.

A-MAYING

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

The end of April had come in Robin Hood's forest. The crocuses were gone, and the cowslips and primroses were showing their yellow heads in the grass. The leaves on the trees were long; even the oaks were thickly enough clad to cast a shade. The young birds were almost large enough to fly, and every morning they woke Marian with their chirping.

"In my father's castle," said Marian, "they are beginning to think of May Day."

"Do you miss May Day?" asked Robin Hood. "Shall we go to Nottingham town and see the celebrations there?"

"Nay, then," said Marian, "let us have our own May-day games, Robin. Much shall sing

for us; George-a-Green shall whistle; Little John shall dance; some of the young men must wrestle; and you and I shall be crowned King and Queen of the May."

"That is a good plan," Robin said.

They were sitting under Robin's favorite oak. Marian was embroidering a green jacket for him, and he had been reading to her from a beautifully illuminated manuscript. Just as he was about to continue, Friar Tuck came hurrying across the clearing, his rosy face beaming with excitement, his plump cheeks shaking at each step.

"Hark you, Robin!" he said; "I have heard that the queen and her ladies, her pages, her guards, and some of the courtiers are to reach Nottingham to-morrow."

"Say you so, indeed?" cried Robin.

"I suppose they will lodge with the sheriff," said Marian, "for none other has so large a house. I warrant his lady will be vastly excited."

"But this is not all," went on Friar Tuck. "The sheriff is anxious that there shall be a splendid May-day celebration for Her Majesty. The great square of Nottingham is not sylvan enough, it seems. Despite the possible danger from us, he says, he intends to hold the games and dancing in the clearing by the yew trees."

"The sheriff knows there is no danger from

us," Robin said. "I am a loyal subject who will always protect my Queen, though I am an outlaw."

"He probably supposes you are as base as himself," remarked Friar Tuck; "but he thinks that with his soldiers and because of the queen, the royal party will be safe."

"Oh!" cried Marian, clapping her hands. "Robin, let us hide in the thick woods about the clearing and watch their games!"

"And give up our own?" he asked.

"No, no; have both!" she said. "Let us see theirs first, and then have our own. As ours will be much better, they should be last."

"You are very loyal to our own, Marian," Robin Hood said, smiling. "It shall be as you wish."

When Robin Hood's bowmen heard that the queen with part of her court was coming to Nottingham, they were much interested. At various times during the next day or two, some of them went in disguise to Nottingham to see what they might of the royal party.

They could scarcely recognize the place. A great triumphal arch had been built at the entrance of the town over the road along which the queen was to pass. It was entirely covered with green boughs, and across the top was the word, "Welcome," made of white roses. There was another arch, in front of the sheriff's house, painted blue

and gold. From the windows of the other houses hung flags and banners—scarlet and purple and crimson. Even the very poor people had managed to decorate in some way. Those who could not afford a banner of cloth had woven mats of rushes to hang from their windows, and had placed green boughs over the doorways.

The clearing by the yew trees was full of busy workmen engaged in making a pavilion of green wood and boughs. In the center was placed the sheriff's own carved chair, over which was draped a robe of ermine. Robin and Marian peeped at it from behind the trees.

“Would you rather be a real queen than Queen of the May?” Robin asked Marian.

“I prefer to be Queen of the Greenwood, as I am,” she replied.

Early on the first of May the queen was awakened by the sound of singing outside the sheriff's house. The people of Nottingham were giving her a May-day greeting. After she had dressed and breakfasted, her white palfrey was brought to the door. It had scarlet trappings, and a bridle decorated with emeralds and jingling with golden bells. The queen wore a pale green robe in honor of the day. After her favorite page, Richard Partington, had helped her to mount, he walked at her horse's head. Then two score horsemen in coats of mail galloped to the front,

while just behind the queen rode half a dozen ladies-in-waiting on brown and black palfreys led by handsome pages. Next came a score of knights beautifully dressed in green; then twenty more horsemen, and, after them, the Lord Sheriff.

All these set off down the road, followed by the bowmen, dancers, and wrestlers who were to provide the entertainment for the queen, and two stout boys carrying the Maypole.

This Maypole was a tall, slim, tapering tree trunk, all trimmed about with green leaves and spring flowers, and with a dozen long green ribbons hanging from the top of it almost to the ground.

The people of the town followed the procession as far as they dared, but as they were not invited to see the entertainment they did not enter the greenwood. When the party had reached the clearing by the yew trees the sheriff assisted the queen to dismount and led her to the chair of state.

Meantime, Robin Hood, Marian, and the bowmen had gathered a few paces distant in the woods. They watched the ladies and courtiers group themselves about the queen, while the guards stood a little farther back.

“Do you see the bowmen, master?” asked Little John. “They are clad just like ourselves, in Lincoln green.”

"The sheriff has a good memory," said Robin Hood.

"I fear that being clad like us will not give them our skill," remarked Little John.

"Hush," said Robin; "the sports now begin."

The Maypole was set up several yards from the pavilion. Then half a dozen men and maidens came forward, and courtesied to the queen; and, each taking one of the long green ribbons, they began to dance. Backward and forward they stepped, the ribbons in their hands, a fiddler making a rude kind of music to which they all kept time.

When the dance was over, the queen applauded, but Marian smiled. She knew that her bowmen could dance more gracefully than that. Then stakes were set up at one end of the clearing, and some young men threw quoits. This game did not interest the queen particularly, for she was too far away to see when the quoits encircled the stakes. After that, other young men wrestled, and again Marian smiled as she thought how much more skillful the men of the greenwood were. Last of all, the twenty men in green stepped forward.

"These, Your Majesty," said the sheriff, "are the best bowmen in the country, bar none."

At that Robin shrugged his shoulders. "In faith, that is hard to bear!" he said.

"Nay, then, Lord Sheriff," said the queen. "I did not know you had the best archers in England."

“Your Majesty shall judge,” replied the sheriff.

A row of targets was set up at one end of the clearing, and the twenty archers stepped forward and raised their bows. They had been practicing diligently and they shot well, most of them coming within the bull’s eye.

“Well done!” cried the queen. “But the sport has been very short. Have you anything more to show me, my Lord Sheriff?”

“I had thought that more would tire Your Majesty,” replied the sheriff.

“Nay, then, I would gladly see more,” said the queen; “but since there is no more, I thank you heartily for the pleasure you have given me and my court.”

At this moment Robin Hood stepped forward. He was clad in his usual Lincoln green, and wore, in honor of the day, a long mantle embroidered in gold. He fell on one knee before the queen.

“Whom have we here?” said she.

“Your Majesty, a most loyal subject,” he replied, “who craves leave to show you some May-day sport.”

“Gladly,” said the queen.

Robin Hood waved his hand, and his hundred bowmen marched two and two out of the woods and took their places, bows raised, before the targets at the end of the clearing.

The queen's men looked at one another uneasily, and felt for their weapons.

"Fear nothing!" cried Robin Hood loudly. "We are loyal men."

Then Marian, all in white, rode forward on her white palfrey. She dismounted at the pavilion and bowed low to the queen.

"Come you here, my pretty child," said the queen, "and sit on the footstool at my feet."

While Marian obeyed, a band of dancers came from the woods, Little John at their head, carrying a Maypole. It was far more beautiful than the sheriff's pole, for it was covered with the rarest of wild flowers and little delicate ferns. The long ribbons which hung from it were decorated with shining gold coins.

The dancers stepped before the queen and did a morris dance, weaving backward and forward, leaning and turning as lightly as if the green grass had been a waxed floor.

As they danced, they sang this song:

Trip and go, heave and ho,
Up and down, to and fro;
From the town to the grove,
Two and two let us rove.

A-Maying, a-playing,
Love hath no gainsaying.
So trip and go, trip and go,
Merrily trip and go.

“Wonderful dancing!” cried the queen.
“Again!”

After the dance had been repeated, six wrestlers took their places and showed their skill. Next six tumblers performed most difficult feats of tumbling and leaping. Lastly, after the queen had applauded, Robin Hood called his archers.

“Your Majesty,” he said, bowing low to the queen, “my Lord Sheriff has shown you what his archers can do. Give me leave to present mine.”

“Let the men shoot,” said the queen. “Archery is my favorite sport, as it is the king’s.”

Robin Hood whistled. At the signal, the archers came forward, and ranged themselves in front of the pavilion. He whistled again, and they got into position and lifted their bows. At the third whistle, they sped their gray-goose shafts, and at once the bull’s-eye was full. Again Robin whistled, and this time each archer split an arrow.

Then Robin took his bow, and stepping a little to one side, shot diagonally, sending an arrow through three of those quivering in the bull’s-eye.

The queen rose and extended her hand. “My good subject, this is unbelievable,” she said. “Accept this gold ring as a token of my favor.”

Robin took off his embroidered mantle.

“Your Majesty,” he said, “if you will accept this mantle in return.”

The queen took it, and then handed him the



“Accept this gold ring as a token of my favor”

ring. Meantime, the sheriff was looking uneasily at Robin. He did not know whether or not he dared tell the queen who Robin was.

“And now, my good subject,” said the queen, “tell me your name, that I may speak of you and your wonderful shooting to my lord, the king.”

“Your Majesty,” he said, “have I your good leave to depart unscathed, I and all my men, and with your good favor, whoever I am?”

“Assuredly, since you are my true subject,” she replied.

“Then, Your Majesty, I stand here, Robin Hood, outlaw of Sherwood Forest.”

At that the courtiers and men-at-arms put their hands on their weapons. One or two took a step forward. The ladies clung together in fear. The queen grew pale; then she turned to her followers and said; “Silence, all! Make no movement. Do not harm this man.”

“Humph!” whispered Little John. “’Tis more like that we could harm them.”

“Your Majesty,” said one lord, “do you not know that there is a price on this man’s head—the king has commanded—”

“Sir,” cried the queen, “you forget yourself! While the king is at war, as he is now, I am king. I command that this man, to whom I have given my word, shall go free.”

Robin Hood took Marian’s hand, and led her to

her palfrey. He beckoned his men to withdraw into the wood. Then he turned to the queen.

“Your Majesty,” he said, “do you wish now to take back your ring?”

“Nay,” said the queen, “a gift is a gift, and you are a true subject. Yet come not near my court again, Robin Hood. I may not always have the power to protect you. And now farewell.”

Robin Hood bent and kissed her hand, then turning his back on all that silent company took his way to his own green kingdom. He spoke not at all, but the others were merry, especially George-a-Green, who whistled and danced, and Much, the miller’s son, who sang this song:

Joan, to the Maypole along let us on,
The time is swift and will be gone;
There go the lasses, away to the green,
Where their beauties may be seen.



MOTHERS' DAY

THE WONDERFUL CAP THAT MOTHER MADE

A Swedish Tale

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy named Anders, who had a new cap. And a prettier cap you never have seen, for mother herself had knit it; and nobody could make anything quite so nice as mother could. It was altogether red, except a small part in the middle which was green, for the red yarn had given out; and the tassel was blue.

His brothers and sisters walked about looking at him, and wonderfully grand they thought him. He put his hands in his pockets and went out for a walk, for he wished everybody to see how fine he looked in his new cap.

The first person he met was a farmer walking along by the side of a wagon loaded with wood. The farmer made a bow so deep that his back came near breaking. He was dumbfounded, I can tell you, when he saw it was nobody but Anders.

“Dear me,” said he, “if I did not think it was

the little prince himself! Would you be pleased to ride in the wagon?"

But when one has a pretty red cap with a blue tassel, one is too fine to ride in a wagon, and Anders walked proudly by.

At the turn of the road he met the tanner's son, Lars. He was such a big boy that he wore high boots, and carried a jackknife. He gaped and gazed at the cap, and could not keep from fingering the blue tassel.

"Let's trade caps," he said. "I will give you my jackknife to boot."

Now this knife was a very good one, though half the blade was gone and the handle was a little cracked; and Anders knew that one is almost a man as soon as one has a jackknife. But still it did not come up to the new cap which mother had made.

"Oh, no, I'm not so stupid as all that; no, I'm not!" Anders said.

And then he said good-by to Lars with a nod; but Lars only made faces at him, for he had not been to school much, poor boy; and, besides, he was very much put out because he could not get the fine new cap which Anders' mother had made.

Anders went along, and he met a very old, old woman who courtesied till her skirts looked like a balloon. She called him a little gentleman,

and said that he was fine enough to go to the royal court ball.

"Yes, why not?" thought Anders. "Seeing I am so fine, I may as well go and visit the King."

And so he did. In the palace yard stood two soldiers with shining helmets, and with muskets over their shoulders; and when Anders came to the gate, both the muskets were leveled at him.

"Where may you be going?" asked one of the soldiers.

"I am going to the court ball," answered Anders.

"No, you are not," said the other soldier, stepping forward. "Nobody is allowed there without a uniform."

But just at this instant the princess came tripping across the yard. She was dressed in white silk with bows of gold ribbon. When she saw Anders and the soldiers, she walked over to them.

"Oh," she said, "he has such a fine cap on his head, and it will do just as well as a uniform."

And she took Anders' hand and walked with him up the broad marble stairs where soldiers were posted at every third step, and through the beautiful halls where courtiers in silk and velvet stood bowing wherever he went. For no doubt they thought him a prince when they saw his fine cap.

At the farther end of the largest hall a table was set with golden cups and golden plates in

long rows. On huge silver dishes were piles of tarts and cakes, and red wine sparkled in shining glasses.

The princess sat down at the head of this long table under a beautiful blue canopy with shining stars on it; and she let Anders sit in a golden chair by her side.

“But you must not eat with your cap on your head,” she said, putting out her hand to take it off.

“Oh, yes, I can eat just as well,” said Anders, holding on to his cap; for if they should take it away from him nobody would any longer believe that he was a prince; and besides, he did not feel sure that he would get it back again.

“Well, well, give it to me,” said the princess, “and I will give you a kiss.”

The princess was truly beautiful, and Anders would have dearly liked to be kissed by her, but the cap which mother had made he would not give up on any condition. He only shook his head.

“Well, but see,” said the princess; and she filled his pockets with cakes, and put her own gold chain around his neck, and bent down and kissed him.

But he only moved farther back in his chair and did not take his hands from his head.

Then the doors were thrown open, and the King entered with a large number of gentlemen in

glittering uniforms and plumed hats. The King himself wore a purple mantle which trailed behind



“But surely you would like to change caps with me”

him, and he had a large gold crown on his curly hair.

He smiled when he saw Anders in the gilt chair, and said, “That is a very fine cap you have.”

“So it is,” replied Anders. “Mother knit it of her very best yarn, and everybody wishes to get it away from me.”

“But surely you would like to change caps with me,” said the King, raising his large, heavy crown from his head.

Anders did not answer. He sat as before, and held on to his red cap which everybody was so eager to get. But when the King came nearer to him, with his gold crown between his hands, then Anders grew frightened as never before. If he did not take good care, the King might get his cap; for a King can do whatever he likes.

With one jump Anders was out of his chair. He darted like an arrow through all the beautiful halls, down all the marble stairs, and across the yard.

He twisted himself like an eel between the outstretched arms of the courtiers, and over the soldiers' muskets he jumped like a little rabbit.

He ran so fast that the princess's necklace fell off his neck, and all the cakes jumped out of his pocket. But his cap he still had. He was holding on to it with both hands as he rushed into his mother's cottage.

His mother took him up in her lap, and he told her all his adventures, and how everybody wanted his cap. And all his brothers and sisters stood around and listened with their mouths open.

But when his big brother heard that he had refused to give his cap for the King's golden crown, he said that Anders was stupid. Just think how much money one might get for the King's crown; and Anders could have a still finer cap.

That Anders had not thought of, and his face

grew red. He put his arms around his mother's neck and asked:

"Mother, was I stupid?"

His mother hugged him close and kissed him.

"No, my little son," said she. "If you were dressed in silver and gold from top to toe, you could not look any nicer than in your little red cap."

Then Anders felt brave again. He knew well enough that mother's cap was the best cap in all the world.

I LOVE YOU, MOTHER

JOY ALLISON

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said little Nell,
"I love you more than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan.
"To-day I'll help you all I can."
To the cradle then she did softly creep,
And rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she took the broom
And swept the floor and dusted the room.
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as a child should be.

“I love you, mother,” again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think the mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

THE LITTLE BROWN HERB

Little Hans was a shepherd boy who tended the king's sheep. He lived with his mother in a little brown house with a little gay garden about it. All that Hans and his mother owned was the little brown house and the little gay garden and one little white goat; but the little white goat gave them milk, and the little gay garden gave them vegetables, and the little brown house gave them a home. So they were very happy, even though they were poor.

Every morning Hans drove the king's herds to the green Rhine valley and watched them all day, and every night he drove them back. When he was gone the good mother swept and dusted and baked and spun and sewed, and when Hans came back at night he milked the goat and weeded

the garden and brought in wood and water. Now, who could be happier than Hans and his mother?

When winter came the little brown house was a snug, cosy place until the mother fell ill. She could not leave her bed. An old, old woman who lived near by came in to take care of her. "Will she not be well soon?" asked little Hans.

The little old woman shook her head. "There is only one thing that can cure her," she answered. "It is the little brown herb that grows on top of the mountain. No one can get it now, for the mountain is covered with ice and snow."

"I will get it," answered Hans, and he put on his snowshoes and kissed his mother good-by and set off up the mountain.

It was a bitter day. The wind whistled about him. The cold nipped him with cruel fingers, the snow drifted about him and almost buried him, but still Hans climbed on. Once or twice when the savage winds nearly blew him over, he thought of turning back. "I must go on," he cried. "I must find the brown herb."

When he was nearly at the top he saw a little hollow at one side of the path, and there was growing the most beautiful flower that he had ever seen. It had white petals like pearls, and its heart glowed like a great diamond. "It is far better than an herb," he thought, and would

have turned aside to pick it when another thought came to him. "But it is only the herb that can make mother well. I must find the brown herb first."

Then he pushed on and at last reached the very top. The wind blew great swirls of snow in his face so he could hardly see, but he hunted about until at last he found, on the very topmost peak, a little brown herb. "Now," he thought, "mother will be well. I will pick the flower for her too as I go down."

But when he came to the place where the flower had been, there was no flower, but only a little brown dwarf. "Good day, Hans," said the little brown dwarf. "Come in, I've been expecting you." He knocked on the snowdrift, and at once a door opened and Hans saw before him a cavern piled with diamonds and emeralds and rubies. They sparkled so that the cavern was bright as day.

The dwarf brought out a stout little sack. "Help yourself, my boy," he said. "You may have all you want. I ask nothing in payment but the little brown herb."

"That you cannot have," answered Hans, "for all the jewels in the world, for it is the brown herb that will make my mother well."

"So!" said the little dwarf. "If that is the case I think I must send a present to your mother

too." He disappeared in the cave and soon came back with the stout little sack full of jewels. "Take these to your mother, Hans, but tell her



The little brown dwarf knocked on the snowdrift

I cannot give her anything so good as the kind little son that is hers already."

Then suddenly the dwarf and the cave disappeared, and Hans was alone in the snow, but in

one hand he still held the herb and in the other the little bag of jewels.

Then he slid down the mountain on his snowshoes and ran to his mother. "Mother," he cried, "I have the herb and a present that the mountain dwarf sent you."

The little brown herb made the mother well again, and the dwarf's present was changed for a fine herd and warm clothes and a present for the old, old woman besides.

So tell me, if you can, who could be happier than Hans and his mother?

MOTHER SPIDER

FRANCES G. WICKES

It was a beautiful day in midsummer. The meadow was alive with busy little people moving about in the bright sunlight. A long line of ants came crawling down the path, carrying food to their home under the elm tree. Hopping along through the grass came an old toad, blinking in the warm sun.

Just a little higher up, the bees were buzzing as they flew from flower to flower. And in the clear blue sky above a robin was calling to his mate.

After a while, Mother Spider came hurrying down the path. Straight ahead she went, looking neither to the right nor to the left. In her mouth she held a little white bag.

Just then a big black beetle came rushing down the path. As Mother Spider was going in front of Mr. Toad, the beetle bumped against her and knocked the bag out of her mouth.

In an instant Mother Spider pounced angrily upon him. Though she was much smaller than the beetle, she tumbled him over upon his back. Then Mother Spider quickly took up her bag and hurried away through the grass.

"Well, I never!" said Grasshopper Green, who was playing seesaw on a blade of grass.

"No, nor I," grumbled Mr. Beetle, as he wriggled back to his feet. "I didn't want her bag. She needn't have made such a fuss just because I happened to stumble against her."

"She must have something very fine in that bag," said Grasshopper Green. "She was so frightened when she dropped it. I wonder what it was." And he balanced himself on his grass blade until a stray breeze blew him off.

Not long after this, Grasshopper Green started out for a little exercise before breakfast. Just as he reached the edge of the brook, he saw Mother Spider coming slowly toward him. She no longer carried the little white bag, but he could see that she still had something on her back.

"Good morning, neighbor," called Grasshopper Green. "Can I help you carry your things?"

"Thank you very much," she said, "but they would fall off when you give your great jumps."

"They!" cried Grasshopper Green in great surprise. And then, as he came nearer, he saw that the things on Mother Spider's back were wee baby spiders.

"Don't you think they are beautiful children?" the proud mother asked. "I was so afraid that something would happen to my eggs that I never let go of the bag they were in, except once, when that stupid Mr. Beetle knocked it out of my mouth."

"O ho," said Grasshopper Green, "so that was what frightened you, was it? That bag was full of eggs! And now you are carrying all those children on your back. Doesn't it tire you?"

"I don't mind the weight," said Mother Spider, "if only the children are well and safe. In a little while, you know, they will be able to run about by themselves. Then we shall be very happy here in the meadow grass. Oh, a family like this is well worth the trouble, neighbor."

"Yes," said Grasshopper Green, "I have a dozen wee boys of my own at home. And that reminds me that it is time to go home to breakfast! Good-by, Neighbor Spider."

So home he went. And happy Mother Spider kept on her way to find a breakfast for the babies she loved so well.

OUR MOTHER

GEORGE COOPER

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
 Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
 Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
 Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
 But only one mother the wide world over.

MEMORIAL DAY

THREE IN A GULLY

ARTHUR WILLIS COLTON

THERE was a long row of cottages above the beach, and beyond the beach was the sea, and then the sea forever, except for Lackland Island, floating, a mile offshore, like a waterlily. At evening we came to the colonel's porch to see how all was glorified; and little Peggy McLean sighed for satisfaction, and said, "Now tell us about heroes."

"Ah, the heroes!" said the colonel, a gentlemen through and through, and therefore not afraid to reveal his sentiments; "there were enough of them:

"How many, and how many,
Whose souls went up to God
On the slopes of the Alleghany
And beside the old French Broad!

But not all heroes. Some died because they were afraid."

Old Judge Dudley, all huddled up with rheumatism, although his eyes were yet clear and keen, crept tremulously across to the colonel's cottage when he saw the gathering, because he

liked to see what was going on and hear the talk.

“I believe you, colonel,” said the judge then. “That’s a historic country, the Tennessee Valley and northward. I’m Connecticut-born. I like to see any man smack of his soil and believe it’s the best place on God’s earth. Yes, sir, I like that.”

Peggy McLean, who was chewing taffy, opened her sticky mouth and again demanded heroes. And the colonel told his tale, pulling his gray mustache whenever the story moved him, and looking down on the shiny sea where the surf murmured.

“Now, Peggy, you can’t have all heroes; just some common folk among them; same as if you suck taffy all the time, some day you’ll despise taffy surprising. But taffy is good and heroes are good, but not all the time.”

He whistled reflectively, and Peggy looked at the taffy, feeling herself to be a sinner. The colonel went on gently:

“I’m not saying anything of heroes to-day, only a couple of common men and a dog, I being one. I was one of the men, Peggy, not the dog. He was just a pup, but he was clever. And I’m not to tell you about battles and campaigns, though there is one thing about campaigns, judge, that only the poor soldier understands. It is this: that his legs are so tired it makes the heart

sick to think of. I am to tell of something near by and after a battle, namely of Lookout Mountain, to the south in Tennessee, which you've all been badgered into learning at school, I reckon, and have your own ideas about.

"I'd like you to notice that it's a powerful steep mountain to climb, and it's risky getting down in a hurry. And maybe you remember that we Confederates had to get off the top on account of the Federals coming up the other side and acting like hornets. That was surely a fact.

"They say the retreat was orderly as could be, considering the ground; but in some places it was scattery, and besides, when the top was lost it was no good waiting, and one might as well be at the bottom in a hurry. Just how it happened, and so unnoticed, I don't know; but the roar of the musketry and the trampling and the high wind were great; and going somewhat to the southward, though not thinking to be far apart, I fell over a log and into a little thicket of brambles on a slope that dropped off at the end with a plunge.

"It was all done quickly and too quietly in the uproar; and after that I had nothing more to do with the battle of Lookout Mountain, or of Missionary Ridge, either, though I remember the low moan of the cannonading throughout the next two days somewhere off to the east. There was a little brook going somewhere near us in the

gully, and that and the cannonading were both sleepy sounds. I can shut my eyes and hear them now. The cannons say, 'Oh, oh, oh,' and the brook says, 'Oo, oo, oo!'

"So I was not wounded at the battle of Lookout Mountain like a soldier and a gentleman, but fell into a gully out of foolishness and broke my leg.

"The gully was a slit cut in the face of the mountain, the sides of it steep and stony, and perhaps forty feet high; and it was a twisted gully, so that I could not see far above or below, and I lay as if in a hole in the ground.

"I don't know what happened first after the plunge, only I reckon to have hit my head somewhere and fallen in a heap at the bottom, and there I found myself after a time, crumpled up and bumped all over, and my leg one big pain.

"I didn't care for anything else just then, for in the first place it is not interesting when your men are going the wrong way. If they had been going up instead of down I should have been hot to be with them, but as it was I only wanted someone else to fall into the gully and set my leg. I thought maybe someone else would, and I shouldn't have minded advising him to fall some other way from the way I fell. I was all ready to own up it was a poor way.

"The cracking of the rifles went on irregularly — sometimes a roar, and then only here and there.

But the trampling and shouting were dying away down the mountain, so I knew that no friends of mine were any longer near. Next I heard an odd sound for that place, the barking of a dog; and then a sound that was in that place a common one and much to be expected, the sharp cry of a wounded man on the rocks above.

“He came straight down with a thud and a roll, but he was in no shape to set my leg, though he fell right near. He was hurt in the shoulder or chest, but I could not tell how badly. He lay white and still, the blood running across his hand, and I knew it was my job to do for him, Federal or not. Federal he was, and a small man and young, in a blue coat.

“That common little pup kept yelping on the rocks overhead to show he was interested, and presently he tried to pick his way down, and slipped and slid and yelped louder on account of losing skin. Then he came along the bottom, snuffing at the little Federal and looking kind of put out when he saw what shape he was in. But he seemed kind of glad to find I was tolerably alive, and snuggled up to me. He sniffled and moaned all the time, and looked at the little Federal, seeming to say, ‘My, ain’t that too bad!’

“So there we were, we three ordinary folks, whom the great war had thrown aside and left in a kind of wrinkle of an old mountain; just as

when a sea more than commonly high throws some bits of weed up the beach there, and goes off again leaving them, and they don't seem of much importance to anybody. That was the way we felt, the pup and I, of not much importance to anybody; and the little Federal, he didn't have any opinion at that time. He didn't come around for some while, and we were glad when he did, the pup and I.

“The little Federal straightened himself out slowly, looked at the blood running across his hand and blinked at it. Then he saw me and the pup and smiled. I reckoned he thought it was all ridiculous, and I agreed with him there, but maybe he just meant to be polite. He certainly was polite.

“‘What's up?’ he asked; and I said there wasn't anything up; it was all down, and our luck was at the bottom. It made me mad to see him so cheerful when he hadn't any real excuse for it. But he smiled again and then closed his eyes.

“I judged he was faint, and that I ought to be doing something; so I crawled toward him, though it took a deal of grunting to drag a redhot leg; and the damp came out on my forehead.

“He opened his eyes and asked what was the matter.

“‘Leg.’

“‘Jinks, old man,’ he said, ‘I'm sorry!’

“The shot was high up in his chest, and I didn’t rightly know what lay around there inside. I didn’t see much to do without water, and it was a good fifty feet over the rocks to the pool of the brook.

“‘Water?’ he said. ‘That’s so. I’m horrid thirsty. Are you? Why, you can’t get down there, and I can’t. But there are lots of ways to do things.’

“Then it struck me I’d heard Yankees were full of tricks, and forever inventing and figuring. So I kept quiet and watched the little Federal.

“He tried to sit up; it made him cough and struggle in his throat, but I helped him, and he propped himself against a stone. Then he fished in his pocket and pulled out about six hardtacks, which he laid on the ground and started fishing again. Hardtacks are common soldiers’ rations, and they’re nourishing; but you need blasting powder to eat them with. There’s no water in hardtacks.

“I thought it was my turn, and showed a canteen — that’s a flat leather bottle. There was no water in that, either, but it seemed to please him and he settled down to think about it, whistling and looking up to where the pine trees met overhead, and then down over the boulders to the glint of the pool just showing above them. He didn’t seem to take to anything till he lit on the

dog, and then he brightened up and chuckled. 'He isn't much to look at,' he said.

"That was an idea which had struck me, too. The pup was sort of dirty and grayish in color, and he sidled around when you looked at him as if he were embarrassed.

" 'Wonder what's his name. Tommy! Hi!'

"The pup sidled around himself and whirled his tail in a manner that might be called excessive, seeming to signify that 'Tommy' was a good enough name for him; but probably he was only pleased to be recognized.

" 'Tommy will do,' said the little Federal. 'Now then, you toss your canteen and see if he'll fetch it.'

"And Tommy didn't wait to be told. He went for that canteen like a lost brother. And then I saw the little Federal's idea; and you wouldn't think it, but while we were interested in the subject there weren't any happier people in the state of Tennessee than the pup, the little Federal and I. I lay back and laughed; it seemed amusing even to have a red-hot leg; the little Federal chuckled and coughed and choked, and the pup pranced around as if he expected Christmas all the year.

"I threw the canteen down by the boulders and Tommy brought it up. Then I took a long aim and scaled it over the top of them, so that

it fell in the pool, and Tommy went after it with enthusiasm and stayed some time.

“There was a black-headed kingfisher on a tree way up above, and he came down lower and appeared to be making comments on Tommy; but we didn’t make out what they were, only we judged afterward he was calling Tommy two or three kinds of idiots. Then Tommy came back with the canteen wrong end up and the water all run out, having taken it by the nearest end, which happened to be the bottom.

“The little Federal said he was disappointed in that dog; but I told him we mustn’t have family quarrels, and he said that was all right.

“At the next throw the canteen hit a boulder, but it bounced off into the water, and the pup brought it up sideways in his mouth and about half-full. So we allowed it was innocence and not malice that made him spill things.

“It was getting toward night and dusky in the gully. We moistened hardtacks and ate them; at least I did, and the little Federal some. But he was in bad shape, though he said nothing; and I could only wash off his wound and tie something over it. I didn’t know what might be hit inside him, and I didn’t like talking of it, either, judging he wasn’t good for long, by his fever and the choking in his throat.

“We neither of us brought up any very serious

matters—nothing much even about the war, except that he wanted to argue Tommy was a Union dog, and I was ready to stand out he was Confederate—and I stand to it yet—it wasn't likely a dog of Union opinions would be loose in southern Tennessee; but we compromised, and allowed he might be neutral on account of his innocence.

“It seems strange that two alone in the night, in the midst of armies and likely about to die, should have nothing much to say, nothing of any importance. But I reckon we did some hard thinking. Tommy was like the little Federal in this, that while conversation was going on he kept his manners up to their level best and banged his tail cheerfully; but when nothing was being said he drooped and got low in his mind.

“It grew cold in the gully and the stars came out in patches of sky between the pines; we got close together, with the pup, rather shivery, between us.

“Oh, it was cold that night! Sometimes it makes one bitter and discontented with the world to think of such times, the pain and weariness of it all. But that won't do, and besides, it's no use. The little Federal, he had the right idea about it; he thought on the whole it paid to stay game.

“It was late in November—the twenty-fourth,

I think. The sky was clear as glass; but the trees were mostly pine and spruce, which don't shed their leaves, and so made it dark in the gully — made it seem that there was only one cold and dark place in the world, the rest of it sparkling with stars; and that one place had been picked out and we dumped into it to get along as best we could. There wasn't much to do about it. It was a hard night, and we'll let it go at that.

"The morning came at last, light in the gully but not much warmth. Still there was no wind down there, though the trees were swinging and creaking above in the forest. The batteries began softly and far away, and we knew the battle was up once more. Once more, and how often after no one knew then.

"The little Federal's face looked peaked and hollow in the gray light, and showed what the night had been to him. I didn't like his looks.

"There were three hardtacks left, and the pup was persuaded to get more water. The little Federal didn't seem interested. He said, 'You'll eat 'em all, Johnny'; and I asked, 'Why?'

"'Well,' he said, 'I can't. Besides I'm going to peter out pretty soon and they won't do me any good.'

"Somehow it seemed, then, that we had lived together a long time, the pup and the little Federal and I. The lumps came up in my

throat and made me nervous, and I said, 'Don't you do it'; which, seeing he wasn't dying in the



"If you get a chance I'd be glad if you'd drop a line to my people; let 'em know how it was"

least because he wanted to, was idiotic enough; but he was that polite he didn't say so.

"'Shucks,' he said, 'I sha'n't make any fuss. I'm going easy. If you get a chance I'd be glad if you'd drop a line to my people; let 'em know how it was. Somebody'll be along by and by,

and you and Tommy can whoop for 'em. And then you'll be a no-'count captive, Johnny, and go up North till properly exchanged, and hear yourself called a not-to-be-mentioned rebel; that's what you will.'

"And I knew all this was his way of saying he meant to stay game, and advising me to do similarly; though that isn't saying those predictions were not strictly correct, for it all happened to me after in precisely that way.

"I reckon maybe the little Federal wandered some that morning in his mind; and what he said, being sort of half-conscious, belonged to his private affairs, which we're not inquiring into now and were none of my business then. But I have one curious thing to mention, that he seemed to know accurately when his moment had come, which, I should judge, was an hour before noon.

"He opened his eyes, and smiled at Tommy and me, and said something. I listened and he said it again: 'I must go now. See you later, maybe.'

"And as near as I could make out he went right then.

"By and by patches of sunlight dropped into the gully, and one moved across his face. It was an ordinary enough face, only I say it belonged to a very decent sort of a man, and a gentleman altogether.

“Well, it was lonesome for Tommy and me. My broken leg began to get back on me in a hot fever, and it occurred to me maybe I’d go out of my head with the fever without letting his people know how it was. So I took the canteen and cut in the leather side of it, ‘Billy Ames, 14th Mass.’

“But after a while that didn’t seem enough, so I worked at it a bit more and cut, ‘He was the right kind,’ which I thought put things accurately enough in a general way.

“Then I didn’t see any more I could do. I fell to having dreams, and thinking I was somewhere else; yet I heard through them all the sleepy sounds of the brook and the cannonading, and Tommy, lying beside me, he was sleepy too.

“It was late in the afternoon. Tommy began to yelp, and I made shift to sit up and shout, but I reckon it was only Tommy made any noise to speak of.

“There was trampling around and calling overhead, and at last they came down a distance up the gully—a Federal sergeant and some men detailed to look for wounded. They seemed to take things in and didn’t ask questions, considering I was more or less wandering.

“But I recollect the sergeant reading, ‘Billy Ames, 14th Mass. He was the right kind,’ and saying he’d see the canteen through to Massachusetts; and I do recollect, too, how Tommy

followed us out of the gully very low in his mind, with his tail between his legs, and nobody noticing him. I don't know where he went any more than where he came from, but I'll say for him that he was a well-meaning dog.

"And I recollect going down the mountain, carried somehow, but I don't remember how, and seeing in the distance the town of Chattanooga, and by it the shining loop of the river. And that was all."

.
 Peggy McLean's mouth was wide open, and astonished, and sticky. "My!" she said, "weren't there any heroes?"

"Not this time, Peggy," said the colonel. "You can't have 'em all the time. We were three ordinary folks."

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Under the one, the Blue,
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

"HALF A LEAGUE ONWARD"

GRACE S. RICHMOND

The major stood erect, supported by one crutch. The other crutch was being waved in the air, as by one who orders on a throng of fighting men. From the major's lips issued subdued but passionate words:

“Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring th' gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All th' world wonder'd:
Plunged in th' batt'ry-smoke
Right thro' th' line they broke;
Cossack an' Russian
Reel'd from th' sabre-stroke
Shatter'd an' sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not—”

The boy's voice wavered. Uncle Arthur saw him put up a thin hand and wipe his white little brow. Major David's plays were always intensely real to him.

“*Not—the six hundred,*” he murmured, and sank down on the window seat, gazing mournfully out over the square. But in a moment he was up again.

“Cannon to right of 'em,” he began again, sternly “Cannon to left of 'em—”

Uncle Arthur listened, regardless of his writing.

What is a Memorial Day address beside the charge of the Light Brigade?

It was only two days after this that David's mother summoned his four uncles to a conference. David had no father. There was a granite boulder up in the cemetery which, ever since David was four years old—he was ten now—had been draped once a year with a beautiful silken flag. All the Thorndyke men had been soldiers, and David's father had died at the front, where the Thorndyke men usually died. It was a matter of great pride to David every year—that silken flag.

It was a hasty and serious conference to which Mrs. Roger Thorndyke had summoned her uncle and three brothers. She felt the need of their counsel, for she had a grave question to settle.

"It's just this," she told them, when she had closed the door of Arthur's study, where they had assembled. "You know how long we've been hoping something could be done for David, and how you've all insisted that when Doctor Wendell should decide he was strong enough for the operation on the hip-joint we must have it. Well, he says a great English surgeon, Sir Edmund Barrister, will be here for just two days. He comes to see the little Wellbridge girl, and to operate on her if he thinks it best. And Doctor Wendell urges upon me that—it's my chance."

She had spoken quietly, but her face paled a

little as she ended. Her youngest brother-in-law, Stuart, the cadet, himself but recently out of the hospital, was the first to speak.

“When does he come?”

“To-morrow.”

“Great guns! The little chap’s close up to it! Does he know?”

“Oh, no! I would n’t tell him till it was all arranged. Indeed, I was n’t sure whether—”

“You’d better tell him at all? Yes, you had, Helen; the boy must n’t stand up to be fired at blindfold.” This was from Captain Stephen, the only one of the four soldiers in active service.

“You all think it’s best to have it done?”

“Why, it’s as Wendell says; now’s the chance to have the best man in that line. Of course it must be done.” This was Stuart again. The cadet lieutenant had already acquired the tone of command—he was an excellent cadet lieutenant.

But Mrs. Thorndyke looked past Stuart at her Uncle Chester, Colonel Thorndyke, Civil War veteran. It was upon his opinion that she most relied. He nodded at her.

“He’s right, Nell,” he said. “It’s our chance. The boy seems to me to be in as good condition for it as he’ll ever be.” He spoke very gently, for to his mind rose the vision of a delicate little face and figure, frail with the frailty of a child who has been for six years a cripple.

So it was decided that the great surgeon should see David upon the morrow, to operate upon him if he thought it wise, as the local surgeon, Doctor Wendell, was confident he would. Then arose another question. Who should tell David?

"Somehow I think," said Mrs. Thorndyke, looking from one to another of the four who surrounded her, "it would be easier for him from one of you. He thinks so much of your being soldiers. You know he's always playing he's a soldier, and if — if one of you could put it to him — in a sort of military way —"

She stopped, for this time her lips were really trembling. They looked at one another, the four men, and there was not a volunteer for the task. After a minute, however, Arthur, lifting his eyes from the rug which he had been intently studying, found the others were all facing toward him.

"You're the one," said Captain Stephen Thorndyke.

"I think you are," agreed Colonel Chester Thorndyke.

So, although Arthur protested that he was not as fit for the mission as any of the others, they would not let him off.

"You're the one he swears by," Stephen said, and Stuart added:

"Put on your old khaki clothes, Art; that'll

tickle the major so he won't mind what you tell him."

It was a suggestion which appealed to the young clergyman as he lay awake that night, thinking how he should tell the boy in the morning. It seemed to him somehow that it would take the edge off the thing if he could meet David in the old uniform which the child was always begging to see.

Just before he fell asleep he thought of the Memorial Day address which he should have to make. Memorial Day was but a week away. Meanwhile—there was David.

When the boy came into the study, the next morning, on his crutches, he found a soldierly figure awaiting him. He saluted, and the tall corporal returned the salute. The deep eyes of the man met the clear, bright ones of the child, and the corporal said to the major:

"I am ordered to report to you, sir, that the enemy is encamped on the opposite shore, and is preparing to attack."

Half an hour afterward Mrs. Thorndyke came anxiously to the door of the study. Hearing cheerful voices within, she knocked, and was bidden to enter.

Her first glance was at little David's face. To her surprise she saw there neither fear nor nervousness, only an excited shining of the eyes and an

unusual flushing of the cheeks. The boy rose to meet her.

"I'm ready, mammy," he announced in his childish treble. "Uncle Arthur says I've got my chance to prove I'm a soldier's son and a Thorndyke, and I'm going to do it. The enemy's encamped over in the hospital, and I'm going to move on his works to-day. I'm going over with my staff. I'm going to wear my uniform, too—may I?"

The oddness of the question, made in a tone which dropped suddenly and significantly from the proud address of the officer to the humble request of the subaltern, brought a very tender smile to Mrs. Thorndyke's lips, as she gave her brother a grateful glance. "Yes," she said, "I think you certainly ought to wear your uniform. I'll get it ready."

"I may be taken prisoner over there," the little soldier pursued, "but if I do, Uncle Ar—the corporal says that's the fortune of war, and I must take it as it comes."

All the way to the hospital, that afternoon, David said over to himself the lines of his favorite poem:

"Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in th' valley of Death
Rode th' six hundred. . . ."

As he went up the hospital steps, tap-tapping on his crutches because he would not let anybody carry him, the situation seemed to him much better. He stopped upon the top step, balanced himself upon one crutch, and waved the other at his staff—and at the “Six Hundred,” pressing on behind.

“‘Forward th’ Light Brigade!
Charge for th’ guns!’ he said. . . .”

“What’s the little chap saying?” Uncle Chester murmured into the ear of Uncle Arthur, as the small figure hurried on.

“He’s living out ‘The Charge of the Light Brigade,’” Arthur answered, and there was no smile on his lips. Uncle Chester swallowed something in his throat.

It may have been a common thing for the hospital nurses and doctors to see a patient in military clothes arrive accompanied by four other military figures—the uniforms a little mixed; but if they were surprised they gave no sign. The nurse who put David to bed wore a Red Cross badge on her sleeve—hastily constructed by Doctor Wendell. This badge David regarded with delight.

“Why you’re a real army nurse, are n’t you?” he asked, happily.

“Of course. They are the kind to take care of soldiers,” she returned. And after that there was a special bond between them.

A number of things were done to David. Then Doctor Wendell came in and sat down by the high white bed, and with a reassuring smile at his patient, gave him a few brief directions. The corporal took David's hand in his, and held it with the tight grip of the comrade who means to stand by to the last ditch.

“Forward, th' Light Brigade!
Was 'ere a man dismay'd?
Not though the soldier knew
Someun had blunder'd. . . .”

“God forbid!” murmured the corporal, as the words trailed slowly out into the air from under Doctor Wendell's hand.

“Theirs not to make reply —
Theirs — not — to — reason — why —
Theirs — but — to — do — an' — die — ”

The corporal set his teeth. Presently he looked across the bed and met the eyes of the major's mother. “So far, so good,” he said, nodding at her, as the small hand in his relaxed its hold.

“Talk about sheer pluck!” growled Captain Stephen Thorndyke, in the waiting-room, where he and Colonel Chester and Cadet Stuart were marching up and down during the period of suspense.

“It's that ‘Charge of the Light Brigade’ that floors me,” said Stuart. “If the youngster'd just whimper a little; but to go under reciting,

‘Theirs not to make reply — ’” He choked, and frankly drew his gray sleeve across his eyes.

“It’s the Thorndyke spirit,” said Colonel Chester proudly. “He’s Roger’s boy, all right.”

It was four or five days later before Doctor Wendell would begin to speak confidently. Through it all, the words of the “Charge” beat in Arthur Thorndyke’s brain till it seemed to him that if David died he should never hear anything else. For they were constantly on the boy’s lips. And all the time Memorial Day was coming nearer, yet he had not had time to prepare his Memorial Day address.

Finally, on the morning of Saturday, Arthur said to David, “Major, this is the day for you to say the last lines. You know this afternoon the ‘Six Hundred’ are going by. You’ll hear the band play, and Uncle Chester and Uncle Stephen will be marching in the ranks. Stuart and I will be there too, somewhere, and I think, if we can just prop you up a little bit, you’ll be able to see at least the heads of the men. And you can salute, you know, even if they can’t see you.”

“After the procession are you going to speak to them?” asked David.

“After some sort of fashion I’m going to open my mouth,” he said. “I hardly know myself what will come out. All I do know is, I never

had quite so much respect for the courage that faces the cannon's mouth as now. And it's you, major, who are the pluckiest soldier I know."

He smiled down at the white little face, its great gray eyes staring up at him.

"Uncle Arthur — but — but — I was n't plucky — all the time. Sometimes — it hurt so I — had to cry."

The words were a whisper. But Uncle Arthur still smiled. "That does n't count, major," he said. "Now I must go. Watch for the band."

Away in the distance, by and by, came the music. As it approached, mingled with it David could hear the sound of marching feet. His mother and the Red Cross nurse propped up his head a very little, so that he could see into the street. Louder and louder grew the strains, then stopped. The drums beat. A shout broke upon the air; it was a cheer. It took words, and swelled into David's room; but it was a gentle cheer, not a vociferous one. It was given by Lieutenant Roger Thorndyke's company. And the words of it were wonderful:

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah — comrade!"

David lay back on his pillow, his face shining with happiness. He would never forget that these soldiers of his father's regiment had called him comrade.

An hour afterward they came in together, his four Thorndyke soldiers, in their uniforms—all



“'Rah, 'rah, 'rah—comradel”

but Uncle Arthur, who, because he was a clergyman, and had had to make a speech, had felt obliged to put on a frock coat.

“Here’s the fellow who’s been worrying over his Memorial Day address!” cried Uncle Stephen, proudly.

“It was a rousing good one,” declared Stuart.

“Never heard a better,” agreed Uncle Chester. “He’s gone ‘half a league onward,’ if the rest of us have stood still.”

“Don’t you believe them, major,” he said softly. “I could have done it much better if I could have worn my corporal’s uniform.”

FLAG DAY

OUR FLAG

MARY HOWLISTER

THERE are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag in any land
Like our own Red, White, and Blue.
I know where the prettiest colors are,
I'm sure if I only knew
How to get them there, I could make a flag
Of glorious Red, White, and Blue.

I would cut a piece from an evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through,
And use it first as it was on high,
For my stars and field of Blue.
Then I want a piece of a fleecy cloud,
And some red from a rainbow bright,
And I'd put them together, side by side,
For my stripes of Red and White.

Then "Hurrah for the Flag!" our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars, too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

THE LITTLE JOHNNY REB

FRANCES G. WICKES

“Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.”

The clear childish voice rang out on the soft spring air. Uncle Henry looked up from his task of mending the faded old flag—the flag that he had followed in many a battle. The red stripes were dulled and the blue dimmed, but the flag seemed more beautiful every year.

The singing stopped abruptly. “What were you thinking of, Uncle Henry?” asked the small singer, quick to notice the interrupted work and to scent the possible story.

“That song,” said Uncle Henry, “always makes me think of the time I saluted the Confederate flag.”

“You saluted the Confederate flag! Why, Uncle Henry!” The tone was full of incredulity. Then curiosity overcame even disbelief. “Tell me about it,” he asked.

“Yes,” said Uncle Henry, “it makes me think of the time I saluted the Confederate flag—and I was a man fighting for my country at the very time.

“It was at the battle of Fredericksburg. The Johnny Rebs were on top of a little hill overlooking the river and we were coming across to

rout them out, and in the meantime we were bothering them quite a bit with shot and shell which we were sending on ahead of us. There was a mist so it was hard to see what we were doing, but we knew from the sounds that we had stirred them up quite a bit.

“Our company was a little in advance of the rest of the column and we got up the hill while the Johnny Rebs were still in fighting trim, and the first thing I knew I felt a queer hot feeling in my right leg, and down I went. I rolled a bit, and when I stopped, there I was right in a trench the Johnny Rebs had just left, with two or three wounded Johnnies beside me.

“It was not a pretty sight, I’ll tell you. There was one fellow there with an arm that was never going to count for much as an arm again; and another was barking in a queer hoarse voice, ‘Water! Water!’ Just that he said, ‘Water!’ over and over again. Then you could hear the same cry coming from the trench all around—just ‘Water! Water!’ I felt for my canteen but, worse luck, it was empty.

The Johnny Rebs had pushed back a bit and the wounded had this trench all to themselves. I was beginning to feel pretty parched and dry myself when I heard a faint cheering. I forgot the shot and shell that was coming all about us and raised up a little to look over the side

of the trench — for it was n't like the ones you read about now, but just a shallow ditch dug out in a hurry by the hard-pressed Johnny Rebs.

“A young man from the Confederate lines was running straight toward us. In one hand he held his flag and in the other a number of empty canteens. ‘I'll get you some water, boys,’ he cried. All in a moment he'd laid his flag down tenderly on the side of the trench — the Johnny Reb side — and was running off down the hill to the river, straight to where the Federal troops were crossing for their charge up the hill.

“I never prayed for a soldier as I prayed for that plucky Johnny Reb. He was only a boy — he did n't look more than sixteen or seventeen — and I knew he must be a color bearer. Well, he'd borne the colors of courage straight to the enemy's lines.

“I strained my eyes after him, but the mist was rolling in thick from the river and he had only run a little way before it swallowed him up. It seemed an age while we waited. Then suddenly I saw him coming, running straight out of the mist and followed by the shot and shell. Just as he got to the edge he cried out, ‘My regiment! They are retreating!’ and then his eyes fell on the flag. He forgot I was a Fed and just knew I was a soldier too. He grabbed my arm and gave

a kind of cry, 'Oh!' he said, 'they've forgotten the *flag!*' You could see how he felt. They'd left him—he'd probably be taken—that did n't matter, but they'd left the flag and with it the honor of the regiment.

"He made one jump and grabbed his flag, and then ran from one wounded man to another, raising each one and pouring some water down his throat. He handed a canteen of water to me, 'Take it and help those men if you can make it. Good luck to you,' he said. Then he raised his flag and started after his regiment. He had gone just a little way when suddenly over the brow of the hill came a company of Federal soldiers. 'Halt and surrender!' cried the leader, 'or we fire.'

"The boy stood there with his head thrown back. He was all alone, a hundred guns were pointed at him and his regiment was only a cloud of dust in the distance.

"'Surrender,' said the captain.

"'Never,' was the answer, 'never while I have the colors.'

"For a moment there was silence you could seem to hear above the sound of the distant shooting. Then the captain spoke again. 'Down with your arms, men. Don't shoot that brave boy!'

"A shaft of light struck through the fine mist

enveloping the boy and his flag, and before I knew it my hand went up, and as the color bearer marched off I saluted a Johnny Reb and his flag.



The boy stood there with his head thrown back

“The next thing I knew I woke up in a hospital bed — somewhere way off I could hear some men singing, ‘Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,’ and that song was all mixed up with the sun shining down on the little

Johnny Reb who was ready just to toss away his life for a sick comrade or for the honor of the flag.

“Sometimes I think that’s as near as we’ll come to seeing the glory of the Lord in this world — just to see the glory of honor and courage and just to know how to follow our flag.”

Uncle Henry paused and picked up the faded flag. Suddenly Robert rose to attention.

“Three cheers for our flag,” he said, “and three cheers for the little Johnny Reb.”

THE LITTLE VICTOR

DOROTHEA LAY

Six-year-old Bobby Downing ran out to the road and looked expectantly toward the village green. In the distance he heard a faint thud, thud, thud. Bobby knew that sound well. For days the soldiers had been marching through the little town on their way to the fighting line in the South. Bobby ran up the road a little way, then stopped and watched the slowly moving line of men. As it disappeared, he turned and caught sight of his father coming down the road. He ran toward him, calling out happily, “Here comes Daddy. O Daddy! Did you bring it? Did you bring it?”

“Yes, son, I have it. No, don’t poke. I’ll

give it to you. Here it is. Now, sir, run along and play."

Mr. Downing's voice was bright as he pulled out of his pocket the pretty little American flag and toy cannon, but his face was white, and for a second he grasped the child close to him.

Bobby was kiting down the road toward Rollie's house before you could say "Jack Robinson." Bobby found his friend, and as they had the afternoon's battles and parades all planned, they soon began work. First they had a big parade, and marched way along the road to the place where Sister and Alice were waiting in a newly fixed-up hospital. Bobby used his harmonica and Rollie banged on the drum for music. Then finally with a long-drawn-out note on the harmonica the parade ended.

At last war began. Bobby and Rollie entered into the spirit of the fight with almost the intense-ness of their older brother soldiers, and the two girl nurses ministered to their ghastly wounds and broken limbs with the care and gentleness they had so often seen used by their mothers at home. The battle was real to them, as real as that other great battle was to all people. They were excited, hot, and tired when Mother's startling call broke in on the fighting.

"Bobby, Bobby, come here. Bring Rollie with you."

The two boys had one last good firing, the little American flag still holding its place of distinction on Bobby's fort—and then they ran! Bobby grabbed his flag and cannon, but his legs were so short and his arms so chubby that the slender flag soon slipped out and fell in a sad little heap on the dusty road.

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All was excitement in Bobby's home that evening. The time had come. His father was called to the front! Mrs. Downing quietly moved to and fro arranging clothing, encouraging her husband, and seeing to the evening meal, while Bobby jumped about asking questions and trying to help.

Robert Downing slipped out of his house next morning and with a farewell glance at his wife and children waving to him from the vine-covered doorway, turned abruptly down the road. As he turned the first curve he suddenly spied something lying on the road. He hastily bent over and picked up a dusty little cloth attached to a stick. There were the red and white stripes and the stars on the blue field. Old Glory! Bobby's flag! Turning for one more glance at his home he tenderly folded it and laid it away in his pocket, then hastened on his way.

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The worst heat of the summer hung over the battle field, and one by one the men, fighting

desperately, weakened and fell. Downing, still on the field unhurt, glanced about him. Despair seized him. So few men could never win — why should *he* go on? He fell back an instant as if to escape. Unexpectedly a picture of the last morning at home arose in his mind. He saw Bobby's flag lying in the dust; involuntarily he put his hand in his pocket. There it was! For Bobby and his country he *must* win! The next instant he was pushing forward, encouraging the man nearest him. That was what the flag meant. *It* encouraged men. *It* taught men to win, and it taught them to die fighting if winning was impossible.

With one hand clutching the little flag Bobby's father staggered blindly on. Suddenly a piercing pain shot through his arm. Slowly he moved — and slower; then quietly crumpled on the field.

A few hours later Bobby's father opened his eyes. Some one was bending over him. An agony of pain shot through his shoulder. The surgeon spoke, "Courage, man, we've won the battle and we'll save you." Again all was darkness and depths. Minutes passed. Then slowly his eyes opened. His shoulder was quiet. He tried to move and stifled a moan. He stared straight ahead. Half consciously his eyes fell on the foot of his cot. Time passed and still he stared. There lay a battered, bloody remnant of

Old Glory. He half perceived it and named it.
"Little Victor" came through parched lips.

A SONG FOR OUR FLAG

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A bit of color against the blue—
Hues of the morning: blue for true,
And red for the kindling light of flame,
And white for a nation's stainless fame.
Oh! fling it forth to the winds afar,
With hope in its every shining star!
Under its folds, wherever found,
Thank God, we have freedom's holy ground!

Don't you love it, as out it floats
From the schoolhouse peak, and glad
 young throats
Sing of the banner that aye shall be
Symbol of honor and victory?
Don't you thrill when the marching feet
Of jubilant soldiers shake the street,
And the bugles shrill, and the trumpets call,
And the red, white, and blue is over us all?

INDEPENDENCE DAY

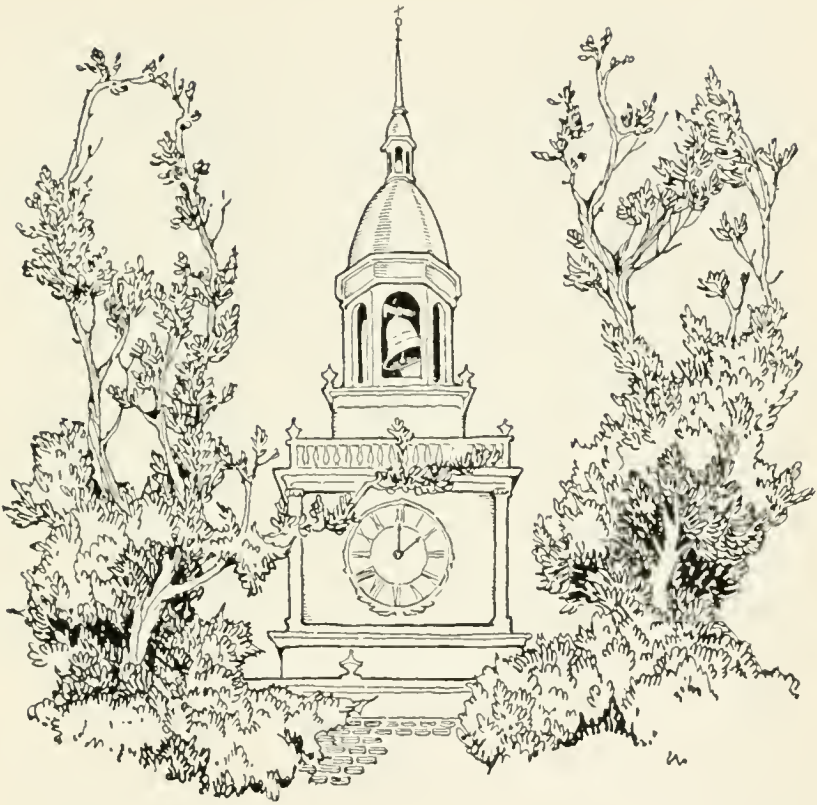
THE FIRST INDEPENDENCE DAY

JAMES BALDWIN

ON the fourth day of July [1776] there was a great stir in the town of Philadelphia. Congress was sitting in the hall of the State House. The streets were full of people; everybody seemed anxious; everybody was in suspense.

Men were crowding around the State House and listening. "Who is speaking now?" asked one.





“John Adams,” was the answer.

“And who is speaking now?”

“Doctor Franklin.”

“Good! Let them follow his advice, for he knows what is best.”

Then there was a lull outside, for everybody wanted to hear what the great Doctor Franklin had to say.

After a while the same question was asked again: “Who is speaking now?”

And the answer was: “Thomas Jefferson of

Virginia. It was he and Franklin who wrote it."

"Wrote what?"

"The Declaration of Independence, of course."

A little later some one said: "They will be ready to sign it soon."

"But will they dare to sign it?"

"Dare? They dare not do otherwise."

Inside the hall grave men were discussing the acts of the King of England.

"He has cut off our trade with all parts of the world," said one.

"He has forced us to pay taxes without our consent," said another.

"He has sent his soldiers among us to burn our towns and kill our people," said a third.

"He has tried to make the Indians our enemies," said a fourth.

"He is a tyrant and unfit to be the ruler of a free people," agreed they all.

And then everybody was silent while one read: "We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, solemnly publish and declare that the united colonies are, and of right ought to be, *free and independent states.*"

Soon afterward the bell in the high tower above the hall began to ring.

"It is done!" cried the people. "They have signed the Declaration of Independence."

"Yes, every colony has voted for it," said those

nearest the door. "The King of England shall no longer rule over us."

And that was the way in which the United States came into being. The thirteen colonies were now thirteen states.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

JULIA WARD HOWE

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening
dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps;

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished
rows of steel:

"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you
my grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me,
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make
them free,
While God is marching on.

THE ENFIELD ENLISTMENT

HOLMAN P. DAY

The last echo of the twelve strokes of midnight from the bell of the Union Meeting-House had hardly died away on the slopes of White Oak Hill when a stir began in the village of Enfield.

There were sly squeaks of the hinges of back doors. Muffled voices sounded under the trees

in the orchards, at the front yard gates, and in the misty gloom along the streets. Somewhere the noise of a fire-cracker broke the hush of the July night. Then came a sound like the dragging of a stick along a picket fence.

"If old Judson is sleeping in the meeting-house that first fire-cracker woke him up," said a tall boy.

"We're not going to bother with the meeting-house bell this year," said another. "The first thing is to get into Emery's strawberry patch while it's dark."

"You want to remember old Crossett," said another. "He's been bragging that he'll shoot any one he catches in his garden. Let's pull up his pea-vines this year and drape 'em over his front door before it's any lighter."

"Well, come along," ordered the tall boy. "All those who have made cheap talk about the boys in this place being rowdies will be sorry. We'll fix 'em all this Fourth."

At that moment a shout of "Ready! Play!" broke upon the night. Two fifes, a snare-drum and a bass drum replied with the stirring strains of what was known in Enfield as "Ain't ye so happy, hurrah, hooray!"

Considerably astonished, the little army of boys crowded to one side to watch the approaching group. They recognized the man marching ahead

as Captain Mark Sawtell, commander of the Enfield Grand Army Corps. They knew those who followed him, too. On each breast a Grand Army badge glittered in the starlight. Captain Mark wore his sash, and the others were belted as if for parade.

“What’s it for, Captain Mark?” shrilled one of the boys.

“Fourth of July is n’t it?” bellowed the captain, without turning head or eyes. “Form in column of four behind the band—all you boys! Forward, march!”

They fell into step with the merry marching music and swung away across the square and up through the village.

In five minutes it seemed to the boys entirely natural that the old soldiers should be out parading at that hour of the morning. Many queer things were done on the Fourth of July, and the boys had long been accustomed to engage in any sort of hoodlumism.

“So the old duffers are beginning to see how much fun they’ve been missing,” said one boy to another.

The music was so inspiring that they hardly noticed when they left the street and swung across greensward. Into the wide-open doors of a big barn tramped the leader, followed by the “band” and the little army of boys.

“Halt!” The stamp of feet and the music ceased.

“Parade rest! At ease!”

Two of the men shut the big doors at Captain Mark’s order, and lighted several lamps.

“There’s nothing like doing things secretly on Fourth of July night, Captain Mark,” called one of the boys significantly. It seemed as if they were being taken into some roguish plot, and they were delighted.

“Right you are,” the Captain replied sociably. “What folks don’t know won’t hurt ’em.”

He mounted a grain-box in the end of the barn, and gazed serenely over his audience.

“Well, boys,” — he changed his tone suddenly — “what’s on for to-night? There’s been so much ‘fun’ around here — as you call it on Fourth of July — that we old codgers thought we’d like to get into the game. Now what’s the first thing on the docket?”

They looked at him with some embarrassment, for his tone seemed a bit suspicious.

“Why, you can’t have finished all the good things last year — let’s see! There were Emery’s strawberry plants that you pulled up, after the poor old fellow had about broke his back over ’em all spring. Then there was the big cracker that you set inside the blind at Widow Snell’s and that smashed the window and lit on the bed

in the front room, and nigh burned the house down. There was Simmons's Jersey calf that you lowered down the dry well. She missed the point of the joke, poor thing, because she got tangled in the rope and hanged herself. Now what have you planned for this year? Speak up!"

"I see what you're driving at, Captain Mark," said one of the older boys, "but it has always been reckoned by us that there are things you *can* do on the Fourth of July that you *can't* do any other time, and that you have a right to do them."

"Just what I was coming at," said the captain. He reached behind him and pulled down the end of a hose that was coiled over a wooden spindle on the barn wall.

"Now if I should turn on this hose which is connected with the big firetank on top of my barn, and squirt on you until you did n't know whether you were hornpouts or boys, it would be all right as you figure it, hey, it being the Fourth of July?"

"You would n't pen us in here and do that, would you?" gasped the spokesman.

"It being Fourth of July, and it being right to do things that are n't right any other times, what's the matter with the old folks havin' a little fun at the expense of the young ones for a change? For the last five years," the captain

continued angrily, "you have been abusin' the people of this village, abusin' the privileges that your elders allow you as boys, abusin' the Fourth of July, a day that was n't born out of the blood and patriotism and sufferings of our forefathers to be made an excuse for the doings of hoodlums. There's no one that likes a hurrah for his country better than I do, but when it comes to setting firecrackers under the windows of poor sick folks or under the chairs of feeble old men sunning themselves in their dooryards, I say it's time to call a halt. I'm ashamed of such hoodlums as you've shown yourselves to be in this village."

In the glimmer of the lantern light Captain Mark's face seemed ferocious. The boys stared at him sullenly or with frightened appeal.

"Boys," he said in a more kindly tone, "I've got you in a tight place. If I had brought you here just to get even with you for the things you have done to the people in Enfield village, I could have fixed you and your pockets full of firecrackers so that the Fourth of July would have been a solemn day hereabouts. And I would have been backed up by every parent in this place. You see now that the old folks can make the Fourth of July a pretty tough holiday if they set out to, but I am going to think twice, and I'm afraid you've never stopped to do

that. I'm going to coil this hose back on the spindle, and I'm going to make you a proposition which I think you ought to listen to pretty attentively."

He came down and stood among them.

"I'm recruiting a Fourth of July army. There's work ahead of that army for the next twelve hours. It's going to be a lively campaign, but when you're mustered out you'll be glad you served. Are you with me?"

The hearty comradeship in the invitation seemed to impress them. The grateful relief they felt when he put up the hose was still apparent in their faces.

"Music!" cried the captain. In a moment the fifes and the drums made the big barn echo with the stirring strains of "Yankee Doodle."

It needed only the spur of the music to win the boys. With the instant enthusiasm of the young they crowded round, crying their assent.

"Up with your right hands," he shouted.

"I promise," he dictated, "to serve loyally in Sawtell's Enfield Eagles till mustered out, and to obey my commanding officers."

They took the oath in shrill chorus.

"I'm captain," he said. "Now I'll appoint my officers. We have n't any time for a regular election."

He selected two lieutenants and the proper

“non-coms,” including a color bearer, into whose charge he gave a flag.

“Now I want you all to understand one thing,” said the captain gravely, “you are regularly enlisted men. Perhaps short furloughs can be arranged for, but deserters will be hunted down and brought here and locked up in my box stall.”

Until the dawn showed gray in the east windows of the big barn, the captain drilled them, marching and countermarching to the rattle of the drums. At last Captain Sawtell rolled open the wide doors.

“Soldiers,” he said, “there is fighting to be done. There are several bands of enemies round here, and I shall depend upon my scouts to find them for me. Now I am going to issue ammunition, and then we shall march.”

He pointed to the four old men of the fife and drum corps who were issuing from a shed, their arms full of pitchforks and axes.

“I’ve been planning to equip this army for some time,” said the captain dryly. “The parents have been willing to lend weapons.”

The boys gazed at one another with curious expressions, but as soon as the fifes and drums led away, they swung into line behind the colors and went marching across the pasture toward the Sawtell beechwoods.

Captain Mark halted them in a little clearing

and established headquarters, posted guards and detailed foragers.

"You'll find the folks in this section well inclined towards Sawtell's Eagles," he said with a sly grin.

He opened a huge wallet and drew out many strips of cotton sheeting, on which were printed the words:

SAWTELL'S INVINCIBLE EAGLES

A detail affixed one of these strips to each boy's arm.

Some boys returned who had been previously sent out, and whispered to the captain.

"Soldiers," he said, "my scouts bring me news of the presence of the enemy. We are about to go into action. After reconnoitering I intend to charge with music."

The landscape appeared wholly peaceful. On the slope across the narrow brook stood the cottage of the Widow Snell.

"Soldiers," the captain cried, "a pile of unfitted wood in a widow's dooryard is an enemy. My scouts have discovered one yonder there. Advance colors! Charge!" He ran ahead as nimbly as his age would permit. The fifers and drummers followed, playing, "Up boys, and at 'em! Hurray, hurrah!"

With a chorus of laughter and yells of applause,

the boys rushed forward. When they came sweeping up the slope into the widow's doorway, she stood on the stoop, aghast and trembling.

"Don't be scared, Mrs. Snell!" cried the captain. "Into it, Eagles! Saber 'em! Saber 'em!" He danced around flourishing his drawn sword. Chips flew and the saw passed from hand to hand as the boys struggled good-naturedly for its possession. In a short half-hour it was all over. As the last armful was being carried into the shed, scouts came up to the captain and reported that another detachment of the enemy had been discovered in Farmer Johnson's hayfield. There was a spirited charge on the haycocks, and in a twinkling of the eye they were opened to the sun.

Down through the village of Enfield swept the victorious Eagles, their scores of willing hands performing a task here, a chore there, for the old people of the place, who had been striving feebly to do the work for themselves.

At noon the secret of all the hurrying and bustling of burden-carrying women toward the town hall was explained. Captain Mark proudly marched his little army down the street and up the broad stairs into the hall. The galleries were crowded with fathers and mothers. All the pretty girls of the village were standing beside loaded tables, each girl with a red, white, and

blue liberty cap on her curls. And never did boys who sat at table have better things to eat or better appetites.

The first selectman made a speech from the platform—a speech to make eyes shine and throats choke, and also to make hearts swell proudly.

At last Captain Mark Sawtell rose and said:

“I reckon I kept my word with you soldiers when I said you’d be glad you enlisted. I’m proud of you. It’s been victory all along the line, and now I muster you out with—”

But the Eagles all rose and shouted:

“We won’t be mustered out! The war won’t be over for a long time!”

Captain Mark looked at their eager faces and then ran his gaze along the crowded gallery, his eyes blinking curiously.

“Fellow citizens,” he said, his voice choking a bit, “have n’t we an army to be proud of in this place?”

The applause that roared out replied to that question in a way that made the Eagles bow their reddened faces, but they lifted them to join in the chorus when all the people sang, “We’ll rally round the flag, boys!” the fifers almost bursting their cheeks and Simon Dudley pounding the bass drum until the town hall windows rattled in their frames.

THE BOY AND THE MARQUIS

A Tale of Lafayette

ABBIE CARTER GOODLOE

Monsieur le Marquis had travelled far that day of mid-May in the year of grace 1825. It was a day for which even a marquis should be grateful—a day of blue skies and wild, fresh air with a hint of summer heat in it, of tender green on tree and turf, of soft shadows and ceaseless song of birds.

Monsieur le Marquis had traveled far, but he was not tired, and he had even left his magnificent barouche, drawn by four prancing white horses and gaily decorated with rosettes and intertwined flags of France and America. Then he had pressed ahead on horseback with a few of his gentlemen, leaving the heavy carriage and the more indolent of his escort to follow at leisure.

The road wound like a fawn-colored ribbon through the forests of Kentucky oak and walnut, past broad fields of the beautiful hemp faintly fragrant in the tepid heat, beyond rich meadowlands where the blue grass waved in luxuriant profusion; sometimes it passed in sight of the swift Kentucky River, sometimes by colonial mansions set far back in avenues of elms or beeches, and at last it led into the flourishing town of Lexington.

And at every moment the wonder and delight

of Monsieur le Marquis increased. All this richness and fertility and beauty of landscape was a revelation to him; and best of all, in some sort it seemed to belong to him. Could this be the land which fifty years before he had left home and family and courtly ease to fight for, to give his youth, his genius, and his wealth to preserve and free? For, in truth, Monsieur le Marquis was none other than Monsieur le Marquis de Lafayette, come, at the nation's request, to revisit the scenes of his youthful valor.

And at the nation's request every city and village and hamlet was doing honor to the great guest. His journey was one uninterrupted series of civic banquets, balls, parades, triumphal arches, patriotic toasts and songs until, had Monsieur le Marquis not possessed the constitution of a soldier and a politeness inherited from untold noble ancestors, he had likely succumbed to too much entertaining, or gone mad from the demands made on his courtesy.

As it was, he was undoubtedly a little weary amid all the celebrating, and looked forward with some dread to each new stopping-place and its attendant festivities, although he was always too polite to show any fatigue, and always appeared interested and honored.

On the May morning, as he rode through the beautiful Kentucky country, he sighed to think

of the great barbecue at which he would so soon be the honored guest, and of the speech he would have to make, and of the ball at which he would be invited to preside in the evening, and of the illuminated arches under which he would have to pass. And he thought how much pleasanter it would be to escape from his escort and his duties, and pass the whole day, alone and untrammelled, in these beautiful woods, listening to the birds, plucking the fragrant wild violets, and looking at the blue and cloudless sky.

It would be very easy to send his escort on, and to remain behind until late in the afternoon, thus missing the barbecue, the speeches and patriotic toasts and presentations to the town's honored citizens. If he could but have this long, glorious spring day to himself, he could get through the evening's festivities very well. He would atone for his absence by being more patriotic, more gracious, more sensible of being honored than ever.

But when Monsieur le Marquis discovered that he was actually planning to shirk his duty, he was greatly shocked. That, however, did not stop the birds' singing, or make the shadows of the great oaks less inviting and cool looking, or cause the enticing rattlesnake-weed and the pale windflowers to cease beckoning him from their swaying stems.

As the sun rose higher and higher and the heat gradually increased, Monsieur le Marquis became shamefully convinced of his dislike for civic banquets and booming cannon, and processions of school children wearing the colors of America and France. The soul of Monsieur le Marquis recoiled at the mere thought of all that he would undoubtedly be called upon to go through; the eye that had never quailed before British dragoons or Paris mob now looked irresolutely at the green depths of the woods, and the hand that had wielded a sword in the cause of right and glory now meditatively stroked a face set toward forbidden delights. The noontide heat was beginning to have a soothing effect on Monsieur le Marquis. He would have dearly liked to enjoy a short nap. At sixty-eight one has strange, childish desires.

Suddenly, about six miles out from the good town of Lexington and at a turn of the road, a vista of green boughs interlacing above a carpet of wild violets and bluets spread out before the delighted gaze of Monsieur le Marquis. From the depths of this shadowy retreat, delicious odors from great masses of blackberry bloom and black haw were wafted out, to the undoing of Monsieur le Marquis. The temptation was irresistible. He reined up his horse, and waited for those of his escort with him to come close.

“Gentlemen,” said he, airily, “you will ride on into Lexington, if you please, and attend me there. Let no one wait for me or come to seek me. I wish to repose myself somewhat here beneath this grateful shade. Give my warmest greetings to those who come to meet you, and assure them that I shall be with them when—” here the Marquis faltered and looked dreamily, almost humorously, into the cool depths of the forest—“when I—as soon as possible.” With a wave of his hand Monsieur le Marquis dismissed his friends, who went cantering off, and then he plunged into the coveted shade.

His mare whinnied with delight, and stepped daintily upon the violet-covered, mossy turf. Soon he swung himself down from the saddle, and fastening the bridle around a young sapling, threw himself down in delight at finding such an enehanting spot.

With guilty pleasure Monsieur le Marquis reflected on his own happy position, and the probable despair of those patriotic souls waiting to greet and entertain him; but in spite of certain disquieting reflections, a grand content settled down upon him. It was infinitely delightful to sit at ease and watch strange, brilliant birds flit from tree to tree and listen to the drowsy humming of insects. Stretching beyond the green shade trees, the level, fertile fields reminded

him of the beautiful country of Touraine. There were some tall Lombardy poplars in the distance to heighten the resemblance—poplars sprung from some of those which Mr. Jefferson had but lately introduced into our country after his sojourn in Europe.

Suddenly Monsieur le Marquis's gay barouche swept past along the road in a whirlwind of dust, followed by his numerous escort. On they galloped without so much as a look into the little wood where monsieur himself reclined luxuriously at the foot of a big oak tree.

When they had passed, Monsieur le Marquis drew a breath of relief. Now indeed he felt quite safe and master of himself for one day of freedom and delight. Thoughts of unperformed duties and discourtesy to the good people of Lexington ceased to trouble his soul. The vivifying morning air was becoming languorous under the noonday sun, and as a beatific dreaminess descended upon Monsieur le Marquis, patriotic duties and civic festivities assumed the shape of unsubstantial spirits which floated away on bespangled gauze wings into the blue ether, to be seen no more.

Monsieur le Marquis may have slept for ten minutes or an hour, but suddenly he was awakened by feeling that some one was near him. Looking up, he saw before him a small lad of perhaps twelve or fourteen years of age, with belted blouse and



A beatific dreaminess descended upon Monsieur le Marquis

cap set rakishly over one ear. In spite of the jaunty attitude of his cap and a rather exaggerated ease of manner, the boy seemed troubled, and his eyes looked as if he had been crying.

Monsieur le Marquis sat up very straight and looked at the child, who moved quickly away. He came back, though, willingly enough, when the stranger called to him in particularly gentle tones. The lad liked the look of this old gentleman in riding clothes, with his fine, benevolent face, and kind ways to truant schoolboys; and having been tramping along the road for two hours quite alone, the boy was glad to see a fellow-being again. So he came back, and seating himself at the foot of an oak, near his new-found friend, plucked at the shy bluets in embarrassment, and gazed at the gentleman whom he had come upon so unexpectedly.

“Where hast thou come from and where art thou going, my child?” inquired Monsieur le Marquis, kindly.

The boy had taken off his rakish cap, and was slowly twisting it in his brown hands.

“I have run off from school, sir,” he said, with much bravado; “but I hope, sir,” he added, anxiously, “that you won’t tell the schoolmaster you have met me, if you should happen to see him.”

Monsieur le Marquis gave a guilty start.

“Run off from school—left thy school duties! That is very wrong, my child,” he said, severely. “How does this happen?”

The boy began to think that this old gentleman’s face was not so benevolent after all, and that the whole world was in league against truants from school!

“Why, you see, sir,” he explained, plucking more bluets in his desperation, and with a rising sob in his voice, “I would never have done it but for this great French marquis who is coming to town to-day. Perhaps you have heard of him. He fought with General Washington and helped save the country and now he’s coming to visit us. But I wish he was n’t, for the whole town has gone wild since we heard of it, and everybody has been fixing things to wear and learning things to say, and the schoolmaster’s the worst of all!”

“Ah!” said Monsieur le Marquis, from his position at the foot of the oak.

“Yes, sir,” went on the boy, warming to his subject, “and yesterday the master birched us all for not knowing ‘Let freedom’s banner swell with patriot pride.’ That is what we are going to sing when the marquis goes to the ball to-night, and thirteen young ladies are going to dress in white, and each give him a rose and a flag. The parson says we must make a great show, or the

marquis will be disappointed after the sights of Philadelphia and New York."

Monsieur le Marquis gave another guilty start.

"And the schoolmaster's going to recite something in French," the boy spoke in an awestruck tone, "and it's that that's making him so cross, I think. Why, he's taken days to learn it, and the parson's heard him say it over and over, but he can't remember it, and the parson says he does n't pronounce the words the same way two days running." There was a grin of heartless glee on the boy's face.

Monsieur le Marquis felt a passing tenderness for the schoolmaster. He could imagine the tall young fellow, with the student's face and the long hair, going over and over the unfamiliar words in despair lest his fabulous reputation for learning should melt away.

"But that isn't the worst," continued the boy, mournfully and breathlessly. "This afternoon, after the big dinner, the schoolmaster is going to make us march past the marquis's tent under an arch with—

'The fathers in glory shall sleep
That gathered with them to the fight,
But the sons will eternally keep
The tablet of gratitude bright.
We bow not the neck and we bend not the knee,
But our hearts, Lafayette, we surrender to thee.'

on it, and I was to recite this," dragging from his blouse a much-soiled, much-studied paper, on which was written the "Ode to Lafayette," by Doctor Percival — "and I can't remember it, and my father has promised to birch me if I don't know it, and the schoolmaster will birch me if I forget, so I ran away," concluded the boy, desperately.

Monsieur le Marquis felt most uncomfortable. Here were a whole town excited and *en fête*, a schoolmaster in despair, young ladies in white dresses, and a little boy in great trouble, all on his account; and he, the object of so much solicitude and expense and patriotic zeal, was hiding away, shirking his duties as guest, unwilling even to be the recipient of so much admiration. The offense of the truant from school sank into insignificance.

Monsieur le Marquis looked meditatively at the boy.

"Dost thou know it at all?" he enquired.

"I know it — some — sir. But I never saw a marquis. He must be a terrible person, sir, and I knew I should be so frightened when I saw his gold clothes and saber and crown and heard him speak, that I would forget everything. So I ran away, for I knew that I was sure to be birched if I stayed and forgot my piece, and I would rather be birched for running off and not have to say it."

Monsieur le Marquis sighed and looked about him. The woods were as tempting as ever, the birds caroled as beautifully as before—although the marquis actually thought he detected a sarcastic note in their songs—and the wild flowers smelled as sweet, but the conscience of Monsieur le Marquis was troubled.

“Boy,” he said, finally, “this is not as it should be. Wouldst thou disappoint the nation’s guest by failing to appear and recite what thy good schoolmaster has prepared for thee? Thou must learn thy piece and recite it to me until thou knowest it perfectly, and then we will return to town—where I, too, am awaited. The first lesson in life that all must learn is that headed ‘the fulfilment of duty.’”

Monsieur le Marquis sighed again, and cleared his throat slightly as a breeze swept through the little wood, bending the tall windflowers to the ground, so that, to the marquis’s guilty conscience, they looked as if they were convulsed with laughter at his utterance of such a moral sentiment.

“But the marquis!” objected the boy. “I shall die of fright when I find myself in his presence.”

“Boy,” returned Monsieur le Marquis, reassuringly, “a marquis is no wonderful person such as thou imaginest—only a man such as thou

wilt some day be — such as I am now — no better and no worse, and he will be vastly disappointed, as I should be, did'st thou not fulfill thy share of the ceremonies in his honor. He does not wear gold clothes, or go about in peaceful countries wearing sabers, nor has he a crown. Indeed, I dare say Monsieur de Lafayette is dressed pretty much as I am, and that thou need'st have no more fear of him than thou hast of me. Come, pretend that I am the marquis, and recite thy piece to me!"

The voice which had commanded armies inspired the boy, and there in the little glade he stood up, and — corrected over and over by Monsieur le Marquis, who held the precious paper — with awkward courtesy and gesture learned at so much bodily and mental pain from the school-master — who, panic-stricken, was even at that moment searching high and low for the recreant scholar — recited Doctor Percival's "Ode:"

“When our patriot fathers met
In that dark and trying hour,
While the hand of Britain yet
Pressed us with its weight of power,
Still they dared to tell the foe
They were never made for slaves,
Still they bade the nations know
They were free as ocean's waves.

“Now the arch of empire swells,
Proud and daring, fixed and strong,
While the hand of ruin fells
Nations that have flourished long.

Loftier the temple springs,
 Telling on its front sublime
 How it scorns the rage of kings
 And the wasting tooth of time.

“None shall ever rashly dare
 Lift his hand against this shrine
 While its pediment shall bear
 Names so honored and divine.
 High above the sacred band,
 There in light unfading set
 Like twin stars of glory, stand
 Washington and Lafayette.”

“Ah,” said the boy, when he had finished, “If I could only say it to you instead of to the marquis!”

Suddenly Monsieur le Marquis raised his head, which had been bowed during the last words, and the boy saw that his eyes were wet with tears, although he was smiling.

“Boy,” he said, “thou wilt say it to me and thou wilt not be afraid, for I am the marquis and thy friend. Thou wilt do thy duty so well that thy father will not birch thee nor thy schoolmaster call thee a disgrace. Come, thou shalt ride behind me on my mare, and we will go into the town, where our friends await us, and where methinks we should have been some time ago!”

Monsieur le Marquis rose to his great height, and sighed again as he gave one last look at the cool green of the forest trees, and at the violets and rattlesnake-weed and windflowers which were no longer bending and swaying in derision, but

seemed to be nodding a farewell. He took the astonished and delighted lad by the hand, and resolutely prepared to turn his back on the shadowy oaks and the singing birds, and to face civic banquets and processions and patriotic speeches.

But just as Monsieur le Marquis started to untie his mare, who had had a long nap and had not been awakened to decide moral questions and hear patriotic odes, the sound of galloping horses and the rattle of coach-wheels were heard upon the road, and there appeared Monsieur le Marquis's great barouche and four, which, in spite of orders, had been sent back in furious haste by the townsfolk to bring the long-expected hero.

Monsieur le Marquis climbed in, and seated side by side, the truants drove innocently and triumphantly into Lexington.

CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM



